Oct. 18, 1982

# THE NEW YORKER

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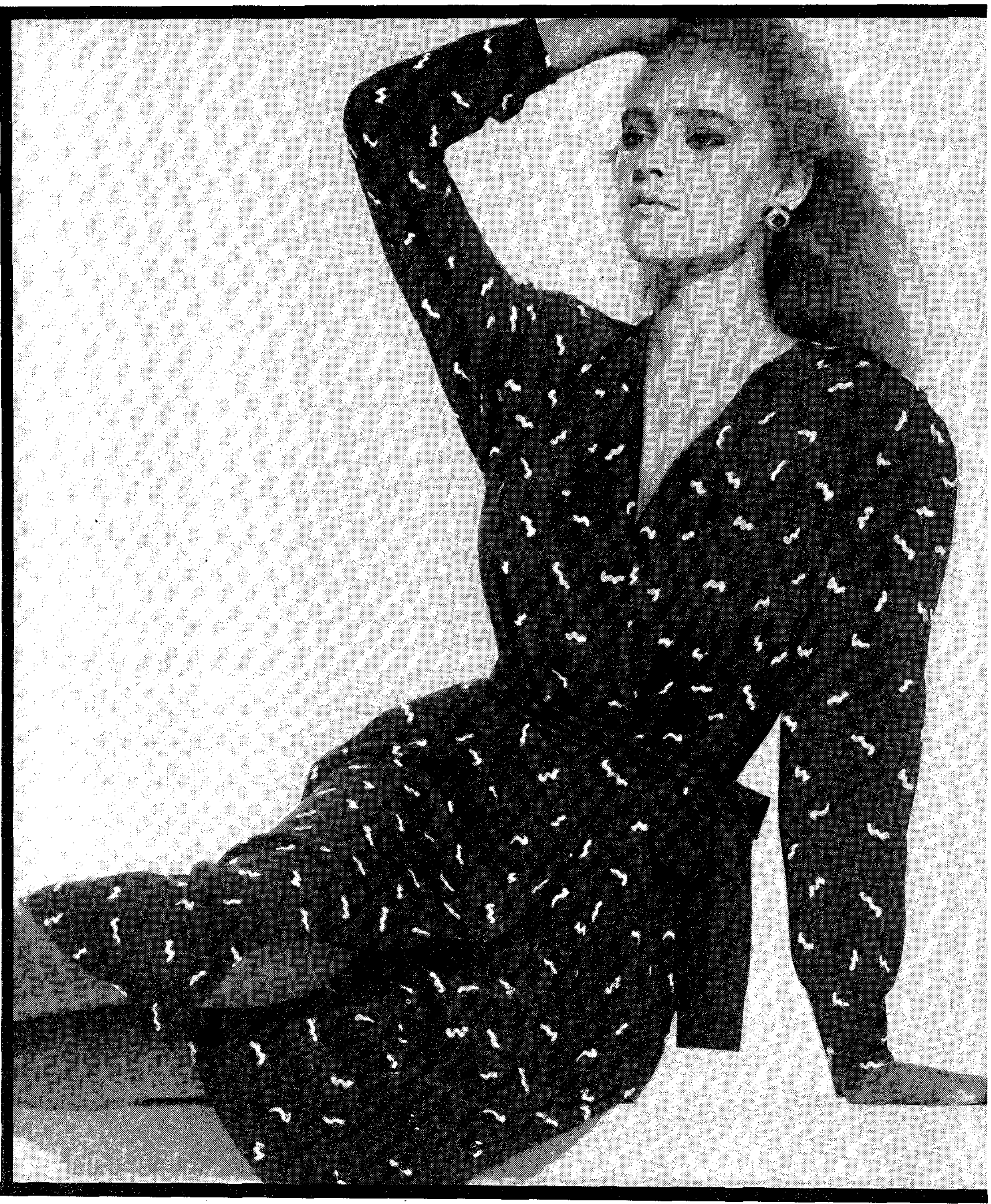

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# GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

## THE THEATRE

### PLAYS AND MUSICALS

**Agnes of God**—John Pielmeier has written a three-sided discussion of mounting asperity conducted among a Mother Superior, a psychiatrist, and a nun who has given birth to (and perhaps murdered) a child. The superlative cast consists of Elizabeth Ashley, Geraldine Page, and Amanda Plummer. Michael Lindsay-Hogg is the director. (Reviewed in our issue of 4/12/82.) (Music Box, 239 W. 45th St. 246-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

**Baseball Wives**—A season with the Astros, as reflected in the conversations (double or triple, and under stress) among the wife of the team's manager, the wife of its black star, and the wife of a rookie. Grubb Graebner's rather aimless but often amusing play is nicely acted by Marcella Lowery, Lynn Goodwin, and Carol Teitel. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Harold Clurman, 412 W. 42nd St. 594-2370. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

**Cats**—A musical version of T. S. Eliot's "Old Possum's Book of Practical Cats." Music by Andrew Lloyd Weber, choreography by Gillian Lynne, and direction (and some lyrics) by Trevor Nunn. A superb spectacle, which may run for years and give cats the right to vote and hold office. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 239-6222. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

**Charlotte Sweet**—A spoof of Victorian music hall. The libretto is by Michael Colby and the music by Gerald Jay Markoe. The young company performs valiantly and with some skill. (Westside Arts, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

**Circle Repertory Company**—A play by Lanford Wilson, **ANGELS FALL**, is the first in this season's series. The cast includes Tanya Berezin, Barnard Hughes, and Fritz Weaver. Previews through Friday, Oct. 15. Opens officially on Saturday, Oct. 16, at 8, and will run through Sunday, Nov. 28. (Circle Repertory Company Theatre, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. 924-7100. Tuesdays through Fridays, at 8; Saturday, Oct. 23, at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

**The Dining Room**—The action of A. R. Gurney, Jr.,'s delightful play takes place in a formal dining room somewhere in New England, and this action is a matter of brief scenes about a large assortment of characters over the past fifty years or so. All the characters are portrayed by six nimble, accomplished actors—Nicholas Hormann, Mary Catherine Wright, Debra Mooney, Ann McDonough, W. H. Macy, and Charles Kimbrough. David Trainer was the good director. (3/1/82) (Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St., near Astor Pl. 254-4370. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

**Geniuses**—Jonathan Reynolds, a gifted playwright, has written an annoying, campy comedy about some movie people on location near Manila during a typhoon. (5/24/82) (Douglas Fairbanks Theatre, 432 W. 42nd St. 279-4200. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

**Good**—The Royal Shakespeare Company production of C. P. Taylor's *play with music*. Alan Howard heads the cast. Howard Davies is the director. Opens Wednesday, Oct. 13. (Booth, 222 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8; opening-night curtain at 6:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Thursday, Oct. 14, at 2.)

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**The Gospel According to Al**—Al in this case is Al Carmines—composer, lyricist, librettist, and former pastor at the Judson Memorial Church—here presenting a musical show with a cast of five. Previews through Thursday, Oct. 14. Opens officially on Friday, Oct. 15. (Wonderhorse, 83 E. 4th St. 533-5888. Wednesdays through Sundays at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 3.)

**Lennon**—A musical biography of John Lennon, the music being, for the most part, his own songs. Any show about the Beatles that is without innocence or fun is hard to imagine, but this one, for all its able performers (who double as instrumentalists), remains earthbound. (Entermedia, 189 Second Ave., at 12th St. 475-4191. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

**Light Opera of Manhattan**—Through Sunday, Oct. 17: Victor Herbert's **MLLE. MODISTE.** . . . ¶ Starting Wednesday, Oct. 20: Gilbert and Sullivan's **THE MIKADO.** (Eastside, 334 E. 74th St. 861-2288. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays and Sundays at 4.)

**Little Shop of Horrors**—Based on Roger Corman's 1960 horror quickie about a man-eating plant, this exuberant, jokey musical is untainted by camp. The spirited, tuneful rock score is by Alan Menken, and Howard Ashman wrote the witty book and witty lyrics; the singing and comic acting by the entire company is a credit to Mr. Ashman, the inventive director. Martin P. Robinson designed and manipulates the menacing plant, and it speaks and sings in the menacing baritone of Ron Taylor. With Lee Wilkof, as the apprentice florist who discovers and nurtures it, and Ellen Greene as the lady he loves. (9/27/82) (Orpheum, 126 Second Ave., at 8th St. 477-2477. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

**Master Harold . . . and the Boys**—Athol Fugard's short and impassioned version of a teen-age schoolboy's literally spitting into the face of the world and the unhealable harm he does and suffers. Superbly acted under the author's direction. (5/17/82) (Lyceum, 149 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

**Nine**—A musical version of Fellini's "8½," with charming music and lyrics by Maury Yeston, a stunning set by Lawrence Miller, and sensationally attractive costumes by William Ivey Long, but the book (credited to Arthur Kopit) is an embarrassing anti-feminist tract. Raul Julia is the star—one man surrounded by an army of hard-breathing women. (5/24/82) (46th Street Theatre, 226 W. 46th St. 246-0246. Nightly, except Sun-

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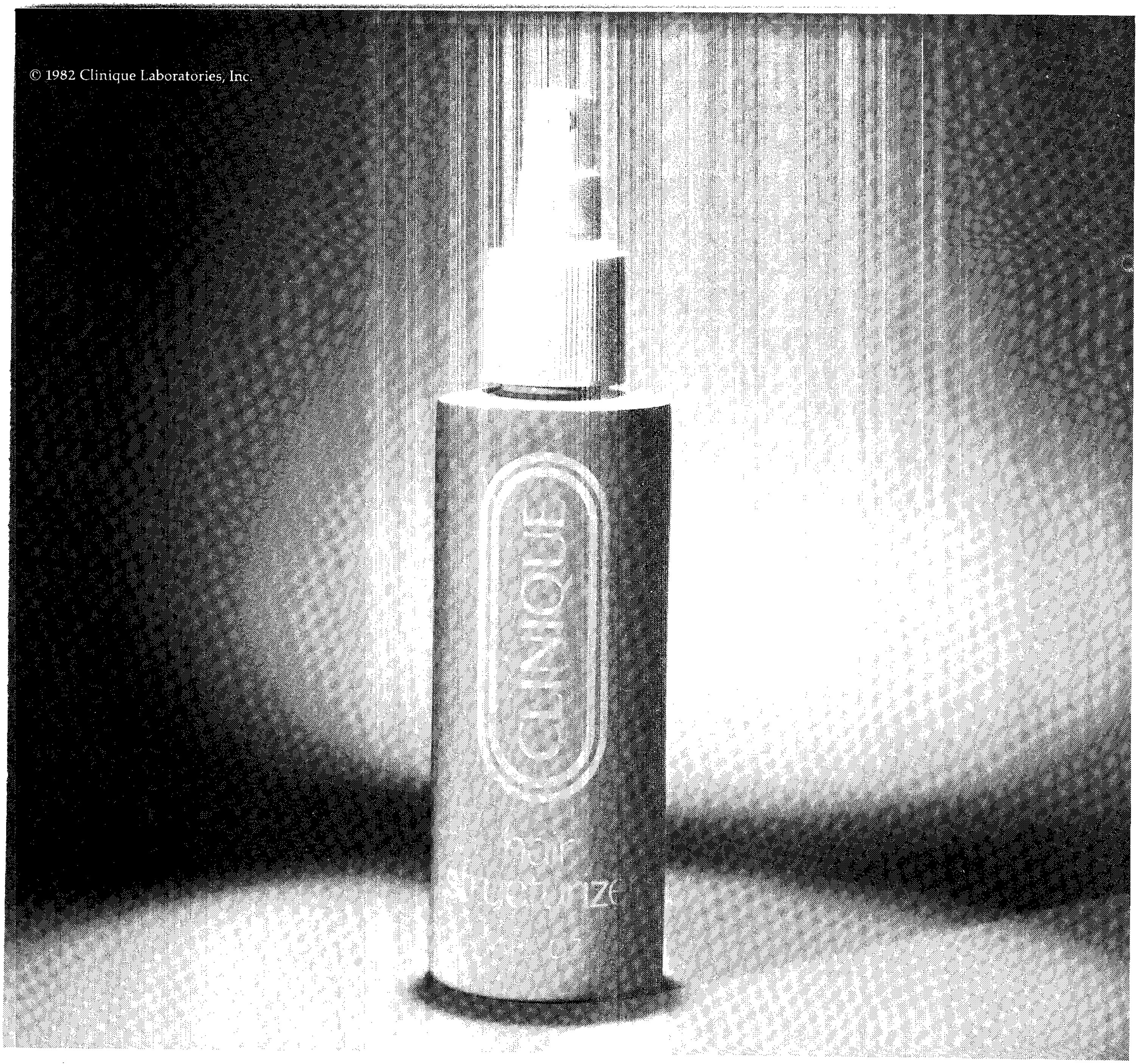

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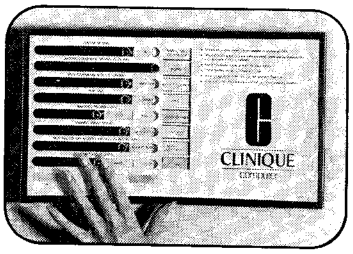

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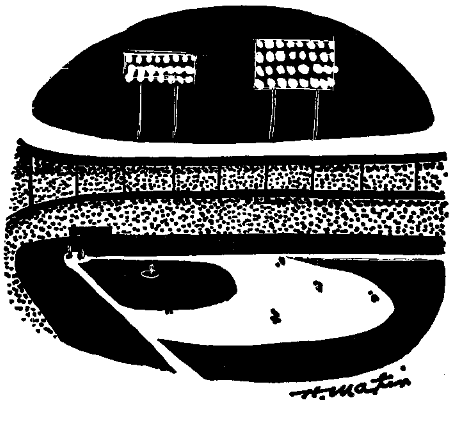

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days, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

**Present Laughter**—Noël Coward's somewhat autobiographical comedy stands up very well after almost forty years, though the production, directed by and starred in by George C. Scott, takes gross liberties with the spirit of the play. (7/26/82) (Circle in the Square, Broadway at 50th St. 581-0720. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

**The Queen and the Rebels**—Colleen Dewhurst stars in an improbable melodrama by Ugo Betti, an Italian playwright dead in every sense of the word. (10/11/82) (Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

**Ridiculous Theatrical Company**—Charles Ludlam is now offering **EXQUISITE TORTURE.** (One Sheridan Square. 691-2271. Thursdays and Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 8.)

**Rock 'n Roll! The First 5,000 Years**—A two-hour show with live music, a cast of twenty-five, and a continuous film whose topic is not Heinrich Schütz. Joe Layton is the director and choreographer. (St. James, 246 W. 44th St. 398-0280. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 6:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2.)

**The Stage That Walks**—Bruce D. Schwartz, a puppeteer of impressive invention and dexterity, opens this season's American Humorists Series. (10/4/82) (Subplot Cabaret, American Place, 111 W. 46th St. 247-0393. Wednesday through Saturday at 8. Matinée Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, Oct. 17.)

**Talking With**—This collage of eleven monologues by as many women, most of them, for one reason or another, somewhat beside themselves, is considerably more than a dramatic curiosity. An import from the Actors Theatre of Louisville and written by Jane Martin, it is all but flawlessly performed by the eleven actresses of the company. With Margo Martindale, Lisa Goodman, Anne Pitoniak, and Theresa Merritt, among others. Jon Jory directed. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Manhattan Theatre Club, 321 E. 73rd St. 472-0600. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. Closes Sunday, Oct. 31.)

**Torch Song Trilogy**—Three plays—humorous, sad, sentimental, and witty—by and starring Harvey Fierstein, as a Jewish homosexual hustler and drag queen. Richard DeFabees substitutes for Mr. Fierstein at the matinée performances. (2/1/82) (Little Theatre, 240 W. 44th St. 944-9450. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

**The Wake of Jamey Foster**—A new play by Beth Henley, with Susan Kingsley, Anthony Heald, Holly Hunter, Belita Moreno, Patricia Richardson, Brad Sullivan, and Stephen Tobolowsky. Directed by Ulu Grosbard. Previews Wednesday, Oct. 13. Opens officially on Thursday, Oct. 14. (Eugene O'Neill, 230 W. 49th St. 246-0220. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8; opening-night curtain at 6:45. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

**Your Arms Too Short to Box with God**—Patti LaBelle and Al Green in a revival of the musical taken from the Book of Matthew by Vinnette Carroll, who also directed. The music and lyrics are by Alex Bradford and Micki Grant. (Alvin, 250 W. 52nd St. 757-8646. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, Oct. 31.)

**Long Runs**—**AMADEUS:** Peter Shaffer's method as a dramatist is to devise an intricate puzzle and then resolve it, displaying much wit and erudition along the way. The puzzle in this instance is whether Mozart was poisoned by his contemporary, the composer Antonio Salieri, or, no less wickedly, reduced by him to professional failure and poverty. Frank Langella plays the villainous Salieri and Dennis Boutsikaris plays Mozart. (Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **ANNIE:** An old-fashioned musical, based on the once popular comic strip "Little Orphan Annie." The agreeable book is by Thomas Meehan, and the so-so songs are by Charles Strouse and Martin Charnin. (Uris, 51st St. west of Broadway. 586-6510. Wednesdays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays and Sundays at 6:45. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2.) . . . **A CHORUS LINE:** A group of young dancers audition for a handful of chorus jobs in a show not yet in rehearsal, and by the time the evening is over we know everything about all of them. (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **CLOUD 9:** Caryl Churchill's comedy about the "confusion" of sexuality—first in a British outpost in Africa in 1880 and then in a park in London in 1980—is a clever and original work that adds a measure of confusion all its own. It is very well performed under Tommy Tune's brilliant direction. (Lucille Lortel Theatre, 121 Christopher St. 924-8782. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **CRIMES OF THE HEART:** Beth Henley's Pulitzer Prize-winning comedy about three young women in a small town in Mississippi and their trials and tribulations, nearly all of which prove to be very funny indeed. (Golden, 252 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **DREAMGIRLS:** Michael Bennett's whizbang and totally synthetic musical about show biz. The breeze is terrific. (Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **EVITA:** A blithe and calculatedly slapdash rewriting of Argentine history. The songs are easy to listen to, the cast is able, and the staging, by Hal Prince, is up to his usual high standard. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **THE FANTASTICKS:** 9,344 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **42ND STREET:** Pleasantly old-fashioned choreography by the late Gower Champion and a few classic songs enliven an otherwise inert pastiche of the Warner Brothers movie that made Ruby Keeler a star. (Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 246-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **JOSEPH AND THE AMAZING TECHNICOLOR DREAMCOAT:** Allen Fawcett heads the cast of a musical derived from the Old Testament story. Andrew Lloyd Webber composed the score and Tim Rice wrote the lyrics. (Royale, 242 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:15. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **OH! CALCUTTA!:** A collection of short sketches that purport to give us a refreshing view of sex and do not. (Edison, 240 W. 47th St. 757-7164. Mondays through Wednesdays, and Fridays, at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 9:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **ONE MO' TIME:** A sunny salute to the good old days of black vaudeville, in good old N'Orleans. Vernel Bagneris is the clever inventor of this oddity. Dick Vance plays trumpet in the accompanying jazz band. (Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 473-7270. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **THE PIRATES OF PENZANCE:** A hellzapoppin version of the Gilbert and Sullivan warhorse. (Minskoff, 45th St. west of Broadway. 869-0550. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **PUMP BOYS AND DINETTES:** A thoroughly engaging and spirited little cabaret musical, set in a gas station with diner attached, somewhere in the South. Most of the appealing songs were written by Jim Wann or by his wife, Cass Morgan. (Princess, Broadway at 48th St. 586-3903. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **SISTER MARY IGNATIUS EXPLAINS IT ALL FOR YOU** and **THE ACTOR'S NIGHTMARE:** "Sister Ignatius," the second of Christopher Durang's brace of one-acters, is a scathing satire on Catholic education: a crazy nun verbally molests her small pupils until she is given her comeuppance by four visiting alumni. In the curtain-raiser, "The Actor's Nightmare," a businessman dreams that he is on a stage and forced to perform, giving rise to a cluster of shrewd parodies of respected playwrights. Everyone in the company does very well; Nancy Marchand is the nun, and Jeff Brooks is the actor-in-spite-of-himself. (Westside Arts, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **A SOLDIER'S PLAY:** The Negro Ensemble Company production of Charles Fuller's gripping drama about an investigation into the shooting of a black sergeant at an Army camp in Louisiana in 1944. The performances by all members of the company are excellent, under Douglas Turner Ward's direction. (Theatre Four, 424 W. 55th St. 246-8545. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 8:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 3 and Sundays at 2:30.) . . . **SOPHISTICATED LADIES:** Song and dance, song and dance, song and dance, and since the music is by Duke Ellington and the cast is an exceptionally lively and gifted one, the show is both elegant and entertaining. (Lunt-Fontanne, 205 W. 46th St. 586-5555. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **WOMAN OF THE YEAR:** Raquel Welch heads the cast. Admirable music and lyrics by John Kander and Fred Ebb, and a mildly amusing book by Peter Stone. (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. 757-2626. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

## MISCELLANY

**Forbidden Broadway**—A musical satire of Shubert Alley denizens. The lyrics to the song parodies are by Gerard Alessandrini. (Palsson's Upstairs, 158 W. 72nd St. 595-7400. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 9; Fridays and Saturdays at 9 and midnight; and Sundays at 9.)

**In Celebration: Sheldon Harnick**—The participants: Stephen Sondheim, Jack Gilford, John Kander, Fred Ebb, Jerome Robbins, Barbara Cook, Marni Nixon, John Rubinstein, Jerry Bock, Elly Stone, Joe Raposo, and the thirty-member ensemble of the First All Children's Theatre. A benefit. (Royale, 242 W. 54th St. Monday, Oct. 18, at 8. For information about tickets, call 873-6400.)

## DANCE

**Feld Ballet**—Final performances of the engagement—Wednesday evening, Oct. 13: "Excursions," "Circa," and "Straw Hearts." . . . ¶ Thursday evening, Oct. 14: "The Consort," "Anatomic Balm," and "Play Bach." . . . ¶ Friday evening, Oct. 15: "Excursions," "Over the Pavement," and "Straw Hearts." . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Oct. 16: "Excursions," "Circa," and "A Footstep of Air." . . . ¶ Sunday matinée, Oct. 17: "Anatomic Balm," "The Consort," and "Straw

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Hearts.” . . . ¶ Sunday evening, Oct. 17: “A Footstep of Air,” “Over the Pavement,” and “Play Bach.” . . . ¶ Tuesday evening, Oct. 19: “Excursions,” “Circa,” and “Straw Hearts.” . . . ¶ Wednesday evening, Oct. 20: “The Consort,” “Straw Hearts,” and “Play Bach.” . . . ¶ Thursday evening, Oct. 21: “Anatomic Balm,” “Over the Pavement,” and “A Footstep of Air.” . . . ¶ Friday evening, Oct. 22: “Excursions,” “Circa,” and “Play Bach.” . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Oct. 23: “Anatomic Balm,” “Over the Pavement,” and “Straw Hearts.” . . . ¶ Sunday matinée, Oct. 24: “The Consort,” “Circa,” and “A Footstep of Air.” . . . ¶ Sunday evening, Oct. 24: “Straw Hearts,” “Over the Pavement,” and “Play Bach.” (Joyce Theatre, 175 Eighth Ave., at 19th St. 242-0800. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 2.)

**Nikolais Dance Theatre**—Final performances of the engagement—Wednesday, Oct. 13, Saturday, Oct. 16, Tuesday, Oct. 19, and Friday, Oct. 22, all at 8; and Sunday, Oct. 24, at 3: “Temple,” “Tensile Involvement,” “Crossfade,” and “The Mechanical Organ II.” . . . ¶ Thursday and Friday, Oct. 14-15, at 8; Sunday, Oct. 17, at 3; and Wednesday and Thursday, Oct. 20-21, and Saturday, Oct. 23, at 8: “Pond,” “Noumenon,” “Countdown,” and “The Mechanical Organ I.” (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 246-8989.)

**Norwegian National Ballet**—A one-week engagement of “The Tempest” (New York première). (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100. Wednesday, Oct. 13, at 7; Thursday and Friday, Oct. 14-15, at 8; Saturday, Oct. 16, at 2 and 8; and Sunday, Oct. 17, at 2.)

**Ballet Rambert**—Three performances by this company from England, appearing here for the first time. Friday, Oct. 15, at 8: “Pribaoutki,” “Apollo Distraught,” “Rainbow Ripples,” and “Ghost Dances.” . . . ¶ Saturday, Oct. 16, at 8: “Lonely Town, Lonely Street,” Act II from “Berlin Requiem,” “Apollo Distraught,” and “Rainbow Ripples.” . . . ¶ Sunday, Oct. 17, at 2: “Rite of Spring,” “Lonely Town, Lonely Street,” and “Ghost Dances.” (Whitman Hall, Brooklyn College. 434-1900.)

**Chiang Ching Dance Company**—A program that includes “Plum Blossom in the Snow,” “Other Than Selves,” “R,” and “Black and Red.” (Theatre of the Riverside Church, Riverside Dr. at 120th St. 864-2929. Thursday, Oct. 21, at 8, Saturday, Oct. 23, at 2 and 8, and Sunday, Oct. 24, at 8.)

## NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing, in which bold-face type is used to pick out a few of the more notable performers in town. . . . ¶ Musicians and night-club proprietors live complicated lives that are subject to last-minute change; it is therefore always advisable to call ahead.)

**Angry Squire,** 216 Seventh Ave., at 23rd St. (242-9066)—Jazz in a lively Chelsea bar and restaurant bedecked with nautical stuff. Friday and Saturday, Oct. 15-16, **JAKI BYARD,** the simultaneously free and stride pianist, will guide a trio; on Friday and Saturday, Oct. 22-23, pianist **KENNY BARRON’S** trio will be on hand. Sets at ten, eleven-thirty, and one.

**Blue Note,** 131 W. 3rd St., near Sixth Ave. (475-8592)—A dark, large, carpeted club, with deep-blue tablecloths and a curvy bar. The master, **DIZZY GILLESPIE,** is here with his quintet through Sunday, Oct. 17; on Tuesday, Oct. 19, drummer **ART BLAKEY** and his latest batch of **JAZZ MESSENGERS** will move in. Mondays are jazz-showcase nights. There are usually three sets, beginning at nine-thirty.

**Bottom Line,** 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—The lineup: Wednesday, Oct. 13, Jeff Lorber Fusion; Thursday through Saturday, Oct. 14-16, Patti LuPone; Sunday, Oct. 17, Don Morrell & the Meteors and the Swinging Madisons; Monday and Tuesday, Oct. 18-19, **JOHN LEE HOOKER** and the Juke Jumpers; Wednesday and Thursday, Oct. 20-21, Patrice Rushen; and Friday and Saturday, Oct. 22-23, Leslie West, Corky Laing, and Miller Anderson. Shows Sundays through Thursdays at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays at nine and midnight. Dining.

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**Bradley’s,** 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440)—A sophisticated New York bar: it has dark wood panelling, driven conversationalists, and some good musicians. **HILTON RUIZ** and **MAJOR HOLLEY,** a solid, moving piano-bass duo, work until Saturday, Oct. 16; on Sunday, Oct. 17, bassist **RED MITCHELL** will perform with pianist **KIRK LIGHTSEY;** and from Monday, Oct. 18, Mr. Mitchell and pianist Bill May will be in evidence. Music from nine-forty-five. Dining.

**Broadway Joe’s,** 315 W. 46th St., near Eighth Ave. (246-6513)—Pianist **JIMMY LYON,** who works until ten at the Waldorf at a sumptuous Louis XVI Steinway that belonged to Cole Porter, performs after ten-thirty in this theatre-district bar and restaurant at a teeny, white trail-sized Kawai that sounds pretty darn good. Mr. Lyon can be heard on Fridays and Saturdays.

**Café Pierre,** in the Pierre Hotel, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (838-8000)—**BUCKY PIZZARELLI** plays fervent jazz disguised as hotel music Tuesdays through Saturdays from nine to one. Dining and dancing.

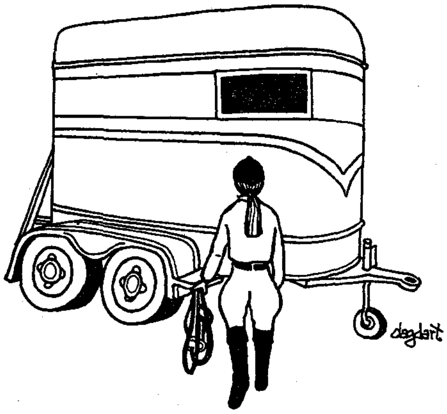
**Carlyle Hotel,** Madison Ave. at 76th St. (744-1600)—Pianist and songwriter **JOE BUSHKIN** has moved into the Café Carlyle with a quartet that performs Tuesdays through Saturdays at ten and midnight. Dining. . . . **BARBARA CARROLL,** a sturdy, swinging bebop-derived pianist and occasional singer, works in the Bemelmans Bar nightly, except Sundays, from nine-thirty.

**Carnegie Tavern,** 165 W. 56th St. (757-9522)—**ELLIS LARKINS** has returned to this dark-brown restaurant in back of Carnegie Hall. His delicate, elegant piano solos, performed before hushed, attentive audiences, are encased, at times, in very short sets. Nightly, except Sundays, from nine to midnight.

**CBGB & OMFUG,** 315 Bowery, at Bleecker St. (982-4052)—Exposed rafters, weathered, splintery wood posts, decrepit neon beer signs, and a general ramshackle feel. All this and rock and roll, too: Wednesday, Oct. 13, Toy Boat-Toy Boat, New Betty, and Accent on Travel; Thursday, Oct. 14, Kammer Musick, His Master’s Voice, and Mode I.Q.; Friday, Oct. 15, guitarist **RHYS CHATHAM,** Soviet Sex, and Deep Six; Saturday, Oct. 16, the Rattlers, Prisoners of the Beat, and the Id. Monday is showcase night. Shows nightly from long after nine-thirty.

**City Limits,** 125 Seventh Ave. S., at 10th St. (243-2242)—An urban dude ranch. Exuberant country or Western-swing bands mosey in nightly at about ten. Dancin’.

**Cookery,** 21 University Pl., at 8th St. (674-4450)—**ALBERTA HUNTER** demonstrates the art of the blues lyric for the uninitiated, with bassist **VISHNU WOOD** and pianist Gerald Cook as her backup team, through Saturday, Oct. 16. Beginning Sunday, Oct. 17, bassist and singer **ARVELL SHAW** and his trio will perform glossy, pleasant-enough versions of such swingers and ballads as “Cottontail,” “Love,” and “Since I Fell for You” seven nights a week. Sets at nine and eleven. Dining.



**Eagle Tavern,** 355 W. 14th St., at Ninth Ave. (924-0275)—Plaid-flannel-shirt heaven. In spite of all the harpoons, ships’ figureheads, and mounted fish hanging on the walls, you might swear you were in the hills somewhere, because of the lively bluegrass, folk, and old-time country music that is presented every week. Wednesday, Oct. 13, Bill Ochs; Thursday, Oct. 14, Danny Weiss, Barry Mitterhoff, and Larry Cohen; Saturday, Oct. 16, the Cranberry Lake Jug Band; Wednesday, Oct. 20, Heather Wood; Thursday, Oct. 21, an old-time jam session; and Saturday, Oct. 23, the Cloud Valley Bluegrass Band. Music from eight-thirty on Wednesdays, from eight-fifteen on Thursdays, and from nine on Saturdays.

**Eddie Condon’s,** 144 W. 54th St. (265-8277)—The house sextet makes its way through a surefire repertoire for patrons of traditional jazz from eight-thirty to two nightly, except Sundays. Wednesdays, other combos play from five-thirty to eight-thirty. On Sunday, Oct. 17, cornettist **WARREN VACHÉ** will lead a swing quintet from about nine-thirty. Mondays are allotted to soprano saxophonist **BOB WILBER** and his group, the Bechet Legacy. Dining.

**Fat Tuesday’s,** 190 Third Ave., at 17th St. (533-7902)—**STAN GETZ,** the gliding tenor-sax balladeer, and his fine quartet—pianist **JIM MC NEELY,** bassist **MARC JOHNSON,** and drummer **VICTOR LEWIS**—are here through Sunday, Oct. 17. On Tuesday, Oct. 19, **HERB ELLIS** and **BARNEY KESSEL** and **TAL FARLOW,** three of the most wonderful guitarists around, will arrive to trade solos. The first set begins at nine. Dining. Closed Mondays.

**Folk City,** 130 W. 3rd St., near Sixth Ave. (254-8449)—Folkie City, that is: Wednesday, Oct. 13, Marilyn Maiscott and Carolyn McCombs; Friday, Oct. 15, Jesse Winchester; Saturday, Oct. 16, Frank Christian and Barbara Pardowski; Tuesday, Oct. 19, Press; Wednesday, Oct. 20, Ferron and Diedre McCalla; Thursday, Oct. 21, Silly Wizard; Friday, Oct. 22, banjoist **TONY TRISCHKA** and his bluegrass band, Skyline; and Saturday, Oct. 23, **ROGER MC GUINN.** Two shows—the first one usually getting under way about nine—every night but Monday, which is hootenanny night and begins about eight.

**Greene Street,** 101 Greene St., near Prince St. (925-2415)—In practically any other part of town, turning a truck warehouse—which is what Greene Street was—into a night club might be called visionary, but in SoHo it’s just good business. The live music: singer Jann Parker through Saturday, Oct. 16; Monday, Oct. 18, pianist **BROSS TOWNSEND,** bassist **BOB CUNNINGHAM,** and violinist John Blair; and Tuesday through Saturday, Oct. 19-23, singer and pianist **AMINA CLAUDINE MEYERS** and bassist **DON PATE.** Sundays are given over to singer, pianist, and composer **ANDY BEY.** Sets run Sundays through Thursdays from ten, and Fridays and Saturdays from nine. Dining.

**Gregory’s,** 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220)—Wednesdays through Sundays, guitarist **ATTILLA ZOLLER,** one of the best-kept secrets in jazz, heads up a quartet; Mondays and Tuesdays **CHUCK WAYNE,** whose guitar solos are still bebop fast, leads a trio. These groups begin at about ten. On Sundays, from five to ten, **BROOKS KERR** sings and plays stride piano and Ellington tunes.

**Griff’s,** Third Ave. at 37th St. (867-7179)—A very pleasant restaurant in one of those spare high-rise apartment houses. There are lots of plants, an engaging chandelier made of vertical tubes containing little incandescent bulbs, and, when the blue-striped awnings are rolled up, a second-story view of Third Avenue traffic. Pianist Esther Blue is in charge of a trio through Saturday, Oct. 16; on Tuesday, Oct. 19, the great hard-bop pianist **TOMMY FLANAGAN** will come in with bassist **RUFUS REID.** The Sunday and Monday music is provided by singer-pianist **NINA SHELDON.** Sets begin at nine Tuesdays through Saturdays and at seven on Sundays and Mondays.

**Hanratty’s,** 1754 Second Ave., at 91st St. (289-3200)—The East Side twin—it’s actually a little snazzier—of a West Side hangout. This

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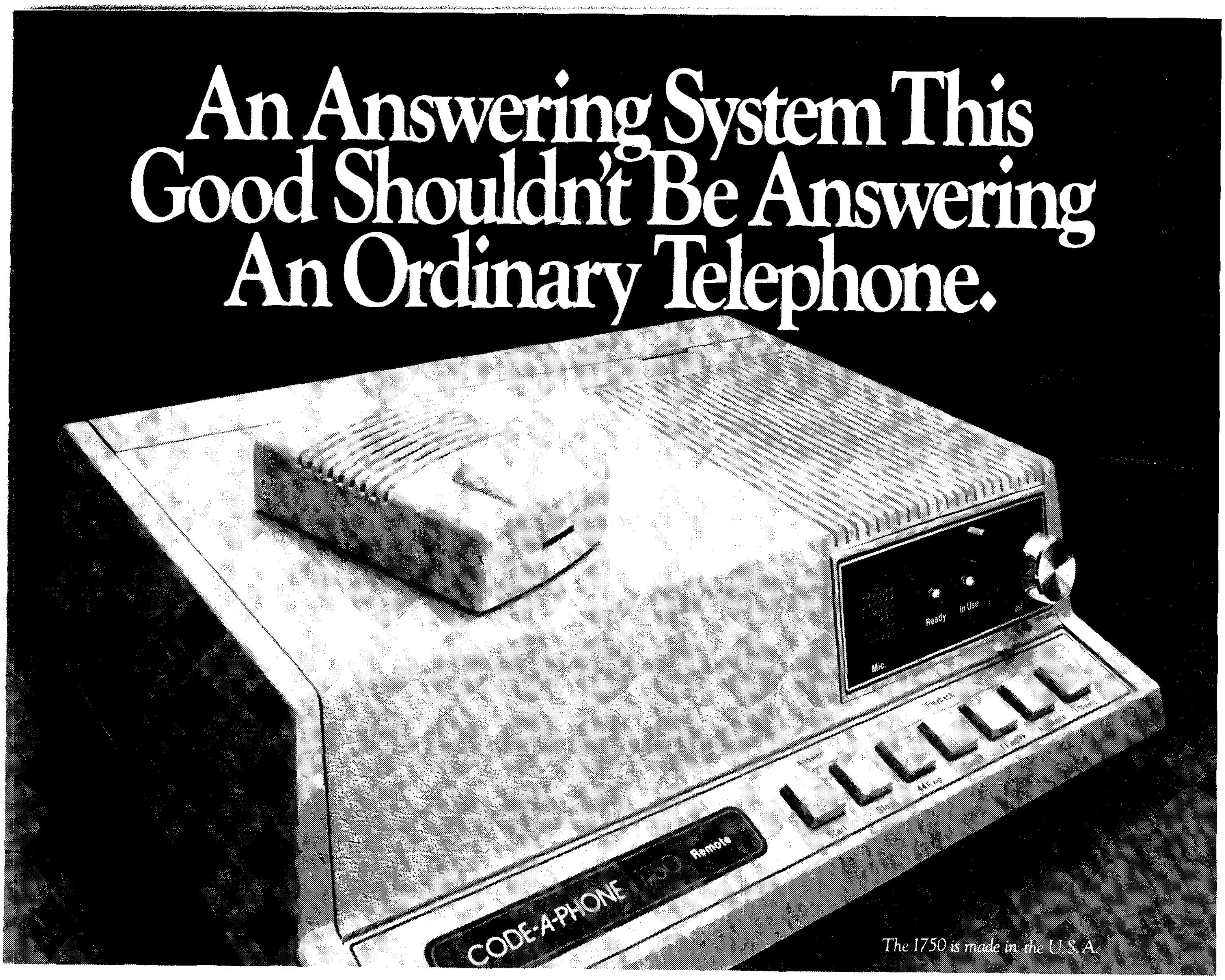

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one attracts neatly dressed couples and hires jazz pianists. (The other attracts some of the West Side literati and plugs in a jukebox.) John Eaton can be found at the dining-room grand Tuesdays through Thursdays from eight-thirty and Fridays and Saturdays from nine.

**Jazzmania Society,** 40 W. 27th St. (532-7666)—Friday and Saturday, Oct. 15-16, electric hard-bop pianist **MICKEY TUCKER** will guide a group that includes trombonist **BENNY POWELL,** tenor saxophonist **JUNIOR COOK,** and trumpeter **BILL HARDMAN;** and Friday and Saturday, Oct. 22-23, will be claimed by a bluesy, gut-bucket jazz singer who ought to be famous, **JOE LEE WILSON,** and his backup band, guitarist **JIMMY PONDER'S** quartet. Music from nine.

**Jimmy Ryan's,** 154 W. 54th St. (664-9700)—Five resident Dixieland journeymen swing it under the leadership of trumpeter Spanky Davis. On Mondays, trumpeter **MAX KAMINSKY** leads them. Music weeknights from nine-thirty to three. On Sundays, Kaminsky directs another group of musical archivists from eight until two.

**Knickerbocker Saloon,** 33 University Pl., at 9th St. (228-8490)—A bustling corner bar and restaurant that is often crowded—but, fortunately, crowded with good listeners. They'll be listening to pianist **LOU LEVY** and bassist **BILL TAKIS** Tuesdays through Saturdays. The Sunday and Monday slots have been taken over again by pianist **JUNIOR MANCE** and bassist **MARTY RIVERA.** Music from about ten.

**Lone Star Café,** 61 Fifth Ave., at 13th St. (242-1664)—No, this isn't the Department of Rockabilly at the New School. It's a degentrified Schrafft's where the authentic Texas ambience is more representative of Austin than of Dallas. The country-folk-rock-blues lineup: Wednesday, Oct. 13, Robert Gordon; Thursday, Oct. 14, blues and rock guitarist **ELVIN BISHOP;** Sunday, Oct. 17, blues guitarist **SON SEALS;** Monday, Oct. 18, Johnny Paycheck; Tuesday, Oct. 19, the **OZARK MOUNTAIN DAREDEVILS** (who've in the past dared to play "She'll Be Comin' Round the Mountain" on kazoos); and Thursday, Oct. 21, singer and bassist **RICK DANKO** and the Aztec Two-Step. Music from about eight-thirty nightly. Dining.

**Lush Life,** 184 Thompson St., at Bleecker St. (228-3788)—This club, a virtual kid brother (or sister) to most of the city's other jazz spots, is not particularly opulent (thank heavens) but it's definitely lively. The solid lineup: **OLD AND NEW DREAMS,** the Ornette Coleman alumni band—pocket trumpeter **DON CHERRY,** bassist **CHARLIE HADEN,** saxophonist **DEWEY REDMAN,** and drummer **ED BLACKWELL**—through Saturday, Oct. 16; Sunday, Oct. 17, drummer **PETE LA ROCA SIMS** and his band; Monday and Tuesday, Oct. 18-19, alto saxophonist **PAQUITO D'RIVERA** and his macho Latin-jazz quintet; and Wednesday through Saturday, Oct. 20-23, saxophonist **DAVID LIEBMAN,** pianist **RICHIE BEIRACH,** bassist **GEORGE MRAZ,** and drummer **BILLY HART.** Sets begin at nine-thirty, eleven-thirty, and one Sundays through Thursdays, and at nine-thirty, midnight, and two Fridays and Saturdays. Dining.

**Marty's,** 1265 Third Ave., at 73rd St. (249-4100)—This singer's room has a view of a garden and a view of **VIC DAMONE** Mondays through Thursdays at nine and eleven, and Fridays and Saturdays at ten and midnight. Dining.

**Michael's Pub,** 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—**MARGARET WHITING** is in the midst of a singing (belting, actually) tribute to Ethel Merman. Shows begin at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty. On Mondays from nine to midnight, traditional New Orleans-style music is played by a septet. Dining. Closed Sundays.

**Mikell's,** 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832)—A well-attended, well-run upper West Side night club that brings in satisfying jazz, rhythm-and-blues, and funk bands. The lineup: Wednesday, Oct. 13, Thom Rotella; Friday, Oct. 15, French Toast; Saturday, Oct. 16, Zulema; Monday, Oct. 18, the Starship Orchestra; Tuesday, Oct. 19, Renaldo, a Brazilian guitarist; Wednesday, Oct. 20, Thom Rotella; Thursday, Oct. 21, Georg Wadenias; and Friday and Saturday, Oct. 22-23, vibraharpist **MILT JACKSON.** Music from ten until two.

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**Other End,** 149 Bleecker St. (673-7030)—A small, famous, formerly just-folkies club, but now there is jazz, and large helpings of rock. The current roster: Wednesday, Oct. 13, Sherry Winston and Plan B; Thursday, Oct. 14, John Bayley; Friday and Saturday, Oct. 15-16, Robert Hunter; Tuesday, Oct. 19, comedian Dennis Blair; Wednesday, Oct. 20, B. Willie Smith and Nevard & the Barrelhouse Boys; Friday, Oct. 22, Billy Mernit and Lili Anel; and Saturday, Oct. 23, Keith Loving. On Sundays, R. & B. saxophonist **DENNY MOROUSE** heads a jam session. Shows begin at nine-thirty and midnight. Mondays, a talent showcase begins at eight-thirty. Dining and dancing.

**Peacock Alley,** in the Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (355-3000)—**JIMMY LYON** is playing piano in this quiet room, which functions as a sort of passageway connecting the hotel lobby with a dining room. Mr. Lyon, who has accompanied Mabel Mercer throughout the past decade, has a touch that seems magically smooth and cushioned, and his timing is unassailable. He's on hand Tuesdays through Saturdays from six to ten.

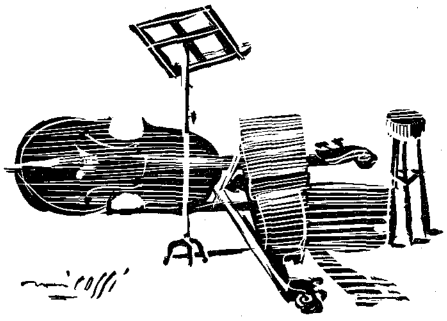
**Peppermint Lounge,** 100 Fifth Ave., at 15th St. (989-9505)—Rock and roll and video. Wednesday, Oct. 13, **JOHN CALE;** Thursday through Saturday, Oct. 14-16, **IGGY POP** and Nash the Slash; Tuesday and Wednesday, Oct. 19-20, Idle Flowers; Thursday, Oct. 21, guitarist **TOM VERLAINE;** and Saturday, Oct. 23, Pylon. Live music from eleven-thirty approximately. Closed Sundays.

**Rainbow Room,** 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (757-9090)—An Art Deco playroom on the sixty-fifth floor. **SY OLIVER,** along with his bouncy dance septet, is present Tuesdays through Thursdays from seven to one, Fridays and Saturdays from eight to two, and Sundays from six to midnight. Dining.

**Red Blazer Too,** 1576 Third Ave., at 88th St. (876-0440)—A large, busy establishment that has a slightly touristy feel to it. Traditional jazz is presented from about nine every night but Sunday, when it begins at seven. Dining.

**Ritz,** 119 E. 11th St. (254-2800)—Rock and roll in more Art Deco—in this case, a very large ballroom: the dance floor measures forty by fifty feet. What the place loses in intimacy it makes up in occasional big names. Wednesday, Oct. 13, the Joe Perry Project; Friday, Oct. 15, the Rockats; Saturday, Oct. 16, **ALAN VEGA** and the Helen Wheels band; Monday, Oct. 18, the Producers; Thursday, Oct. 21, **CHUCK BERRY,** the correct answer to the question: What is rock and roll? Shows usually begin after midnight.

**Seventh Avenue South,** 21 Seventh Ave. S., at Leroy St. (242-4694)—Jazz and jazz-rock on the second floor. The players: Wednesday, Oct. 13, Bush Rock; Thursday through Sunday, Oct. 14-17, the **WORLD SAXOPHONE QUARTET,** which is made up of altoists **JULIUS HEMPHILL** and **OLIVER LAKE** and baritonists **DAVID MURRAY** and **HAMIET BLUIETT;** Monday, Oct. 18, Lynn Welshman's Tentet; Tuesday, Oct. 19, bassist **MIROSLAV VITOUS;** Wednesday, Oct. 20, singer Cathy Rose Salit; and Thursday through Sunday, Oct. 21-24, singer **ASTRUD GILBERTO.** Music from nine-thirty.



**Sounds of Brazil,** 204 Varick St., at W. Houston St. (243-4940)—Sambas and other musical sounds from Rio, Bahia, Salvador, and the jungle: Wednesday, Oct. 13, and Friday and Saturday, Oct. 22-23, **LOREMIL MACHADO** and **THE SARAVA BAHIA BAND;** Friday and Saturday, Oct. 15-16, **PÉ-DE-BOI;** Sunday, Oct. 17, flutist **JEREMY STEIG'S** quartet; Tuesday, Oct. 19, Aloisie & Clarissa; and Wednesday, Oct. 20, pianist **JORGE DALTO.** Thursdays are the property of Brasil 2000. Music from ten. Dining. Closed Mondays.

**Star and Garter,** 105 W. 13th St., near Sixth Ave. (242-3166)—A comfortable, informal room with very good weekend music. Friday and Saturday, Oct. 15-16, one of the world's greatest rhythm sections, pianist **KENNY BARRON,** bassist **BUSTER WILLIAMS,** and drummer **BEN RILEY;** on Friday and Saturday, Oct. 22-23, pianist **JOANNE BRACKEEN.** Music from ten. Dining.

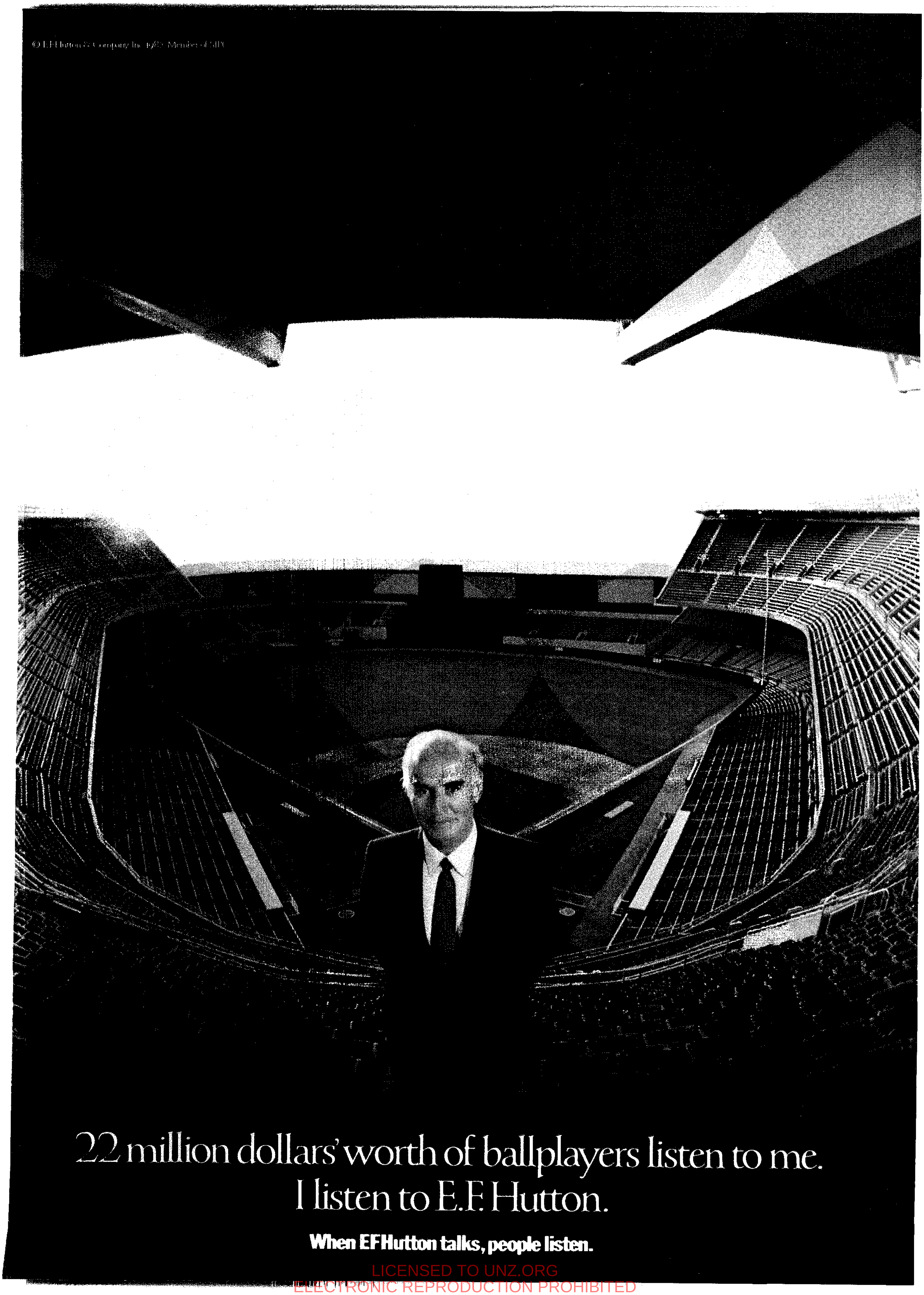
**Sweet Basil,** 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—This knotty-pine night club keeps bringing in proven jazz players, and the place keeps on being crowded. Drummer **LOUIS BELLSON** works with a combo through Saturday, Oct. 16; on Tuesday, Oct. 19, pianist **PHINEAS NEWBORN** will come in for a six-night visit. Sundays have been reserved for the Brazilian-jazz band, **THIAGO DE MELLO & AMAZON,** and Mondays for **HOWARD JOHNSON'S** tuba-heavy ensemble, **GRAVITY.** Shows from about ten. Dining.

**Tramps,** 125 E. 15th St., at Irving Pl. (777-5077)—A simple, basic blues club that is currently presenting two great blues singers and their bands. Singer-pianist **CHARLES BROWN** doesn't look anywhere near old enough to have had a hit record in 1945, but he is—the song was "Driftin' Blues," which he recorded as a member of the Three Blazers, an L.A. trio. He still sings a sophisticated, lounge-variety—as opposed to juke-joint—rhythm and blues (he was most likely influenced by *the* singer-pianist of the day, Nat King Cole, and he most likely influenced *the* singer-pianist of the fifties, Ray Charles), but his piano playing is strictly hot, laced with intense, drubbed, overkill blues chords. He is also personable as all getout. The last time Charles Brown was at this club, he was backed up by one of those classic, jumping, streamlined blues units—guitar, organ, and drums—with guitarist **BILLY BUTLER** in its ranks. On Friday and Saturday, Oct. 15-16, and Wednesdays through Saturdays thereafter. The Sunday-through-Tuesday slot is even more impressive, as it's filled by Kansas City-blues legend **BIG JOE TURNER.** Charles Brown's shows begin at nine, and Joe Turner's shows at eleven and one. The club is closed through Thursday, Oct. 14.

**Trax,** 100 W. 72nd St., near Columbus Ave. (799-1448)—Rock and roll on the upper West Side. Wednesday, Oct. 13, Armed Forces and Ernie & the Imports; Thursday, Oct. 14, Masterpiece and Exhibit A; Friday, Oct. 15, James Montgomery and Monyaka; Saturday, Oct. 16, Laura Kaye and Felony; Tuesday, Oct. 19, the Pharaohs and Lash; Wednesday, Oct. 20, Blackout; Thursday, Oct. 21, Lightnin' Harry Dee; Friday, Oct. 22, Scarlett Fever and Heartbeat; and Saturday, Oct. 23, Boulevard Jacks and the Kingpins. Music after eleven. Dancing. Closed Sundays.

**Village Gate,** 160 Bleecker St. (475-5120)—On Mondays, the downstairs room presents salsa concerts, which begin after nine; on Oct. 18, there will be two bands, Orchestra Harlow and **CONJUNTO CLASICO,** and one jazz soloist, pianist **HILTON RUIZ.** On Friday, Oct. 15, trombonist **SLIDE HAMPTON** and tenor saxophonist **GEORGE COLEMAN** will be present with their band from about ten-thirty. On Tuesdays, out on the Terrace, jazz harpist **DAPHNE HELLMAN** and her trio are on duty after nine.

**Village Vanguard,** 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (255-4037)—Taking a solo in front of a big band can be like riding a motor scooter just in front of a speeding semi—it involves a lot of fiery urgency. **JOHNNY GRIFFIN,** who hasn't taken a tenor-sax solo in front of a big band regularly since the forties—he mostly works with just a quartet—still plays with that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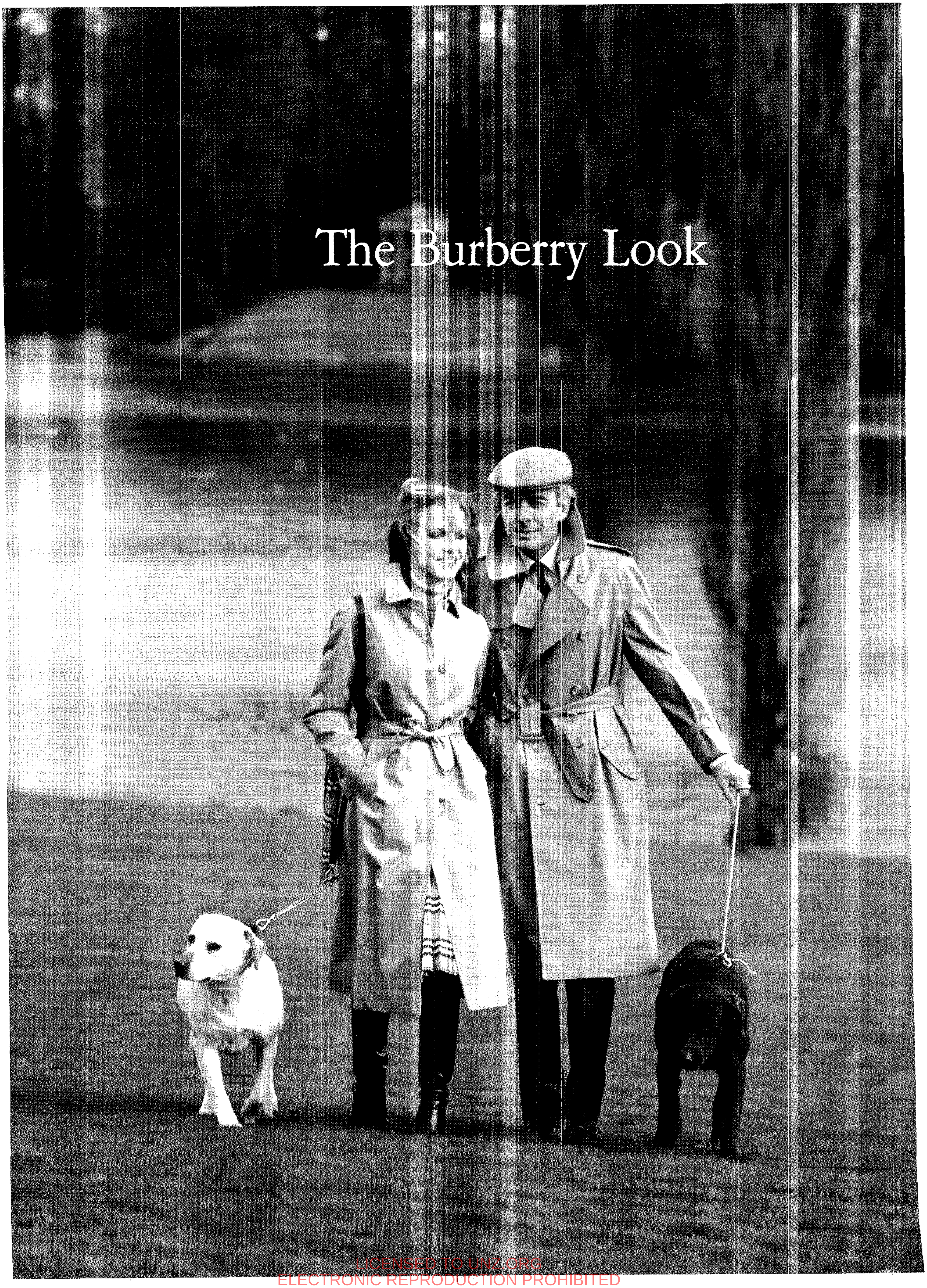
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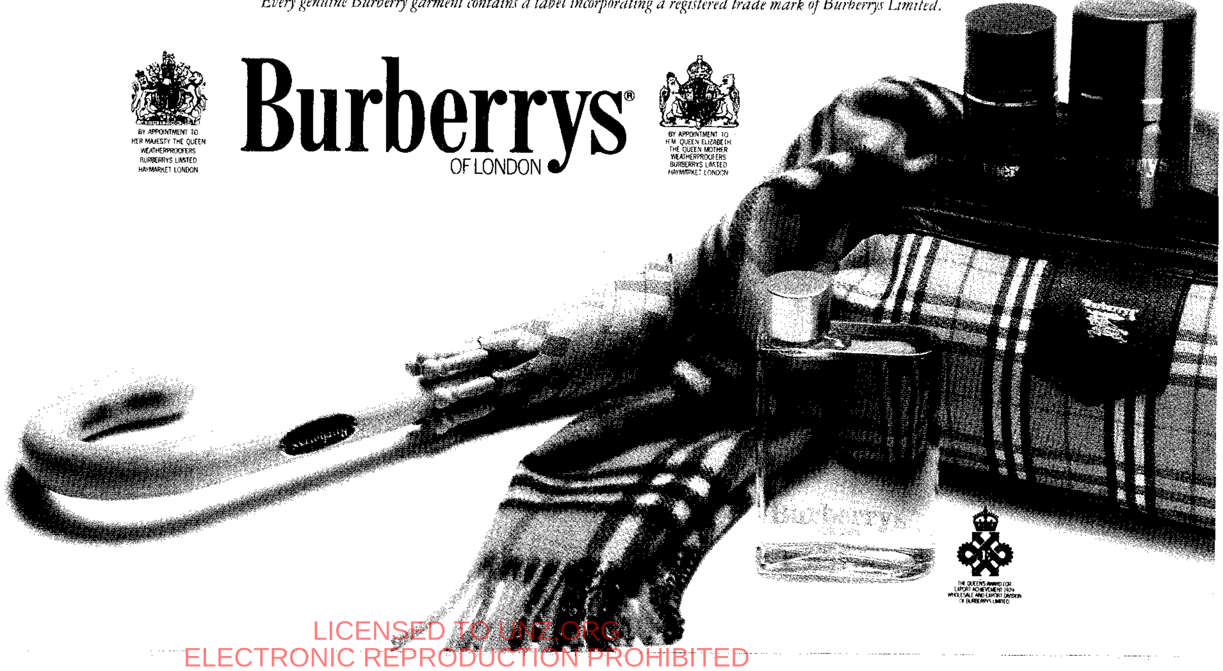

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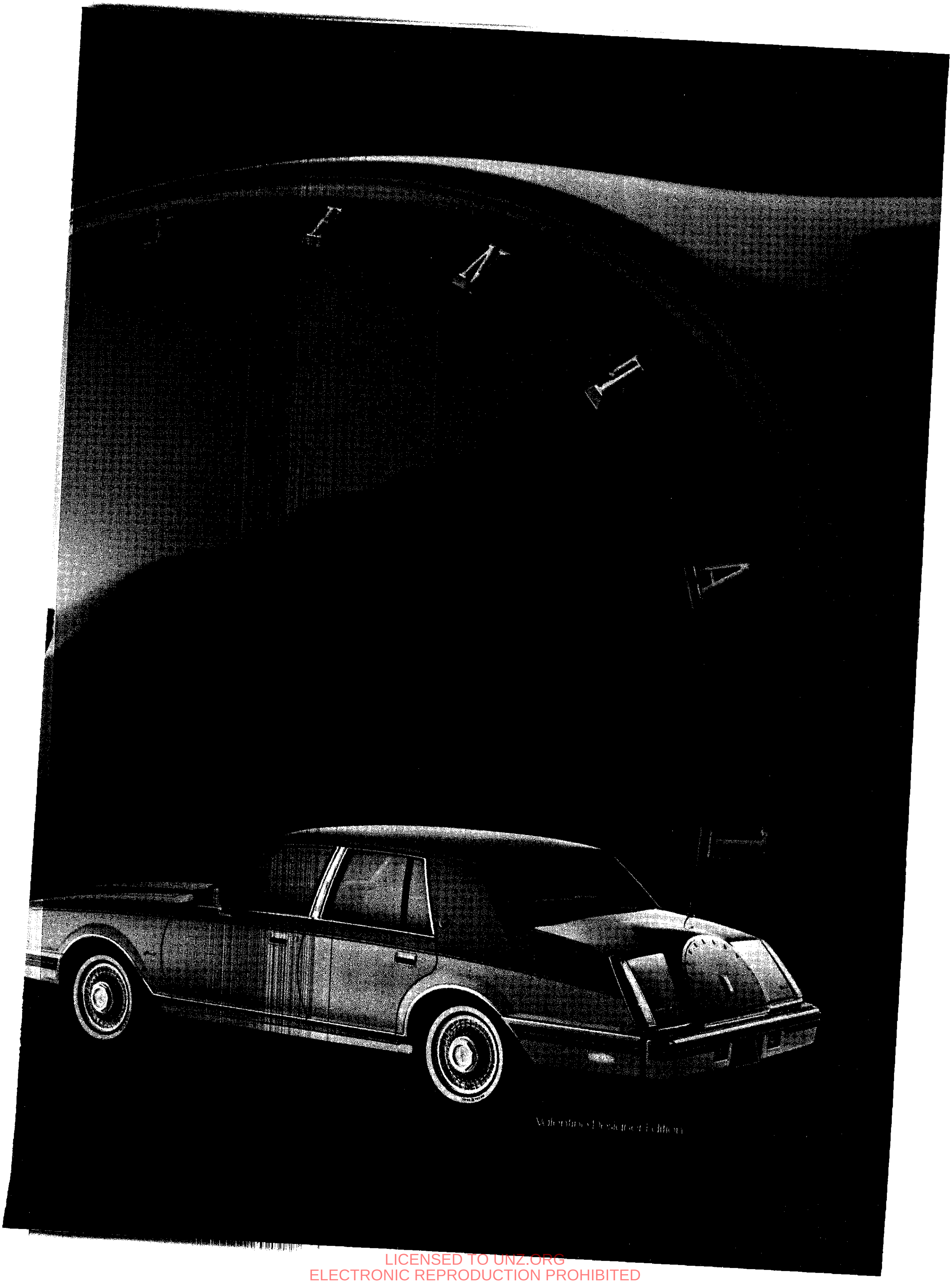

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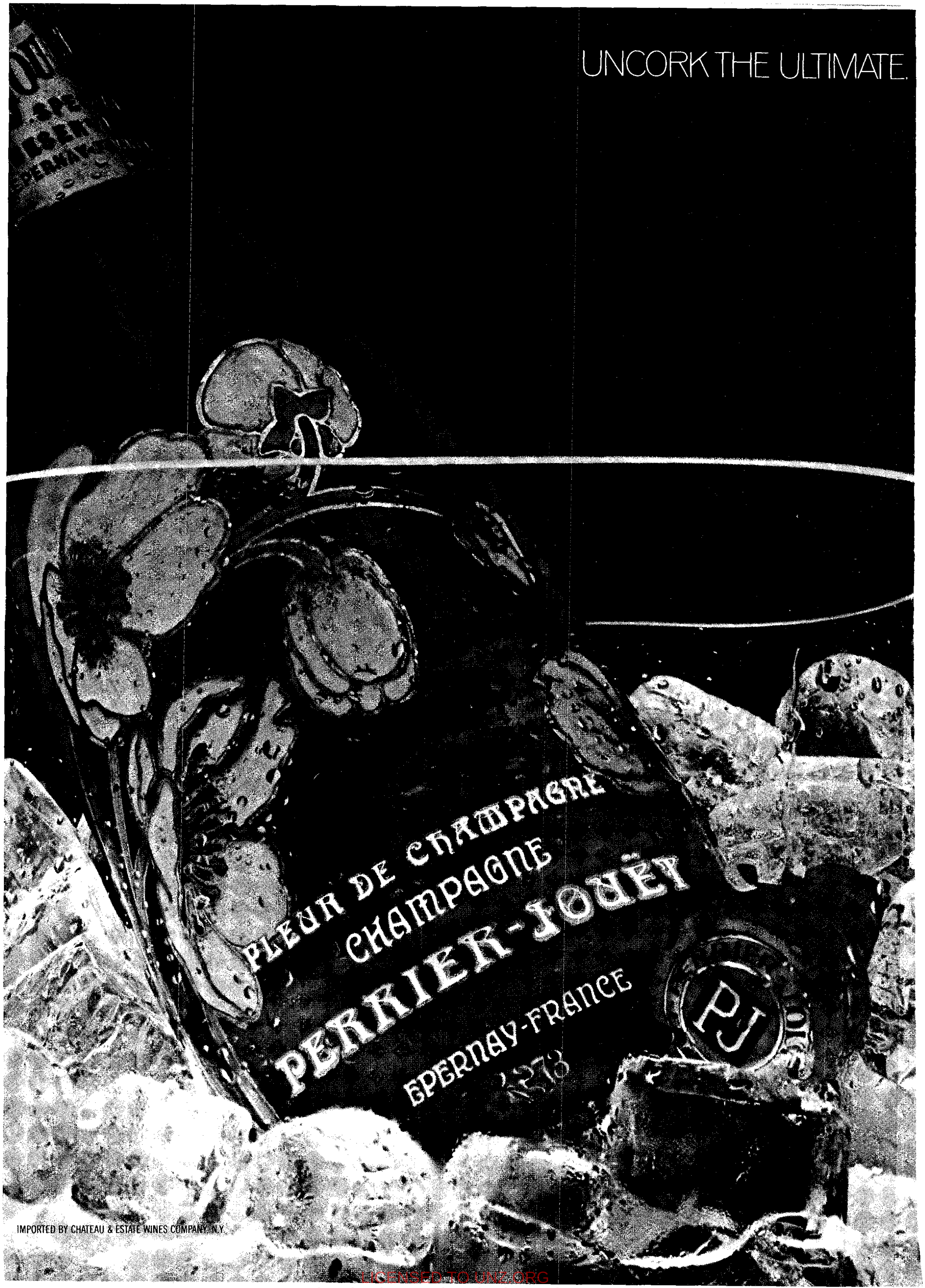
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same striking, fiery urgency. He's here with his quartet through Sunday, Oct. 17. On Tuesday, Oct. 19, alto saxophonist **RICHIE COLE** will come in with a quintet. Mondays remain **MEL LEWIS** big-band blast-off nights. Music from ten.

**VILLAGE WEST**, 577 Hudson St., near Bank St. (691-2791)—A nice bar with tile floors, a pressed-tin ceiling, a bandstand bounded by a brass rail, and a hairpin turn (which leads to the dining room). **TEDDY WILSON**, the pianist who did wonders for Benny Goodman and Billie Holiday, is still pretty wonderful, and he's being discovered by a whole new generation of listeners. He's here with his bassist son Theodore from nine-thirty Sundays and Tuesdays through Thursdays, and from ten Fridays and Saturdays.

**WEST BOONDOCK**, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (929-9645)—A surprising number of people know about this cozy little place situated just north of scores of meat-packing plants and truck docks—the live-in lofts of tomorrow. The jazz pianists are Hank Johnson on Mondays, Tuesdays, and Wednesdays, and Samir Satwat Thursdays through Sundays. Music begins at eight-thirty. Dining.

**WEST END**, 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750)—A loose and informal Columbia University neighborhood hangout for swing-music admirers and players. Lennie Tristano-disciples pianist **CONNIE CRUTHERS** and saxophonist **LENNY POPKIN** are here through Thursday, Oct. 14; on Friday, Oct. 15, guitarist Mike Peters and his band perform hot jazz; on Saturday and Sunday, Oct. 16-17, bassist **AARON BELL'S** group will play Ellington compositions; and on Monday, Oct. 18, saxophonist Percy France will take over. Music from nine.

**ZINNO**, 126 W. 13th St. (924-5182)—In the twenties, there was a speakeasy at this address; in the seventies, Reno Sweeney. Now the premises have been turned into a SoHo-sleek and spacious bar and restaurant, with a musical passageway between them. **MIKE ABENE** and **MICHAEL MOORE**, a strong piano-bass duo, perform through Saturday, Oct. 16; on Monday, Oct. 18, **AL HAIG**, one of the first and still one of the best bop pianists, will arrive. Sundays belong to pianist **RONNIE MATHEWS** and bassist **RAY DRUMMOND**. Music Mondays through Saturdays from nine-thirty, and Sundays from eight-thirty.

### JAZZ / FOLK / ROCK CONCERTS, PERSONAL APPEARANCES, ETC.

**SWINGLE SINGERS**—Top of the Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 982-9292. Wednesday and Thursday, Oct. 13-14, at 8, and Friday, Oct. 15, at 8 and 10.

**MARTY EHRLICH AND STAN STRICKLAND**—Alternative Museum, 17 White St., three blocks south of Canal St., at Sixth Ave. 966-4444. Saturday, Oct. 16, at 8.

**CHIEFTAINS**—Carnegie Hall. 247-7459. Sunday, Oct. 17, at 8.

**GO-GO'S**—With A Flock of Seagulls. (Madison Square Garden. 564-4400. Tuesday, Oct. 19, at 7:30.)

**FRANCESCA SOLLEVILLE**—French Institute/Alliance Française, 22 E. 60th St. 355-6100. Saturday, Oct. 23, at 3.

**CELIA CRUZ**—With Tito Puente, Willie Colon, and others. (Madison Square Garden. Saturday, Oct. 23, at 8.)

**HARVIE SWARTZ**—With Erik Friedlander, Sheila Jordan, and others. (Carnegie Recital Hall. 247-7459. Saturday, Oct. 23, at 8:30.)

**JAZZ FORUM**—Jazz in a fifth-floor loft. Wednesdays at 10 and midnight: Charli Persip & Superband. . . . ¶ Thursday, Oct. 14, at 10, 11:30, and 1: Vernel Fournier trio. . . . ¶ Friday and Saturday, Oct. 15-16, at 10, 11:30, and 1: Clifford Jordan and the Chicago All-Stars. . . . ¶ Sunday, Oct. 17, at 6 and 8: Renée Adrienne. . . . ¶ Sunday, Oct. 17, at 10 and midnight: Ronnie Burrage. . . . ¶ Thursday, Oct. 21, at 10, 11:30, and 1: Kenneth Garrett quintet, with Mulgrew Miller. . . . ¶ Friday and Saturday, Oct. 22-23, at 10, 11:30, and 1: Pepper Adams, with John Hicks, Ray Drummond, and Al Foster. (Jazz Forum, 648 Broadway, at Bleecker St. 477-2655.)

**SOUNDSCAPE**—New music and jazz in another fifth-floor loft. Friday, Oct. 15: Yomo Toro. . . . ¶ Saturday, Oct. 16: Double Exchange, with Jamaaladeen Tacuma, Cornell Rochester, and guest Olu Dara. . . . ¶ Friday, Oct. 22: Troupe Makandal. . . . ¶ Saturday, Oct. 23: Daniel Ponce, Paquito d'Rivera, and others. (Soundscape, 500 W. 52nd St. 581-7032. Evenings at 9.)

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**DUKE ELLINGTON FILMS**—A program of film shorts and excerpts from feature films and television shows. (Wollman Auditorium, Ferris Booth Hall, Broadway at 115th St. Sunday, Oct. 17, at 6. For information about tickets, call 740-3423.)

## ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Tuesdays through Saturdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

### GALLERIES—UPTOWN

**DARREL AUSTIN**—A retrospective of oils and works on paper. Through Saturday, Oct. 16. (Perls, 1016 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

**TONY BERLANT**—Found-tin constructions. Through Saturday, Oct. 16. (Fourcade, 36 E. 75th St.)

**ANNE BLODGETT / MARCIA TANNER**—Recent landscapes, most of them showing ponds flecked with lily pads. / Delicate abstracts, a good many of them painted with dry pigments on silk or linen scrolls, by an artist who has spent several years in the Far East. Through Saturday, Oct. 16. (Bodley, 1063 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

**ADRIAEN BROUWER** (1605/6-1638) **AND DAVID TENIERS** (1610-90)—A loan show of seventeenth-century Flemish genre paintings, offering lowlife and peasant scenes by the former and portrayals of upper-middle-class life by the latter. Through Oct. 30. (Noortman & Brod, 1020 Madison Ave., at 78th St. Open Mondays.)

**DENNIS CLIVE / WOODY GWYN**—Recent ceramic sculptures. / Large-scale New Mexico landscapes—buttes, mesas, highways. Through Oct. 30. (Stone, 48 E. 86th St.)

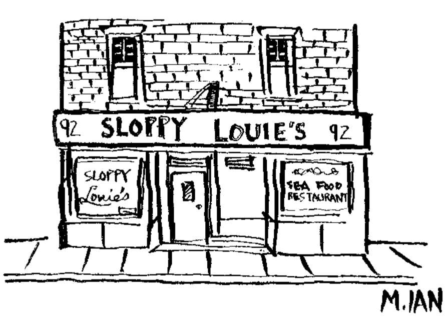
**CHARLES DEMUTH** (1883-1935) / **LARRY ZOX**—More than twenty watercolors, including fruit and flower still-lifes from the twenties, plus drawings and preparatory studies. / Recent abstract acrylic paintings. Through Oct. 30. (Salander-O'Reilly, 22 E. 80th St. Open Mondays.)

**MELVIN EDWARDS**—Welded-steel sculptures related to a work of his which was recently installed in an outdoor plaza in Columbus, Ohio. Through Oct. 26. (Sculpture Center, 167 E. 69th St.)

**RAYMOND HAN**—Still-lifes in oil—white china on white napery, for the most part—done with a nineteenth-century exactitude. Through Oct. 27. (Schoelkopf, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St.)

**ABBY LEIGH**—Watercolors: landscapes, cityscapes, and still-lifes, some of which verge on the abstract. Through Nov. 20. (A. M. Adler, 21 E. 67th St.)

**HELEN OJI / STAN SINGLETON**—Paintings of beehives, octopuses, and frogs in acrylics laid on so thick the surfaces bulge. / Paintings. Through Oct. 30. (Knowlton, 19 E. 71st St. Opens at noon on Saturdays.)



**CARL-HENNING PEDERSEN**—Watercolors from the sixties, shown now for the first time; many of them depict imaginary birds. Through Saturday, Oct. 23. (Lefebre, 47 E. 77th St.)

**RALPH ROSENBORG**—Abstract paintings based on imagined landscapes, some of them strongly influenced by Klee. The works are dated 1938-47. Through Oct. 30. (Schlesinger-Boisanté, 822 Madison Ave., at 69th St. Open Mondays.)

**ELLEN STEINFELD**—Energetic-looking semi-abstract sculptures, involving foxes, cats, fish, and birds, done in plywood thickly covered with bright acrylics. Through Saturday, Oct. 23. (Davidson, 43 E. 78th St.)

**JOAN THORNE**—Large abstractions in a line of descent from Pollock, except that this artist paints bright, tangled ribbons of color instead of dribbling it. Through Oct. 27. (Willard, 29 E. 72nd St.)

**MAX WEBER** (1881-1961)—Works in a variety of mediums (and from the various periods of the artist's career) which complement the Weber retrospective at the Jewish Museum. Through Nov. 4. (Forum, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

**ALBERT YORK**—Oils. Through Nov. 6. (Davis & Langdale, 746 Madison Ave., at 65th St.)

**GROUP SHOWS**—At the **ACQUAVELLA**, 18 E. 79th St.: Three English artists showing in New York for the first time—George Dowson (still-lifes in oil), Anthony Hepworth (abstract paintings on paper, sculptures), and Melissa Scott-Miller (oils of dead game birds). Through Saturday, Oct. 16. . . . **DIAMOND**, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.: Paintings by fifty-one American modernists working from 1909 to 1949. Alice Trumbull Mason, Ilya Bolotowsky, Arthur G. Dove, others. Through Nov. 13. . . . **HIRSCHL & ADLER**, 21 E. 70th St.: Paintings done in Britain from 1740-1840 by, among others, Sir Joshua Reynolds, Benjamin West, and J. M. W. Turner—along with a small group of seventeenth-century Dutch landscapes, from which some of the members of the former group apparently took their cues. Through Nov. 6. . . . **MAZOH**, 13 E. 76th St.: Paintings, drawings, and sculptures by Rothko, Matisse, Twombly, and others. Through Friday, Oct. 22. (Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.) . . . **PAYSON-WEISBERG**, 822 Madison Ave., at 69th St.: Works on and of paper by Louise Nevelson, Henry Moore, and other twentieth-century artists known primarily as sculptors. Through Nov. 2. . . . **SAIDENBERG**, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.: Faces are the theme in this show of paintings, drawings, and sculptures by thirteen artists, among them Picasso, Matisse, and Brancusi. Through Nov. 27. (Opens at 1 on Saturdays.)

### GALLERIES—57TH STREET AREA

**ELLA BERGMANN-MICHEL** (1896-1971) **AND THEODORE ROSZAK** (1907-81)—Constructivist works: drawings and collages by the first artist, sculptures by the second. Through Oct. 30. (Zabriskie, 29 W. 57th St. Open Mondays)

**POWER BOOTHE**—New abstract paintings, six feet square, in which bars of a solid color are deployed on a field of contrasting hue. Through Oct. 28. (Sachs, 29 W. 57th St.)

**BÅRD BREIVIK**—Vertical wall sculptures, by a Norwegian artist, made of six- or seven-foot lengths of handsomely laminated wood hollowed out (like canoes, in some cases) and filled with inset bristles. Through Saturday, Oct. 23. (Oscarsson Hood, 41 W. 57th St.)

**JOAN BROWN**—Oversize paintings taking off French neoclassic depictions of odalisques (Ingres and Gerome). Bathing is the subject, cats also figure in the imagery, and decorative pilasters supplement the paintings. Through Oct. 28. (Frumkin, 50 W. 57th St. Opens at noon on Saturdays.)

**KENNETH CALLAHAN**—Abstract oil paintings, and drawings that include scenes of China. Through Saturday, Oct. 16. (Kraushaar, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

**PAUL CARANICAS**—This artist specializes in precisely executed paintings of coast artillery

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emplacements—in New Jersey, the Channel Islands, and France—some of them crumbling and some intact. Through Wednesday, Oct. 20. (Fischbach, 29 W. 57th St.)

**José Luis Cuevas**—Twenty-five figurative gouache-and-ink drawings. Through Nov. 6. (Del Re, 41 E. 57th St.)

**Carol Kreeger Davidson**—Sculptures and drawings. Through Nov. 4. (Dintenfass, 50 W. 57th St.)

**Elaine de Kooning**—Paintings and drawings based on a Rodin sculpture of Bacchus. Through Nov. 6. (Gruenebaum, 38 E. 57th St.)

**Martha Diamond**—Large paintings of big-city buildings in the colors they wear at night. Through Oct. 30. (Alexander, 20 W. 57th St.)

**Ronnie Elliott** (1910-82)—Twenty collages from the forties in a memorial exhibit for this artist, who died last spring. Through Oct. 30. (Zarre, 41 E. 57th St.)

**Richard Kalina / Stephanie Kirschen-Cole**—Recent paintings that combine exotic elements (elephants, volcanoes, okapi, hummingbirds) and abstract geometric forms. / Collages in which emblematic abstractions are superimposed on big sheets of thick, handmade paper. Through Nov. 3. (De Nagy, 29 W. 57th St.)

**Käthe Kollwitz** (1867-1945)—Prints accompanied by preliminary drawings and worked-over proofs. Through Nov. 6. (Galerie St. Etienne, 24 W. 57th St.)

**William Kortlander**—Recent paintings of the Ohio countryside, a favorite subject for this artist. Through Oct. 30. (Haber Theodore, 29 W. 57th St.)

**Michael Loew**—Abstract geometric paintings and drawings by an artist whose color arrangements seem to gain strength with the passing years. He is now seventy-five. Through Saturday, Oct. 16. (Pearl, 38 E. 57th St.)

**Donn Moulton**—Larger-than-lifesize beach pebbles of lacquered fibre glass. Through Saturday, Oct. 23. (Kornblee, 20 W. 57th St.)

**Reuben Nakian / Brassaï**—Thirty-seven Expressionist sculptures (one of them over eighteen feet long), plus drawings. Through Nov. 3. / Photographs of Matisse, Miró, Dali, others. Through Oct. 30. (Marlborough, 40 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.) . . . ¶ Mr. Nakian also has drawings and lithographs at Rolly-Michaux, 943 Madison Ave., at 75th St. Through Nov. 6.

**Joel Perlman / John McLaughlin** (1898-1976)—Large-scale polished-steel sculptures. / Minimalist paintings from 1951-74. Through Oct. 30. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St.)

**Picasso** (1881-1973)—Sculptures from the artist's estate, plus three pieces on loan from the Museum of Modern Art. Through Saturday, Oct. 23. (Pace, 32 E. 57th St.)

**Harvey Quaytman**—Emblematic designs painted in the center of large shaped canvases. Through Saturday, Oct. 23. (McKee, 41 E. 57th St.)

**Jonathan Santlofer**—Abstract paintings on shaped canvases. Through Nov. 6. (Pam Adler, 37 W. 57th St.)

**Millard Sheets**—Paintings of Central Park, Russia, and the California coast, plus some still-lifes of lilies. Through Friday, Oct. 15. (Kennedy, 40 W. 57th St.)

**Leon Polk Smith**—Two exhibits at Washburn galleries. Geometric paintings dated 1945-50 (at 42 E. 57th St.) and recent acrylics in solid, contrasting colors on shaped canvases (at 113 Greene St.). Through Oct. 30.

**Peter Solow**—Paintings and drawings of faceless figures in interior settings and in seascapes. Through Nov. 20. (Touchstone, 29 W. 57th St.)

**George Sugarman**—Abstract drawings from 1950-82, plus recent small painted-metal sculptures. Through Saturday, Oct. 23. (Miller, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

**Richard Tuttle**—Abstract works on paper, wall constructions, and wall pieces. Through Oct. 28. (Parsons, 24 W. 57th St.)

**Elena Urbaitis**—Wing-shaped sheet-metal sculptures illuminated by hidden fluorescent lights. Through Saturday, Oct. 16. (Phoenix, 30 W. 57th St.)

**Paul Van Hoeydonck**—Collage drawings of New York. Also, painted-bronze sculptures. Through Oct. 28. (Deutsch, 20 W. 57th St.)

**Group Shows**—At the **associated american artists**, 663 Fifth Ave., at 53rd St.: Thirty prints and drawings each, primarily of New York City, by Kenneth Hayes Miller and Reginald Marsh (the twenties to the forties), and by Isabel Bishop (the twenties to the present). Through Oct. 30. (Open Mondays.) . . . **janis**, 110 W. 57th St.: Three generations of Expressionist painters—from Jackson Pollock and Willem de Kooning to Jasper Johns and Jan Müller to David Salle; nearly thirty works in all. Through Oct. 30. (Open Mondays.)

### GALLERIES—SoHo

**Michael Buthe / Robert Kushner**—Paintings and assemblages. / Collage paintings on paper and fabric. Through Nov. 3. (Holly Solomon, 392 West Broadway.)

**John Digby**—Small collages in which silhouettes of birds, snipped from antique steel engravings, are retouched and enhanced with vignettes snipped from similar prints. Through Saturday, Oct. 16. (Key, 130 Greene St.)

**Lin Emery**—Mobile sculptures—ascending series of curved aluminum blades whirling in their various and integrated orbits. The pieces range from a couple of feet to twelve feet in height and are kept in motion by fans. Through Oct. 30. (Hutchinson, 138 Greene St.)

**Benno Friedman / Peter Alexander**—Recent works incorporating drawings and altered photographs. / Abstractions of underwater vistas, done with sequins, glitter, cord, and paint on black velvet. Through Oct. 30. (Cowles, 420 West Broadway.)

**Judith Godwin**—Recent Abstract Expressionist paintings. Through Oct. 30. (Ingber, 460 West Broadway.)

**Leon Golub**—Latin-American police brutality and heartland American lowlifes are depicted in these larger-than-life figurative paintings, done in acrylic on canvas. Through Nov. 6. (Caldwell, 383 West Broadway.)

**Komar & Melamid**—Thirteen paintings, shoving off from Socialist Realism, by these apostate Russians. One ironic work shows Stalin and the Muses, with Clio delivering the volume of History into his hands. Through Oct. 30. (Feldman, 31 Mercer St.)

**Richard Long**—Three narrow runways, about thirty feet long, of broken slabs of red slate; another natural medium, mud (some of it from the river Avon), is used for ten-foot discs hand-applied on the gallery wall. Through Saturday, Oct. 23. (Sperone Westwater Fischer, 142 Greene St.)

**Stephen Mueller**—Abstract paintings distinguished for their swirls of dramatic colors. Through Nov. 4. (Nosei, 100 Prince St.)

**Carol Paquay**—Figures, still-lifes, and landscapes in oils and acrylics. Through Wednesday, Oct. 20. (Blue Mountain, 121 Wooster St. Opens daily, except Mondays, at noon.)

**Mel Pekarsky**—Large desert landscapes (two of the Sinai, one of the Mojave), done in pencil on unstretched canvases coated with gesso. Also, related drawings. Through Oct. 30. (112 Greene Street.)

**Liliana Porter**—Collage, drawing, painting, and silk-screen printing are combined in these new pieces, some on paper and some on canvas, which have the narrative, almost autobiographical quality that characterizes this artist's work. Through Oct. 30. (Toll, 146 Greene St.)

**Paul Rickert**—Realist paintings of suburban Philadelphia. Through Nov. 3. (Milliken, 98 Prince St.)

**Frank Roth / Oded Halahmy**—Paintings by an Abstract Expressionist. / Recent abstract bronzes. Through Oct. 30. (Meisel, 141 Prince St.)

**Paul Sarkisian**—Large paintings in which what appear to be collages of decorative paper and fabric samples turn out to be trompe-l'oeil. Through Nov. 10. (Hoffman, 429 West Broadway.)

**Julian Schnabel**—New work; among the canvases is one titled "The Raft," which is encrusted with broken china (his hallmark) and has a bronzed tree about four feet long projecting from its surface. Through Oct. 30. (Boone, 417 West Broadway.)

**Carol J. Steen / Ellen K. Levy**—Drawings in tar, hand-applied, evoking cudgels, arrows, bayonets, and boomerangs. / Paintings and drawings. Through Saturday, Oct. 16. (55 Mercer Street Gallery.)

**David True**—New paintings, ranging from his familiar deer-and-satyr theme to stylized, enigmatic landscapes. Through Nov. 6. (Thorp, 419 West Broadway.)

**Kes Zapkus**—Large, kaleidoscopic-looking paintings in which perfectly recognizable images are scrambled together with abstractions. Through Oct. 30. (Weber, 142 Greene St.)

**Group Shows**—At the **a.i.r.**, 63 Crosby St.: "Women Choose Men" is the title for a show of exactly that, with Robert Stackhouse, David Attie, Edvins Strautmanis, and others showing paintings, sculptures, and photographs at this feminist coöperative gallery. Through Saturday, Oct. 16. . . . **cooper**, 155 Wooster St.: A changing exhibition of works by the artists the gallery represents, among them Jennifer Bartlett and Sol LeWitt. Through Saturday, Oct. 23. . . . **the drawing center**, 137 Greene St.: Works on paper by thirteen artists. Through Nov. 6. (Open Mondays; open Wednesday evenings until 8.) . . . **prince street gallery**, 121 Wooster St.: An invitational show made up of the works of seventeen figurative painters who are also considered colorists—Leland Bell, Louisa Matthiasdottir, Robert De Niro, and Harriet Shorr among them. Through Wednesday, Oct. 20. (Opens daily, except Mondays, at noon.)

### OTHER GALLERIES

**Elizabeth Harms**—Recent abstract paintings. Through Nov. 6. (Condeso-Lawler, 119 W. 25th St.)

**Samuel F. B. Morse** (1791-1872)—"Gallery of the Louvre," other historical paintings, and portraits by the artist-scientist. Through Saturday, Oct. 23. (Grey Art Gallery, New York University, Washington Pl., just east of Washington Sq. Tuesdays and Thursdays, 10 to 6:30; Wednesdays, 10 to 8:30; Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 1 to 5. Drawings by Morse may be seen at the National Academy of Design.)

**Nicholas Sperakis**—Drawings and woodcuts; some of the latter are over seven feet tall. Through Oct. 29. (Washington Irving, 117 E. 17th St. Opens daily, except Mondays, at 1.)

### PHOTOGRAPHY

**Eugène Atget** (1857-1927)—A hundred and seventeen prints of Paris and its architecture, dated 1898 to 1927, will be exhibited at the

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Museum of Modern Art. See below, under "Museums," for dates and times.

**Micha Bar-Am / Bruce Davidson**—Seventy photographs of events and people in Israel from 1956 to the present, by a New York *Times* photographer who lives outside of Tel Aviv. / Large-scale photographs of subway riders by an artist who spent more than a year documenting his trips. Through Nov. 14. (International Center of Photography, 1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St. Tuesdays through Thursdays, noon to 8; Fridays through Sundays, noon to 6.)

**Robert Disraeli**—Photographs from the thirties: portraits of such artists as Stuart Davis and John Marin, New York scenes, abstractions. Through Friday, Oct. 22. (Pfeifer, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St.)

**Russell Lee**—Vintage and contemporary prints, notably the 1941 Pie Town, New Mexico, series he did for the Farm Security Administration. Through Saturday, Oct. 23. (Witkin, 41 E. 57th St. Opens at noon on Saturdays.)

**Alen MacWeeney**—Landscapes and portraits taken in Ireland. Through Nov. 5. (SoHo Photo, 15 White St., between West Broadway and Sixth Ave. Fridays through Sundays, 1 to 6; Tuesdays, 7 P.M. to 9 P.M.)

**Renate Ponsold**—Twenty-eight portraits—of Louise Nevelson, Roy Lichtenstein, Andy Warhol, and Virgil Thomson, among others—each of which is shown with one work (mostly drawings; in the case of Thomson, a musical score) by the subject. Through Nov. 15. (CDS, 13 E. 75th St. Open Mondays.)

**Aaron Siskind**—Fifty-seven photographs documenting life in Harlem during the nineteen-thirties. Through Oct. 31. (Midtown Y Gallery, 344 E. 14th St. Sundays through Thursdays, noon to 8; Fridays, noon to 4.)

### MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

**Metropolitan Museum,** Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—The Cimabue Crucifix, on loan from the church of Santa Croce in Florence, is on exhibit in the Medieval Sculpture Hall. Through Nov. 10. . . . ¶ A show of about forty-five objects whose ornamentations typify the art of Islamic calligraphy. . . . ¶ Forty-one sculptures and paintings from Nepal, India, and Southeast Asia, acquired by the museum within the past five years. Through Jan. 23. . . . ¶ An exhibit of prints by the Dutch artist Hendrik Goltzius, considered the outstanding line engraver of the late-sixteenth century. Also, prints by his students and by artists (Dürer and Spranger) who influenced Goltzius. Through Nov. 21. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 8:45; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays, 11 to 4:45.)

**Museum of Modern Art,** 18 W. 54th St.—"The Work of Atget: the Art of Old Paris" will be the museum's main show when it opens Thursday, Oct. 14. . . . ¶ While the renovation and expansion project here continues, only part of the permanent collection remains on view. (Open daily, except Wednesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.)

**Guggenheim Museum,** Fifth Ave. at 89th St.—"Scandinavia Today," the over-all title for a nationwide series of exhibits (see also the Cooper-Hewitt and the Morgan Library), brings three shows to these galleries: Works in various mediums by two contemporary artists from each of the five Nordic countries; paintings and works on paper by the Swedish artist Öyvind Fahlström; and paintings and prints by Danish Cobra artist Asger Jorn. Through Nov. 7. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge from 5 to 8; Wednesdays through Sundays, 11 to 5.)

**Whitney Museum of American Art,** Madison Ave. at 75th St.—A Milton Avery retrospective of paintings and monotypes. Through Dec. 5. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

**Brooklyn Museum,** Eastern Parkway—A show of selections from the museum's print collection, representing five hundred years of work. Dürer, Rembrandt, Goya (including a working proof from his "Los Caprichos" series), Degas, Cassatt, Kirchner, Picasso (his 1935 "Minotauromachy"), Dine, and others.

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Through Nov. 14. (Open Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

**Asia Society,** 725 Park Ave., at 70th St.—"Arts of the Islamic Book," a show of illuminated manuscripts and pages of manuscripts, from the collection of Prince Sadruddin Aga Khan which ranges in time from the ninth century to the nineteenth. Through Jan. 2. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5, and Thursday evenings until 8:30; Sundays, noon to 5.)

**Cooper-Hewitt Museum,** Fifth Ave. at 91st St.—An exhibit that reviews Scandinavian designs in furniture, glass, ceramics, metal, and textiles from the eighteen-eighties to the present. . . . ¶ More than two hundred hand-colored fashion prints illustrating the sartorial trends followed by men, women, and children from the end of the eighteenth century to the beginning of the twentieth. Both shows through Jan. 2. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

**Jewish Museum,** Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—An exhibit of a hundred and fifty paintings, sculptures, prints, and drawings by Max Weber. Through Jan. 16. A complementary show is at the Forum Gallery, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St. . . . ¶ A show presenting more than fifty seventeenth-century prints, most of them portraying the Jewish population of Amsterdam as seen by non-Jewish artists of that city, and providing as well a number of Biblical scenes, ten of them by Rembrandt. Through Dec. 5. (Open daily except Fridays and Saturdays. Hours: Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 5; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

**Morgan Library,** 29 E. 36th St.—A show of fifteenth-century Dutch and Flemish illuminated manuscripts (among them the "Hours of Catherine of Cleves"); religious drawings (including one attributed to Hieronymus Bosch); and illustrated printed books (Ovid's "Metamorphoses" accompanied by woodcuts). Through Nov. 7. . . . ¶ A display of Icelandic illuminated manuscripts and early printed books of historical, legal, liturgical, and literary interest. Through Nov. 14. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10:30 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

**Museum of American Folk Art,** 49 W. 53rd St.—The paintings of Olof Krans (1838-1916) recall his life in a religious community founded by Swedish Americans in the prairie town of Bishop Hill, Illinois. Through Jan. 2. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10:30 to 8, with no admission charge after 5:30; Wednesdays through Sundays, 10:30 to 5:30.)

**National Academy of Design,** 1083 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—A show concerning Samuel F. B. Morse's association with the academy, of which he was founder and first president. It includes four of his portraits and fifty of his drawings as well as works by fellow-founders Asher B. Durand, Robert Weir, and Charles Loring Elliott. Through Nov. 18. A complementary exhibit of Morse's works is at the Grey Art Gallery, Washington Pl., just east of Washington Sq. . . . ¶ A display of pages from the sketchbooks of Le Corbusier, together with photographs of his designs. Through Nov. 14. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, noon to 8, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Sundays, noon to 5.)

**New-York Historical Society,** 170 Central Park W., at 77th St.—"The Birth of New York: Nieuw Amsterdam 1624-1664" has hand-drawn maps, paintings, manuscripts, and artifacts (from the Old World and the New) that demonstrate the cultural, commercial, and architectural links between the two cities. Also on hand is a letter dated November 5, 1626, informing officials in Holland of the purchase of Manhattan from the Indians (written in Dutch, of course). Through Dec. 31. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Fridays, 11 to 5; Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

**Studio Museum in Harlem,** 144 W. 125th St.—A show of about a dozen paintings each by Herbert Gentry, Clifford Jackson, Sam Middleton, and Walter T. Williams. Through Jan. 9. (Open Wednesdays, 10 to 5; Thursdays, 10 to 9; Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 6.)

### EXPERIMENTAL OUTPOSTS

(Various avant-garde enterprises that may involve not only traditional art but music, video, dance, and so on.)

**Dia Art Foundation,** 512 W. 19th St. 691-8792.—"Raincover," a new theatre work written and directed by Robert Whitman. Thursdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Through Oct. 30.

**Franklin Furnace,** 112 Franklin St. 925-4671. Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 6.—Arnette de Mille (dance), Thursday, Oct. 14, at 8:30; Paul Zelavansky and Terry Stoller (performance), Thursday, Oct. 21, at 8:30. . . . ¶ Richard Nonas's installation called "Goats Itch." Through Saturday, Oct. 16.

**Just Above Midtown/Downtown,** 178 Franklin St. Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6.—Individual shows by Kit-Yin Snyder (architectural installation), Ellen Weider (paintings), and Russell Redmond (sculptures). Through Oct. 27.

**The Kitchen,** 484 Broome St. 925-3615.—Elliott Sharp (music), Saturday, Oct. 23, at 8:30.

## MUSIC

(The box-office number for the Metropolitan Opera House is 362-6000; for Alice Tully Hall, 362-1911; for Avery Fisher Hall, 874-2424; for Carnegie Hall, 247-7459; for Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St., 570-3949; for Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St., 427-4410; and for Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House, 129 W. 67th St., 362-8719. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

### OPERA

**Metropolitan Opera**—Wednesday, Oct. 13, at 8: "La Gioconda," with Eva Marton, Mignon Dunn, Placido Domingo, and Matteo Manuguerra; conducted by Giuseppe Patanè. . . . ¶ Thursday, Oct. 14, at 7:30: The Metropolitan's première of Mozart's "Idomeneo," with Ileana Cotrubas, Hildegard Behrens, Frederica von Stade, and Luciano Pavarotti; James Levine. (A benefit performance.) . . . ¶ Friday, Oct. 15, at 7:30: "Der Rosenkavalier," with Tatiana Troyanos, Kiri Te Kanawa, Judith Blegen, Luciano Pavarotti, and Kurt Moll; Jeffrey Tate. . . . ¶ Saturday, Oct. 16, at 2: "Boris Godunov," with Mignon Dunn, Martti Talvela, Wieslaw Ochman, and John Gilmore; James Conlon. . . . ¶ Saturday, Oct. 16, at 8: "La Forza del Destino," with Leona Mitchell, Barbara Conrad, Carlo Bergonzi, and Sherrill Milnes; James Levine. . . . ¶ Monday, Oct. 18, at 8: "Idomeneo," with Ileana Cotrubas, Hildegard Behrens, Frederica von Stade, and Luciano Pavarotti; James Levine. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Oct. 19, at 8: "La Gioconda," with Eva Marton, Mignon Dunn, Carlo Bini, and Matteo Manuguerra;

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Giuseppe Patanè. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Oct. 20, at 7:30: "Der Rosenkavalier," with Tatiana Troyanos, Kiri Te Kanawa, Judith Blegen, Luciano Pavarotti, and Kurt Moll; Jeffrey Tate. . . . ¶ Thursday, Oct. 21, at 8: "Un Ballo in Maschera," with Galina Savova, Gail Robinson, José Carreras, and Louis Quilico; Giuseppe Patanè. . . . ¶ Friday, Oct. 22, at 8: "La Gioconda," with Eva Marton, Mignon Dunn, Carlo Bini, and Matteo Manuguerra; Giuseppe Patanè. . . . ¶ Saturday, Oct. 23, at 2: "La Forza del Destino," with Lucine Amara, Barbara Conrad, Giuseppe Giacomini, and Peter Glossop; James Levine. . . . ¶ Saturday, Oct. 23, at 8: "Idomeneo," with Ileana Cotrubas, Hildegard Behrens, Frederica von Stade, and Luciano Pavarotti; James Levine.

**New York City Opera**—Wednesday evening, Oct. 13: A new production of Bernstein's "Candide," with Erie Mills, Muriel Costa-Greenspon, David Eisler, and John Lankston: conducted by John Mauceri. . . . ¶ Friday evening, Oct. 15: "Madame Butterfly," with Judith Haddon, Judith Christin, Jerry Hadley, and Alan Titus; Christopher Keene. . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Oct. 16: "Alceste" (in French), with Heather Harper, Jon Garrison, William Stone, and Scott Reeve; Raymond Leppard. . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Oct. 16: "Candide," with Erie Mills, Muriel Costa-Greenspon, David Eisler, and John Lankston; John Mauceri. . . . ¶ Sunday matinée, Oct. 17: "La Traviata," with Diana Soviero, Carroll Freeman, and William Stone; Brian Salesky. . . . ¶ Sunday evening, Oct. 17: "Le Nozze di Figaro," with Kathryn Bouleyn, Inga Nielsen, Nadia Pelle, Samuel Ramey, and Alan Titus; Scott Bergeson. . . . ¶ Wednesday evening, Oct. 20: "Madame Butterfly," with Judith Haddon, Judith Christin, Jerry Hadley, and Alan Titus; Christopher Keene. . . . ¶ Thursday evening, Oct. 21: "Candide," with Erie Mills, Muriel Costa-Greenspon, David Eisler, and John Lankston; John Mauceri. . . . ¶ Friday evening, Oct. 22: "Le Nozze di Figaro," with Kathryn Bouleyn, Inga Nielsen, Nadia Pelle, Samuel Ramey, and Alan Titus; Scott Bergeson. . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Oct. 23: "The Grand Duchess of Gerolstein" (in English), with Susanne Marsee, Claudette Petersen, Carroll Freeman, and James Billings; Scott Bergeson. . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Oct. 23: "Candide," with Erie Mills, Muriel Costa-Greenspon, David Eisler, and John Lankston; John Mauceri. (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. 870-5570. Weeknights at 8, and Sundays and Wednesday, Oct. 13, at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 1. Through Sunday, Nov. 14.)

### ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

**New York Philharmonic**—*At Avery Fisher Hall*—Thursday, Oct. 14, at 8; Friday, Oct. 15, at 2; and Saturday, Oct. 16, at 8: Giuseppe Sinopoli conducting Mahler's Sixth Symphony. . . . ¶ Thursday, Oct. 21, and Saturday, Oct. 23, at 8: Zubin Mehta conducting a Schönberg-Beethoven program, both with Nathan Milstein, violin. . . . ¶ Friday, Oct. 22, at 2: Zubin Mehta conducting an Ives-Schumann-Schönberg program, with Lorne Munroe, cello.

**Boston Symphony**—Seiji Ozawa conducting a Beethoven-Sessions-Brahms program. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday and Thursday, Oct. 13-14, at 8.)

**Berlin Philharmonic Orchestra**—At Carnegie Hall, Herbert von Karajan conducting. Tuesday, Oct. 19, at 8: A Stravinsky-Richard Strauss program. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Oct. 20, at 8: Brahms' Symphonies No. 4 and No. 2. . . . ¶ Friday, Oct. 22, at 8: Brahms' Symphonies No. 3 and No. 1. . . . ¶ Saturday, Oct. 23, at 8: Mahler's Ninth Symphony.

**Netherlands Chamber Orchestra**—Kees Bakels conducting a program of music by Mozart, Bach, and Haydn, as well as the New York première of "Trittico" by Dutch composer Lex van Delden. (Carnegie Hall. Thursday, Oct. 21, at 8.)

**Musica Sacra "Basically Bach"**—Final performances. Wednesday, Oct. 13, at 7:30: Fernando Valenti, harpsichord, in a Bach-Scarlatti recital. (Central Presbyterian Church, Park Ave. at 64th St. For tickets, call 873-9546.) . . . ¶ Friday, Oct. 15, at 7:30: Richard Westenburg directing a varied program, with Arleen Augér, soprano; Jan DeGaetani, mezzo-soprano; Douglas Robinson, tenor; and Jan Opalach, bass-baritone. (Avery Fisher Hall.)

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**Musica Aeterna Orchestra**—Frederic Waldman conducting, with Grant Johannesen, piano. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum. Saturday, Oct. 16, at 8.)

**Manticore Chamber Orchestra**—Thomas James conducting a Copland-Chausson-Beethoven program. (Alice Tully Hall. Sunday, Oct. 17, at 8.)

**Y Chamber Symphony**—Gerard Schwarz conducting a program of music by Aitken, Beethoven, Schubert, and Turina, with Alicia de Larrocha, piano. (Avery Fisher Hall. Friday, Oct. 22, at 8. . . . ¶ Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Saturday, Oct. 23, at 8, and Sunday, Oct. 24, at 3.)

**Harmonic Choir**—David Hykes directing a six-member ensemble, which combines ancient and medieval chanting techniques with contemporary musical forms. (Cathedral of St. John the Divine, Amsterdam Ave. at 112th St. Friday through Sunday, Oct. 15-17, at 8. Tickets at the door on the nights of the concerts.)

**New York Motet Choir**—Stephen Sturk directing a program of contemporary American music. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Friday, Oct. 22, at 8.)

### RECITALS

**Pamela Frame**—Cello. (Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House. Wednesday, Oct. 13, at 8.)

**Ensemble for Early Music**—A program of English baroque music performed by Scott Reiss, recorder; Tina Chancey and Robert Eisenstein, viola da gamba; and James Wright, harpsichord. (Cathedral of St. John the Divine, Amsterdam Ave. at 112th St. Thursday, Oct. 14, at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.)

**Toyohiko Satoh**—Lutanist. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Thursday, Oct. 14, at 8.)

**LaSalle Quartet**—Chamber music. (Alice Tully Hall. Thursday, Oct. 14, at 8.)

**Composers' Guild for Performance**—A program devoted to the works of Arthur Berger, performed by the Atlantic String Quartet; Judith Bettina, soprano; and others. (Christ and St. Stephen's Church, 120 W. 69th St. Thursday, Oct. 14, at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.)

**Yo-Yo Ma and Emanuel Ax**—Cello and piano. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum. Friday, Oct. 15, at 8. . . . ¶ Avery Fisher Hall. Sunday, Oct. 17, at 8.)

**Trio Dell'Arte**—Chamber music. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Friday, Oct. 15, at 8:30.)

**Claude Frank**—Piano, in an all-Beethoven program. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, Oct. 16, at 3.)

**Peter Serkin**—Piano. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, Oct. 16, at 8. For information about tickets, call 586-4680.)

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**Lionel Party**—Harpsichord and spinetta. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Saturday, Oct. 16, at 8.)

**Chamber Music**—The Emerson Quartet with Scott Nickrenz, viola. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100. Saturday, Oct. 16, at 8:30, and Sunday, Oct. 17, at 2.)

**Jupiter Symphony Chamber Players**—Jens Nygaard directing a Viennese program, with Grayson Hirst, tenor, and Arturo Delmoni, violin. (Town Hall, 123 W. 43rd St. 840-2824. Sunday, Oct. 17, at 3.)

**Juilliard String Quartet**—Chamber music. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum. Sunday, Oct. 17, at 8. . . . ¶ Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, Oct. 23, at 8. For information about tickets, call 586-4680.)

**Music Before 1800**—The first in a series of six recitals, this one with the Folger Consort, and Ann Monoyios, soprano. (Corpus Christi Church, 529 W. 121st St. Sunday, Oct. 17, at 3. Tickets at the door on the afternoon of the concert.)

**Thomas Riebl**—Viola. (Alice Tully Hall. Monday, Oct. 18, at 8.)

**Borodin Trio**—Chamber music. (Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House. Tuesday, Oct. 19, at 2.)

**Paul Zukofsky and Ursula Oppens**—Violin and piano, in three programs of Beethoven sonatas. (Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. 864-5400. Tuesday, Oct. 19, Thursday, Oct. 21, and Saturday, Oct. 23, all at 8.)

**Barry Douglas**—Piano. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Tuesday, Oct. 19, at 8.)

**Bowery Ensemble**—The first in a series of three concerts. (Great Hall, Cooper Union, Third Ave. at 7th St. 254-6300. Tuesday, Oct. 19, at 8.)

**New York Vocal Arts Ensemble**—The first in a series of three concerts of chamber music for vocal quartet. (Alice Tully Hall. Tuesday, Oct. 19, at 8.)

**New York Philomusica**—The first in a series of three concerts, this one with Kim Kashkashian, viola, and Robert Levin, piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Wednesday, Oct. 20, at 8.)

**Lenox Quartet**—Chamber music. (Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House. Wednesday, Oct. 20, at 8.)

**Early Music**—With Wieland Kuijken, Laurence Dreyfus, and Laura Jeppesen, all viola da gamba, and Colin Tilney, harpsichord. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum. Thursday, Oct. 21, at 8.)

**Jerry Grossman**—Cello. (New School, 66 W. 12th St. Friday, Oct. 22, at 6. For information about tickets, call 741-5690.)

**Beaux Arts Trio**—The first in a series of four concerts. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum. Friday, Oct. 22, at 8.)

**Margareta Haverinen**—Soprano. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Saturday, Oct. 23, at 2.)

**Walter Klien**—Piano. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum. Saturday, Oct. 23, at 8.)

**Calliope: A Renaissance Band**—A program of instrumental and vocal music entitled "The Harvest of Burgundy." (Christ Church United Methodist, Park Ave. at 60th St. Saturday, Oct. 23, at 8. For information about tickets, call 864-4518.)

### SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden is 564-4400.)

**Professional Basketball**—Exhibition games—At **MADISON SQUARE GARDEN:** Milwaukee vs. Washington and Knicks vs. Nets, Thursday, Oct. 14, at 6. . . . ¶ Atlanta vs. Chicago and Knicks vs. Boston, Saturday, Oct. 16, at 6. . . . **BYRNE MEADOWLANDS ARENA** (1-201 935-8888): Nets vs. Knicks, Tuesday, Oct. 19, at 7:35.

**College Football**—**SATURDAY, OCT. 16:** Boston College vs. Rutgers, at Chestnut Hill, at 6. . . . ¶ Cornell vs. Brown, at Ithaca, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Dartmouth vs. Harvard, at Hanover, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Fordham vs. Marist, at Fordham, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Navy vs. William and Mary, at Annapolis, at 2. . . . ¶ Princeton vs. Army, at

Princeton, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Yale vs. Columbia, at New Haven, at 1:30. . . . **SATURDAY, OCT. 23:** Army vs. Boston College, at West Point, at 2. . . . ¶ Brown vs. Holy Cross, at Providence, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Columbia vs. Bucknell, at Baker Field, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Cornell vs. Dartmouth, at Ithaca, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Fordham vs. Lowell, at Fordham, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Manhattan vs. Stony Brook, at John F. Kennedy Field, Tibbett Ave. and W. 230th St., at 1:30. . . . ¶ Pennsylvania vs. Yale, at Philadelphia, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Princeton vs. Harvard, at Princeton, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Rutgers vs. Colgate, at Piscataway, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Wesleyan vs. Amherst, at Middletown, at 2.

**HOCKEY**—At **MADISON SQUARE GARDEN** (all games at 7:35): Rangers vs. Philadelphia Flyers, Wednesday, Oct. 13. . . . ¶ Rangers vs. Los Angeles Kings, Sunday, Oct. 17. . . . ¶ Rangers vs. Vancouver Canucks, Wednesday, Oct. 20. . . . **NASSAU COLISEUM** (all games at 8:05): Islanders vs. Pittsburgh Penguins, Thursday, Oct. 14. . . . ¶ Islanders vs. Los Angeles Kings, Saturday, Oct. 16. . . . ¶ Islanders vs. Vancouver Canucks, Tuesday, Oct. 19. . . . ¶ Islanders vs. Washington Capitals, Thursday, Oct. 21. . . . ¶ Islanders vs. Rangers, Saturday, Oct. 23. (Hempstead Turnpike, Uniondale, L.I. 1-516 794-9100.) . . . **BYRNE MEADOWLANDS ARENA** (1-201 935-3900): Devils vs. Montreal Canadiens, Thursday, Oct. 14, at 7:35. . . . ¶ Devils vs. Philadelphia Flyers, Monday, Oct. 18, at 7:35.

**RACING**—At **AQUEDUCT:** Mondays and Wednesdays through Saturdays at 12:30, and Sundays at 1:05, from Wednesday, Oct. 13, through Friday, Dec. 31. The Vosburgh, Saturday, Oct. 16; the Damon Runyon, Sunday, Oct. 17; the Miss Grillo, Thursday, Oct. 21; the Kelso Handicap, Friday, Oct. 22; and the Turf Classic, Saturday, Oct. 23. . . . **MEADOWLANDS:** Weeknights at 8; through Friday, Dec. 31. The Paterson, Saturday, Oct. 16, and the Gardenia, Saturday, Oct. 23. . . . **BOWIE,** Md.: Weekdays at 1; through Monday, Oct. 18. . . . **LAUREL,** Md.: Weekdays at 12:30, from Tuesday, Oct. 19, through Friday, Dec. 31.

**TROTTING**—At Roosevelt Raceway, Westbury: Weeknights at 8; through Saturday, Nov. 6.

## ET ALIA

**POETRY AND PROSE READINGS**—Alastair Reid reading from his own poetry. (Room 310, Loeb Student Center, Washington Sq. S. and LaGuardia Pl. Thursday, Oct. 14, at 8. No tickets necessary.) . . . ¶ Mark Strand and Denis Johnson reading from their own poetry. (West Side Y, 5 W. 63rd St. Friday, Oct. 15, at 8. For tickets, call 787-6557.) . . . ¶ Peter Taylor reading from his own short stories. (Donnell Library Auditorium, 20 W. 53rd St. Monday, Oct. 18, at 6. No tickets necessary.) . . . ¶ Nadine Gordimer reading from her own prose. (92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-4410. Monday, Oct. 18, at 8.) . . . ¶ Theodore Weiss reading from his new narrative poem. (St. Clement's, 423 W. 46th St. Monday, Oct. 18, at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the reading.)

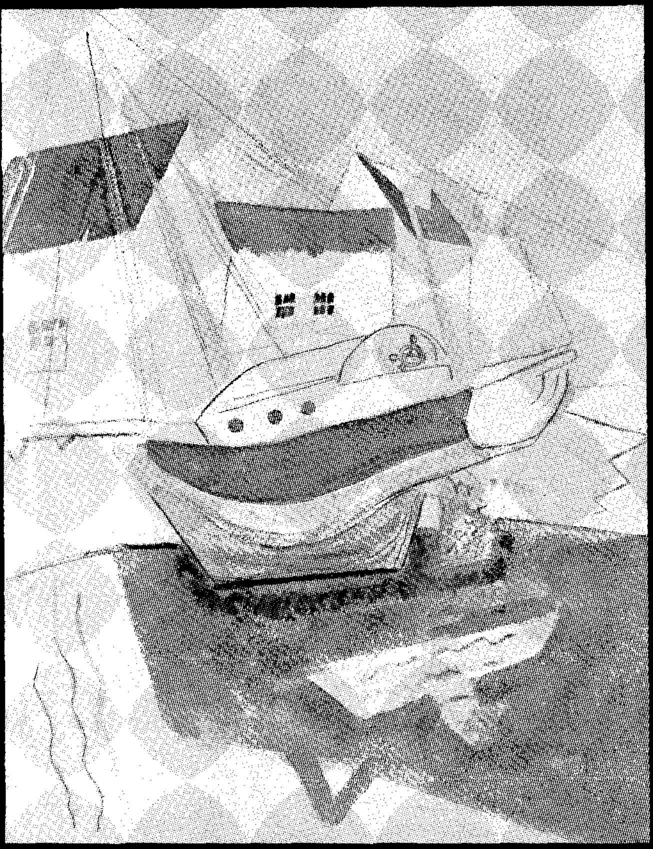
**WALKING TOUR**—A conducted tour of upper Broadway, sponsored by the Museum of the City of New York. Sunday, Oct. 17, starting at the Cathedral of St. John the Divine, Amsterdam Ave. at 112th St., at 1:30. For information about tickets, call 534-1672.

**AUCTIONS**—At **SOTHEBY'S,** York Ave. at 72nd St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays, 9:30 to 7:30; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 9:30 to 5.) Thursday, Oct. 14, at 10:15 and 2: Musical instruments. . . . ¶ Friday, Oct. 15, at 2: Books and manuscripts. . . . ¶ Saturday, Oct. 16, at 2: English furniture and decorations. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Oct. 20, at 10:15 and 2: Jewelry. Exhibition starts Friday, Oct. 15. . . . ¶ Thursday, Oct. 21, at 10:15 and 2, and Friday, Oct. 22, at 10:15: Paintings, furniture, and decorative works of art; from the estate of Charlotte V. Bergen and from other sources. Exhibition starts Saturday, Oct. 16. . . . **PHILLIPS,** 406 E. 79th St. (Exhibition hours: Weekdays, 10 to 5.) Thursday, Oct. 14, at noon and 6: European furniture and decorations and bronzes, in addition to Art Nouveau and Art Deco objects. . . . ¶ Thursday, Oct. 21, at 11: American paintings, including Western art. Exhibition starts Saturday, Oct. 16.

**ELECTION REGISTRATION**—The registration dates for the Nov. 2 elections will be Thursday, Oct. 14, and Saturday, Oct. 16, from 1 to 9.

*Kennedy Galleries*

**John Marin and the Sea**
October 19 – November 19



**Sloop, Stonington, Deer Isle, Maine,** 1921; watercolor
26⅝ x 21⅝ inches; signed lower right: *Marin 21*

The fully illustrated color exhibition catalogue, $15.00

*Other modern artists have found nature beautiful, impressive or picturesque. But Marin went beyond that. He was drawn to its inner spirit, particularly to its heroic aspects, which he found in the battle of wind and wave and rock. To him the sea had a presence and a soul. It was elemental. It was an ultimate reality. This was what he set out to capture in his art – not only its outward manifestations but its inner harmony.*

John I.H. Baur
Director Emeritus, The Whitney Museum of American Art
from the exhibition catalogue

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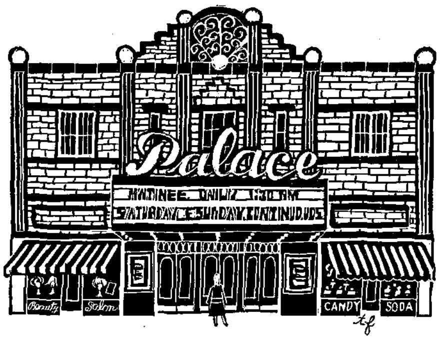
# GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

## THE MOVIE HOUSES



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FILMS ACCOMPANIED BY A DAGGER ARE DESCRIBED IN THE "IN BRIEF" SECTION, STARTING ON PAGE 30.

### EAST SIDE

**Little Theatre,** Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (598-7171; theatre opens in the late afternoon and is closed Mondays.)
Through Oct. 17: "Morning Mist" (1980; directed by Lauro Antonio; in Portuguese).
Oct. 19-21: "Born Yesterday" (†) and "It Should Happen to You" (†).
From Oct. 22: "Adam's Rib" (†) and "Bells Are Ringing" (†).

**R.K.O. Century Art,** 36 E. 8th. (473-7014)
Through Oct. 14: "Return of the Secaucus 7" (1980; John Sayles).
From Oct. 15: "Eboli" (†).

**St. Marks Cinema,** 2nd Ave. at 8th. (533-9292)
Through Oct. 14: "The World According to Garp" (†) and "Personal Best" (†).
Oct. 15-18: "Blade Runner" (†) and "Deathtrap" (†).
Oct. 19-21: "Ragtime" (†).
From Oct. 22: To be announced.

**Gramercy,** Lexington at 23rd. (475-1660)
Through Oct. 14: "La Cage aux Folles" (†).
From Oct. 15: "Personal Best" (†); and "Making Love" (Arthur Hiller), with Michael Ontkean and Kate Jackson.

**Bay Cinema,** 2nd Ave. at 32nd. (679-0160)
"E.T. The Extra-Terrestrial" (†).

**Murray Hill,** 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
Through Oct. 14: "Richard Pryor Live on the Sunset Strip" (†).
From Oct. 15: "Love Child" (Larry Peerce), with Amy Madigan and Mackenzie Phillips.

**Loews 34th Street Showplace,** 238 E. 34th. (532-5544)
Theatre 1: "Tempest" (†).
Theatre 2: "My Favorite Year" (†).
Theatre 3: "Q" (Larry Cohen), with Michael Moriarty and Candy Clark.

**34th St. East,** 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
"An Officer and a Gentleman" (†).

**Eastside Cinema,** 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
"La Cage aux Folles" (†).

**Sutton,** 3rd Ave. at 57th. (759-1411)
"Moonlighting" (Jerzy Skolimowski), with Jeremy Irons.

**Gotham Cinema,** 3rd Ave. at 58th. (759-2262)
"I, the Jury" (Richard T. Heffron), with Armand Assante.

**Plaza,** 42 E. 58th. (355-3320)
"Diva" (†).

**Manhattan I and 2,** 3rd Ave. at 59th. (935-6420)
Theatre 1: "The Chosen" (Jeremy Paul Kagan), with Maximilian Schell and Rod Steiger.
Theatre 2: "Le Beau Mariage" (†).

**Baronet and Coronet,** 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
Theatre 1: "Lookin' to Get Out" (Hal Ashby), with Jon Voight and Ann-Margret.
Theatre 2: "An Officer and a Gentleman" (†).

**D. W. Griffith,** 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
Oct. 13: "Last Tango in Paris" (†).
From Oct. 14: "The Mango Tree" (Kevin Dobson; an Australian film), with Geraldine Fitzgerald.

**Cinema I and II,** 3rd Ave. at 60th. (753-6022/0774)
Theatre 1: "Tex" (†).
Theatre 2: "Yol" (Yilmaz Güney; in Turkish).

**Gemini I and 2,** 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
Theatre 1: Through Oct. 14: "Goin' All the Way." Oct. 15-21: "Pink Floyd, The Wall" (Alan Parker). From Oct. 22: "Halloween III" (Tommy Lee Wallace), with Tom Atkins.
Theatre 2: Through Oct. 21: "Q" (Larry Cohen), with Michael Moriarty and Candy Clark. From Oct. 22: "Jinxed" (Don Siegel), with Bette Midler and Rip Torn.

**Beekman,** 2nd Ave. at 66th. (737-2622)
Through Oct. 14: "The World According to Garp" (†).
From Oct. 15: "Love Child" (Larry Peerce), with Amy Madigan and Mackenzie Phillips.

**Loews New York Twin I and 2,** 2nd Ave. at 67th. (744-7339)
Theatre 1: "Tempest" (†).
Theatre 2: "E.T. The Extra-Terrestrial" (†).

**68th St. Playhouse,** 3rd Ave. at 68th. (734-0302)
"Eating Raoul" (Paul Bartel), with Bartel and Mary Woronov.

**Loews Tower East,** 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
"My Favorite Year" (†).

**72nd Street East,** 1st Ave. at 72nd. (288-9304; Mondays through Thursdays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
Through Oct. 14: "Diner" (†).
From Oct. 15: To be announced.

**U. A. 85th St. East,** 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
Through Oct. 21: "Q" (Larry Cohen), with Michael Moriarty and Candy Clark.
From Oct. 22: To be announced.

**Loews Orpheum I and 2,** 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)
Theatre 1: Through Oct. 14: "Richard Pryor Live on the Sunset Strip" (†); and "Cheech and Chong's Nice Dreams" (1981; Thomas Chong). From Oct. 15: "The Slayer."
Theatre 2: "Amityville II: The Possession" (Damiano Damiani), with Burt Young and Rutanya Alda.

**86th St. East,** 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
Through Oct. 14: "Rocky III" (†).
From Oct. 15: To be announced.

**R.K.O. Century 86th St. Twin,** Lexington at 86th. (289-8900)
Theatre 1: "I, the Jury" (Richard T. Heffron), with Armand Assante.
Theatre 2: Through Oct. 14: "Das Boot" (†). Oct. 15-21: "Pink Floyd, The Wall" (Alan Parker). From Oct. 22: "Jinxed" (Don Siegel), with Bette Midler and Rip Torn.

### WEST SIDE

**Film Forum I and 2,** 57 Watts St. (431-1590; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
Theatre 1: Through Oct. 19: "Celeste" (1981; directed by Percy Adlon; in German), with Eva Mattes and Jurgen Arndt. From Oct. 20: "Stalker" (1979; Andrei Tarkovsky; in Russian).
Theatre 2: Through Oct. 19: "The American Friend" (†). From Oct. 20: To be announced.

**Waverly I and 2,** 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)
Theatre 1: "Burden of Dreams" (†).
Theatre 2: "Tempest" (†).

**Greenwich Playhouse I and 2,** Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
Theatre 1: Through Oct. 21: "Q" (Larry Cohen), with Michael Moriarty and Candy Clark. From Oct. 22: "First Blood."
Theatre 2: Through Oct. 14: "Barbarosa" (†). From Oct. 15: "Pink Floyd, The Wall" (Alan Parker).

**Quad Cinema,** 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Theatre 1: "Xica" (1976; Carlos Diegues; a Brazilian film, in Portuguese), with Zeze Motta.
Theatre 2: "Chilly Scenes of Winter" ("Head Over Heels;" 1979; Joan Micklin Silver), with John Heard and Mary Beth Hurt.
Theatre 3: "Mephisto" (†).
Theatre 4: Through Oct. 14: "Demon Pond" (Masahiro Shinoda; in Japanese), with Tamasaburo Bando. From Oct. 15: "The Devil's Playground" (†).

**Guild,** 33 W. 50th. (757-2406)
"Aida" (1954; Clemente Fracassi; in Italian and English), with Sophia Loren.

**Radio City Music Hall,** 6th Ave. at 50th. (757-3100)
Oct. 14-16 at 7:30 and Oct. 17 at 2:30: "Napoléon" (†).

**Ziegfeld,** 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
"Yes, Giorgio" (Franklin J. Schaffner), with Luciano Pavarotti and Kathryn Harrold.

**Festival,** 6 W. 57th. (757-2715)
"L'Adolescente" (Jeanne Moreau; in French), with Simone Signoret.

**57th St. Playhouse,** 110 W. 57th. (581-7360)
Through Oct. 14: A Woody Allen Festival.
From Oct. 15: "Love Child" (Larry Peerce), with Amy Madigan and Mackenzie Phillips.

**Paris,** 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
"Fitzcarraldo" (†).

**Cinema 3,** 2 W. 59th. (752-5959)
Through Oct. 14: "Mephisto" (†).
From Oct. 15: To be announced.

**Loews Paramount,** B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
"My Favorite Year" (†).

**Lincoln Plaza I, 2, and 3,** B'way at 63rd. (757-2280)
Theatre 1: "Lola" (Rainer Werner Fassbinder; in German).
Theatre 2: Through Oct. 21: "My Dinner with André" (†). From Oct. 22: "Sweet Hours" (Carlos Saura; in Spanish).
Theatre 3: "Gregory's Girl" (Bill Forsyth), with Gordon John Sinclair.

**Cinema Studio I and 2,** B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
Theatre 1: "Le Beau Mariage" (†).
Theatre 2: "Veronika Voss" (Rainer Werner Fassbinder; in German), with Rosel Zech.

**Embassy 72nd St. I and 2,** B'way at 72nd. (724-6745)
Theatre 1: Through Oct. 19: "Chilly Scenes of Winter" ("Head Over Heels;" 1979; Joan Micklin Silver), with John Heard and Mary Beth Hurt. From Oct. 20: "Time Stands Still" (Pêter Gothár; in Hungarian).
Theatre 2: "Siberiade" (1979; Andrei Mikhalkov-Konchalovsky; in Russian).

**Loews 83rd Quad,** B'way at 83rd. (877-3190)
Theatre 1: Through Oct. 14: "The Chosen" (Jeremy Paul Kagan), with Maximilian Schell and Rod Steiger. From Oct. 15: To be announced.
Theatre 2: Through Oct. 14: "Das Boot" (†). From Oct. 15: To be announced.
Theatre 3: Through Oct. 14: "Tempest" (†). From Oct. 15: To be announced.
Theatre 4: Through Oct. 14: "Q" (Larry Cohen), with Michael Moriarty and Candy Clark. From Oct. 15: To be announced.

**New Yorker I and 2,** B'way at 88th. (580-7900)
Theatre 1: Through Oct. 14: "Last Tango in Paris" (†) and "The Passenger" (†). From Oct. 15: "The Stunt Man" (†) and "All That Jazz" (†).
Theatre 2: Through Oct. 14: "Mephisto" (†). From Oct. 15: "Pink Floyd, The Wall" (Alan Parker).

**Olympia Quad,** B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Theatre 1: Through Oct. 14: "Chariots of Fire" (†) and "Personal Best" (†). From Oct. 15: "Concrete Jungle."
Theatre 2: "The World According to Garp" (†) and "Deathtrap" (†).
Theatre 3: Through Oct. 14: "The Road Warrior" (†); and "Sharky's Machine" (Burt Reynolds), with Reynolds. From Oct. 15: "Xica" (1976; Carlos Diegues; a Brazilian film, in Portuguese), with Zeze Motta.
Theatre 4: "Q" (Larry Cohen), with Michael Moriarty and Candy Clark.

### TIMES SQUARE AREA

**Criterion Theatres,** B'way at 44th. (582-1795)
Theatre 1: "Tempest" (†).
Theatre 2: "Rocky III" (†).
Theatre 3: "Fast Times at Ridgemont High" (directed by Amy Heckerling), with Sean Penn.
Theatre 4: "The Road Warrior" (†).
Theatre 5: "Young Doctors in Love" (Garry

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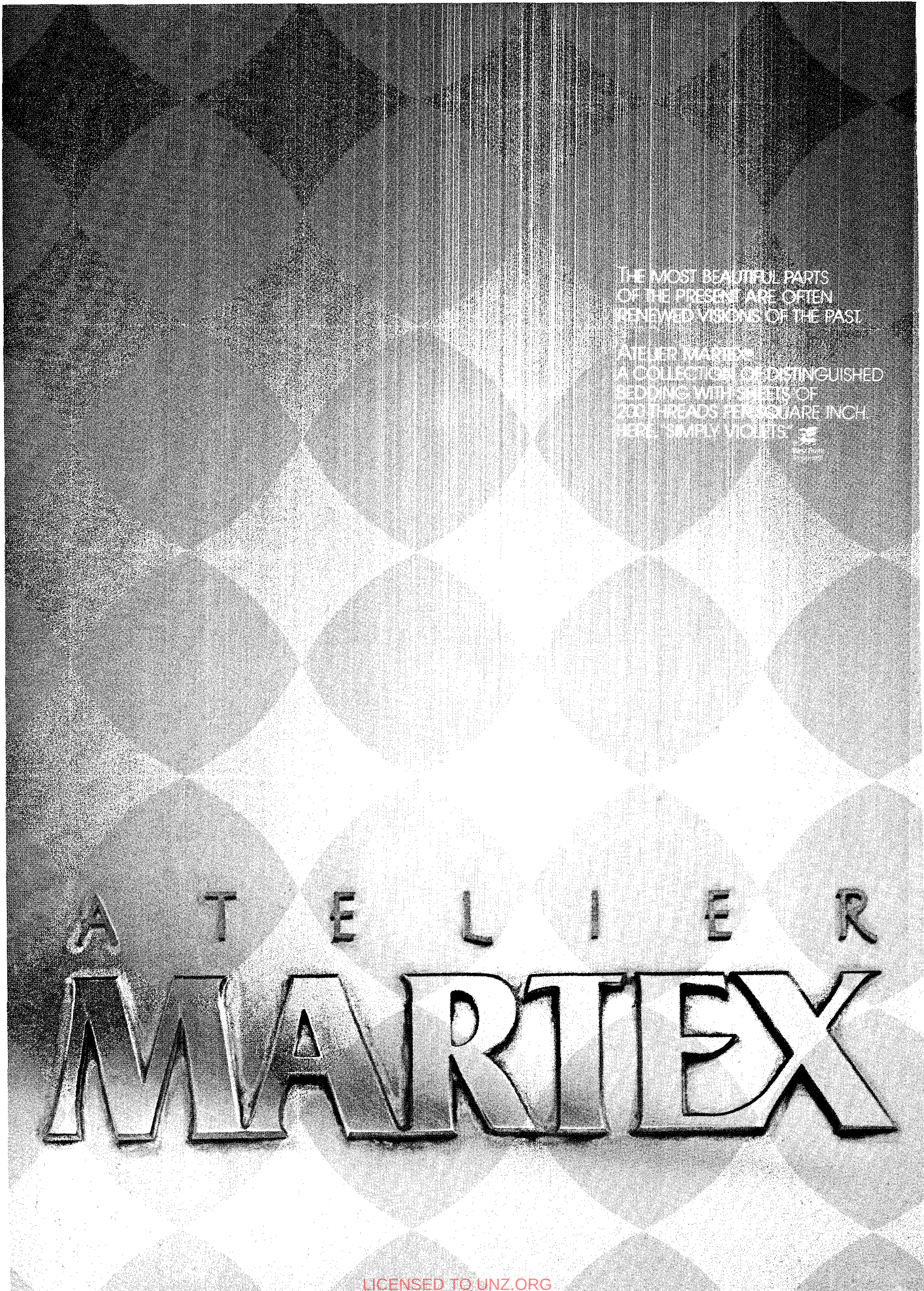
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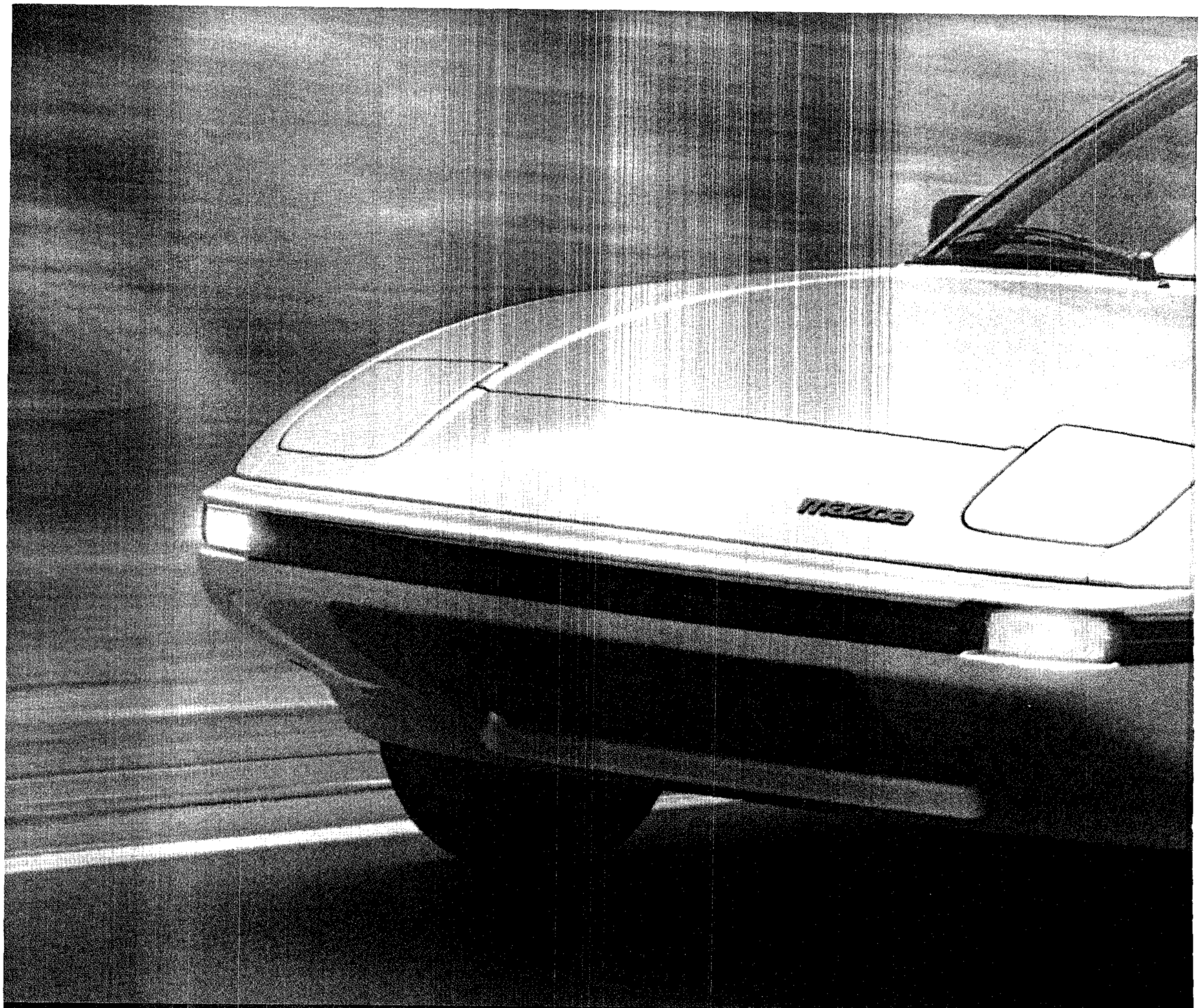

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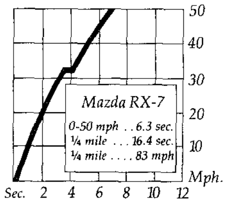

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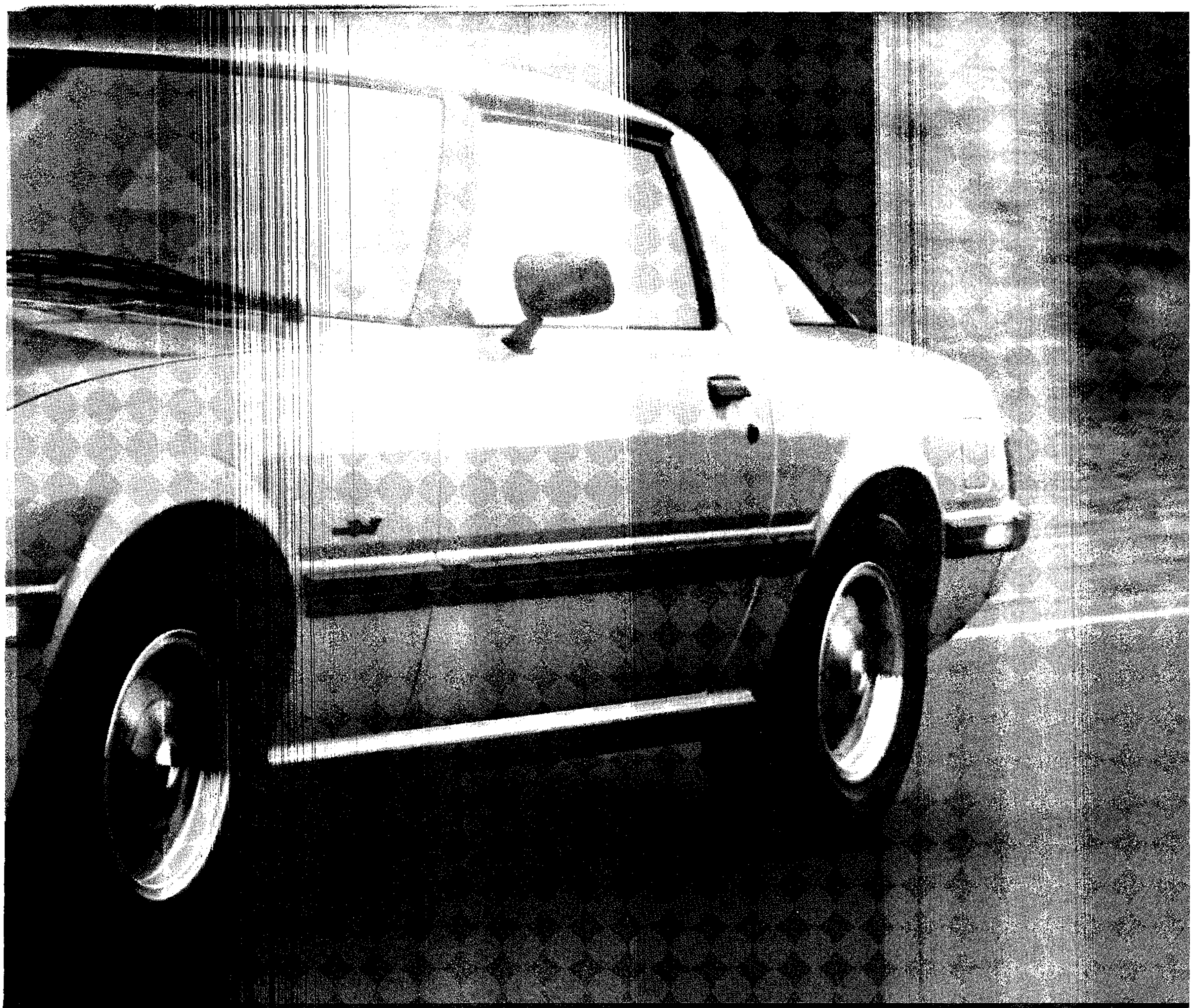

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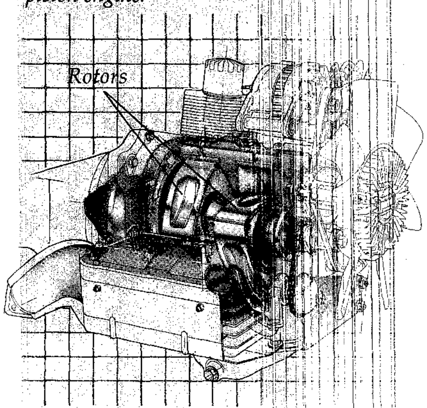

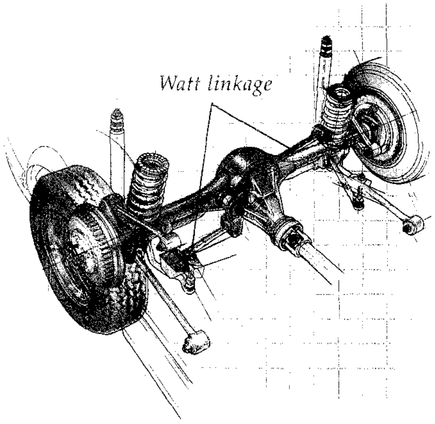

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# GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Marshall), with Michael McKean and Sean Young.

Theatre 6: "Fast-Walking" (James B. Harris), with James Woods and Kay Lenz.

**Embassy 1,** B'way at 46th. (757-2408)
Through Oct. 14: "Das Boot" (†).
From Oct. 15: "The Slayer."

**Embassy 2, 3, and 4,** B'way at 47th. (730-7262)
Theatre 2: Through Oct. 14: "Psycho from Texas." From Oct. 15: "Das Boot" (†).
Theatre 3: "Poltergeist" (†).
Theatre 4: "Raiders of the Lost Ark" (†).

**Loews Astor Plaza,** B'way at 44th. (869-8340)
"An Officer and a Gentleman" (†).

**Loews State 1 and 2,** B'way at 45th. (582-5060)
Theatre 1: "Amityville II: The Possession" (Damiano Damiani), with Burt Young and Rutanya Alda.
Theatre 2: "Richard Pryor Live on the Sunset Strip" (†); and "Cheech and Chong's Nice Dreams" (1981; Thomas Chong).

**Movieland,** B'way at 47th. (757-8320)
"E.T. The Extra-Terrestrial" (†).

**New Embassy 49th Street,** Seventh Ave. at 49th. (757-7003)
"Bambi" (†).

**Rivoli 1 and 2,** B'way at 49th. (247-1633)
Theatre 1: Through Oct. 21: "Satan's Mistress." From Oct. 22: "Halloween III" (Tommy Lee Wallace), with Tom Atkins.
Theatre 2: "Q" (Larry Cohen), with Michael Moriarty and Candy Clark.

**R.K.O. Century Cinerama Twin,** B'way at 47th. (975-8366/8369)
Theatre 1: Through Oct. 21: "Goin' All the Way." From Oct. 22: "Jinxed" (Don Siegel), with Bette Midler and Rip Torn.
Theatre 2: "Pink Floyd, The Wall" (Alan Parker).

**R.K.O. Century National Twin,** B'way at 44th. (869-0950)
Theatre 1: "I, the Jury" (Richard T. Heffron), with Armand Assante.
Theatre 2: Through Oct. 14: "Hey Good Lookin'" (Ralph Bakshi), an animated film. From Oct. 15: "Concrete Jungle."

## REVIVAL HOUSES

**Agee Room,** 144 Bleecker St. (473-8306; theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
Through Oct. 19: "Lili Marleen" (1981; directed by Rainer Werner Fassbinder; in German), with Hanna Schygulla and Giancarlo Giannini.
From Oct. 20: "Mural Murals" (1982) and "Documenteur: An Emotion Picture" (1982), both films directed by Agnès Varda.

**Bleecker St. Cinema,** 144 Bleecker St. (674-2560)
Oct. 13: "La Jette" (1963; Chris Marker); "Les Carabiniers" (1963; Jean-Luc Godard; in French); and "Le Bonheur" (1966; Agnès Varda; in French).
Oct. 14: "Cleo from 5 to 7" (1962; Agnès Varda; in French), with Corinne Marchand, Antoine Bourseiller, and Dorothée Blanck; and "Bay of the Angels" (1962; Jacques Demy; in French), with Jeanne Moreau. Mlle. Varda will be present at 8:30.
Oct. 15: "Les Créatures" (1966; Agnès Varda; in French), with Catherine Deneuve; and "Last Year at Marienbad" (1961; Alain Resnais; in French), with Delphine Seyrig.
Oct. 16 through the afternoon of Oct. 17: "Polyester" (1981; John Waters), with Divine and Tab Hunter; and "Female Trouble" (1975; John Waters), with Divine.
Oct. 17 at 8: "Mural Murals" (1982) and "Documenteur: An Emotion Picture" (1982), both films directed by Agnès Varda, who will be present.
Oct. 18: "The Stranger" (1967; Luchino Visconti; in French), with Marcello Mastroianni and Anna Karina; and "La Terra Trema" (†).
Oct. 19: "Last Days of the Samurai" (1957; Hiromichi Horikawa; in Japanese); and "Dersu Uzala" (1978; Akira Kurosawa; a Soviet-Japanese co-production, in Russian).
Oct. 20: "India Song" (1975; Marguerite Duras; in French), with Delphine Seyrig and Michel Lonsdale; and "La Musica" (1966; Marguerite Duras; in French), with Robert Hossein and Delphine Seyrig.
Oct. 21: "Even Dwarfs Started Small" (1970; Werner Herzog; in German), with Helmut Döring; and "Fata Morgana" (1971; Werner Herzog; in German).
Oct. 22: "The Girl Can't Help It" (1957; Frank Tashlin), with Tom Ewell, Jayne Mansfield, and Edmond O'Brien; and "Don't Knock the Rock" (1957), with Bill Haley, Alan Dale, and Alan Freed.
Oct. 23: "Cat on a Hot Tin Roof" (1958; Richard Brooks), with Elizabeth Taylor, Paul Newman, and Burl Ives; and "A Streetcar Named Desire" (1951; Elia Kazan), with Vivien Leigh, Marlon Brando, Kim Hunter, and Karl Malden.

**Carnegie Hall Cinema,** 7th Ave. at 57th. (757-2131)
Oct. 13: "Closely Watched Trains" (1966; Jiří Menzel; in Czech); and "Montenegro" (1981; Dusan Makavejev), with Susan Anspach and Erland Josephson.
Oct. 14-16: "Jules and Jim" (1962; François Truffaut; in French), with Jeanne Moreau, Oskar Werner, and Henri Serre; and "The 400 Blows" (1959; François Truffaut; in French), with Jean-Pierre Léaud.
Oct. 17: "Ivan the Terrible, Part I" (1944; Sergei Eisenstein; in Russian), with Nikolai Cherkassov; and "Boris Godunov" (1955; V. Stroyeva; in Russian), with A. Pirogov.
Oct. 18: "Ivan the Terrible, Part II;" and "Potemkin" (1925; Sergei Eisenstein; a Russian silent film).
Oct. 19: "Nosferatu" (1922; F. W. Murnau; a German silent film), with Max Schreck; and "Nosferatu, the Vampyre" (1979; Werner Herzog; in German), with Klaus Kinski, Isabelle Adjani, and Bruno Ganz.
Oct. 20 through the afternoon of Oct. 21: "The Tin Drum" (1980; Volker Schlöndorff; in German), with David Bennent; and "The Lost Honor of Katharina Blum" (1975; Volker Schlöndorff and Margarethe von Trotta; in German), with Angela Winkler.
Oct. 21 at 7: "America America" (1963; Elia Kazan), with Stathis Giallelis; and a documentary about Mr. Kazan.
Oct. 22: "3 Women" (1977; Robert Altman), with Shelley Duvall, Sissy Spacek, and Janice Rule; and "A Perfect Couple" (†).
Oct. 23: "Scarecrow" (1973; Jerry Schatzberg), with Gene Hackman and Al Pacino; and "Mean Streets" (1973; Martin Scorsese), with Robert De Niro and Harvey Keitel.

**Cinema Village,** 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)
Through Oct. 14: "And Now for Something Completely Different" (1972), selected skits from the BBC-TV series "Monty Python's Flying Circus;" and "Life of Brian" (1979; Terry Jones), with Graham Chapman, Terry Gilliam, John Cleese, and Jones.
Oct. 15-16: "Dr. Strangelove" (1964; Stanley Kubrick), with Peter Sellers, George C. Scott, and Sterling Hayden.
Oct. 17-19: "Gallipoli" (1981; Peter Weir; an Australian film), with Mel Gibson; and "The Last Wave" (1978; Peter Weir; an Australian film), with Richard Chamberlain, Gulpilil, Nandjiwarra Amagula, and Olivia Hamnett.
Oct. 20-21: "Richard Pryor Live in Concert" (1979); and "Richard Pryor Live on the Sunset Strip" (†).
Oct. 22-23: "Taxi Zum Klo" (1981; Frank Ripploh; in German); and "Making Love" (1982; Arthur Hiller), with Michael Ontkean, Kate Jackson, and Harry Hamlin.

**8th St. Playhouse,** 52 W. 8th. (674-6515; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
Through Oct. 14: "Gal Young Un" (1981; Victor Nunez), with David Peck; and "Alambrista" (1978; Robert M. Young), with Domingo Ambriz, Trinidad Silva, and Ned Beatty.
Oct. 15-16: "The Life and Times of Rosie the Riveter" (1981; Connie Field), a documentary; and "Willmar 8" (1982; Lee Grant).
Oct. 17-18: "The Dozens" (1981; Christine Dall and Randall Conrad), with Debra Margolies, Edward Mason, and Marian Taylor; and "Joe and Maxi" (†).
Oct. 19: "Impostors" (1981; Mark Rappaport), with Peter Evans and Charles Ludlam; and "Mozart in Love" (1982; Mark Rappaport).
Oct. 20-21: "Resurgence: The Movement for Equality vs. the Ku Klux Klan" (1982; Tom Siegel and Pam Yates); "What Could You Do with a Nickel?" (1982; Jeffrey Kleinman and Cara DeVito); and "Between Rock and a Hard Place" (1982; Ken Fink).
Oct. 22-23: "The Dark End of the Street" (1982; Jan Egleson); and "Billy in the Lowlands" (1981; Jan Egleson).

**Hollywood Twin Cinema 1,** 8th Ave. at 47th. (246-0717)
Oct. 13: "Pink Flamingos" (1974; John Waters) and "Female Trouble" (1975; John Waters), both films with Divine.
Oct. 14-16: "2001: A Space Odyssey" (1968; Stanley Kubrick), with Keir Dullea and Gary Lockwood; and "Alien" (1979; Ridley Scott), with Tom Skerritt, Sigourney Weaver, and Veronica Cartwright.
Oct. 17-18: "Fellini Satyricon" (1970; in Italian) and "Fellini's Roma" (1972; in English and Italian), both films directed by Federico Fellini.
Oct. 19-20: "Dinner at 8" (1933; George Cukor), with Jean Harlow, Marie Dressler, and John Barrymore; and "The Women" (1939; George Cukor), with Norma Shearer, Rosalind Russell, Joan Crawford, and Paulette Goddard.
Oct. 21-23: "One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest" (1975; Miloš Forman), with Jack Nicholson, Louise Fletcher, and Will Sampson; and "The Shining" (1980; Stanley Kubrick), with Jack Nicholson, Shelley Duvall, Danny Lloyd, and Scatman Crothers.

**Hollywood Twin Cinema 2,** 8th Ave. at 47th. (246-0717)
Through Oct. 14: "The World According to Garp" (†) and "Deathtrap" (†).
Oct. 15-21: "Piaf—The Early Years" (1974; Guy Casaril; in French), with Brigitte Ariel; and "The Rose" (1979; Mark Rydell), with Bette Midler, Alan Bates, and Frederic Forrest.
From Oct. 22: To be announced.

**Metro Cinema,** B'way at 99th. (222-1200)
Oct. 13: "Sandra" (1966; Luchino Visconti; in Italian), with Claudia Cardinale, Michael Craig, and Jean Sorel; and "Vanina Vanini" (1961; Roberto Rossellini; in Italian).
Oct. 14: "Rebel Without a Cause" (1955; Nicholas Ray), with James Dean, Natalie Wood, Sal Mineo, Corey Allen, and Nick Adams; and "East of Eden" (1955; Elia Kazan), with Julie Harris, James Dean, Raymond Massey, and Richard Davalos.
Oct. 15: "The Last Waltz" (1978; Martin Scorsese), with The Band; and "Gimme Shelter" (1970; David Maysles, Albert

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Maysles, and Charlotte Zwerin), about the Rolling Stones concert at Altamont.

Oct. 16: "A Night at the Opera" (1935) and "A Day at the Races" (1937), both films directed by Sam Wood, with the Marx Brothers.

Oct. 17: "Dr. No" (1963; Terence Young) and "From Russia with Love" (1964; Terence Young), both films with Sean Connery as James Bond.

Oct. 18: "Husbands" (†); and "The Last Detail" (1974; Hal Ashby), with Jack Nicholson, Otis Young, and Randy Quaid.

Oct. 19: "The Tin Drum" (1980; Volker Schlöndorff; in German), with David Bennent; and "Young Törless" (1968; Volker Schlöndorff; in German).

Oct. 20: "The World of Apu" (1959; Satyajit Ray; in Bengali), with Soumitra Chatterji; and "The Music Room" (1958; Satyajit Ray; in Bengali), with Chabbi Biswas.

Oct. 21: "Breathless" (1959; Jean-Luc Godard; in French), with Jean Seberg and Jean-Paul Belmondo; and "Contempt" (1964; Jean-Luc Godard; in French), with Brigitte Bardot, Jack Palance, Fritz Lang, and Michel Piccoli.

Oct. 22: "Badlands" (1973; Terrence Malick), with Martin Sheen and Sissy Spacek; and "Bonnie and Clyde" (1967; Arthur Penn), with Warren Beatty and Faye Dunaway.

Oct. 23: "It's a Wonderful Life" (†); and "Heaven Can Wait" (1978; Warren Beatty and Buck Henry), with Beatty, Julie Christie, James Mason, and Charles Grodin.

**Regency,** B'way at 67th. (724-3700)

Oct. 13: "Stromboli" (1950; Roberto Rossellini; in Italian), with Ingrid Bergman; and "A Voyage to Italy" (1953; Roberto Rossellini; in Italian), with Ingrid Bergman and George Sanders.

Oct. 14-16: "Anna Christie" (1930; Clarence Brown), with Greta Garbo, Charles Bickford, Marie Dressler, and George F. Marion; and "Susan Lenox, Her Fall and Rise" (1931; Robert Z. Leonard), with Greta Garbo, Clark Gable, and Alan Hale.

Oct. 17-18: "Conquest" (1937; Clarence Brown), with Greta Garbo and Charles Boyer; and "The Kiss" (1929; Jacques Feyder; a silent film), with Greta Garbo, Conrad Nagel, and Lew Ayres.

Oct. 19-20: "Adam Had Four Sons" (1941; Gregory Ratoff), with Ingrid Bergman and Warner Baxter; and "Intermezzo: A Love Story" (†).

Oct. 21-23: "The Bells of St. Mary's" (1945; Leo McCarey), with Ingrid Bergman and Bing Crosby; and "Two-Faced Woman" (1941; George Cukor), with Greta Garbo and Melvyn Douglas.

**Thalia,** B'way at 95th. (222-3370)

Oct. 13: "Room at the Top" (1958; Jack Clayton), with Laurence Harvey, Simone Signoret, and Heather Sears; and "Life at the Top" (1965; Ted Kotcheff), with Laurence Harvey, Jean Simmons, Honor Blackman, and Donald Wolfit.

Oct. 14: "The Golden Age of Second Ave." (1969), a documentary; and "Hester Street" (1975; Joan Micklin Silver), with Steven Keats, Carol Kane, and Mel Howard.

Oct. 15-16: "My Brilliant Career" (1980; Gilliam Armstrong; an Australian film), with Judy Davis and Sam Neill; and "The Last Wave" (1978; Peter Weir; an Australian film), with Richard Chamberlain, Gulpilil, Nandjiwarra Amagula, and Olivia Hamnett.

Oct. 17: "The Lady Vanishes" (†); and "The 39 Steps" (1935; Alfred Hitchcock), with Madeleine Carroll, Robert Donat, Godfrey Tearle, Peggy Ashcroft, and John Laurie.

Oct. 18: "Lilith" (†) and "The Strange One" (†).

Oct. 19: "Who?" (1974; Jack Gold), with Elliott Gould and Trevor Howard; "Pimpernel Smith" (1941; Leslie Howard), with Howard and Francis Sullivan; and "Counterblast" (1948; Paul Stein), with Robert Beatty, Mervyn Jones, and Nova Pilbeam.

Oct. 20: "They Shoot Horses, Don't They?" (1969; Sydney Pollack), with Jane Fonda and Michael Sarrazin; and "Just Crazy About Horses" (1978; Tim Lovejoy and Joe Wemple), a documentary.

Oct. 21: "Pardon Mon Affaire" (1977) and "Pardon Mon Affaire, Too" (1978), both films in French, directed by Yves Robert, with Jean Rochefort.

Oct. 22-23: "Throne of Blood" (1957; Akira Kurosawa; in Japanese), with Toshiro Mifune; and "Samurai Spy" (1965; Masahiro Shinoda; in Japanese).

**Theatre 80 St. Marks,** 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)

Oct. 13: "A Star Is Born" (1937; William Wellman), with Janet Gaynor and Fredric March; and "Seventh Heaven" (1927; Frank Borzage; a silent film), with Janet Gaynor and Charles Farrell.

Oct. 14: "Valley of the Dolls" (1967; Mark Robson), with Barbara Parkins, Patty Duke, Sharon Tate, and Susan Hayward; and "I Can Get It for You Wholesale" (1951; Michael Gordon), with Susan Hayward, Dan Dailey, and Sam Jaffe.

Oct. 15-16: "This Gun for Hire" (1942; Frank Tuttle), with Veronica Lake and Alan Ladd; and "The Glass Key" (1942; Stuart Heisler), with Brian Donlevy, Veronica Lake, and Alan Ladd.

Oct. 17: "The Country Girl" (†) and "To Catch a Thief" (†).

Oct. 18: "The Threepenny Opera" (1931; G. W. Pabst; in German), with Lotte Lenya; and "The Blue Angel" (1929; Josef von Sternberg; in German), with Marlene Dietrich, Emil Jannings, and Hans Albers.

Oct. 19: "The Clowns" (1971; Federico Fellini; in Italian); and "Amarcord" (1974; Federico Fellini; in Italian), with Bruno Zanin.

Oct. 20: "Living on Velvet" (1935; Frank Borzage), with George Brent and Kay Francis; and "Stranded" (1935; Frank Borzage), with Kay Francis, George Brent, Patricia Ellis, and Donald Woods.

Oct. 21: "History Is Made at Night" (†); and "Appointment for Love" (1941; William A. Seiter), with Margaret Sullavan, Charles Boyer, Rita Johnson, and Eugene Pallette.

Oct. 22: "Charlie Chan's Secret" (1936; Gordon Wiles), with Warner Oland as the detective; and "Charlie Chan at the Wax Museum" (1940; Lynn Shores), with Sidney Toler as the detective.

From Oct. 23: "The Thin Man" (1934; W. S. Van Dyke), with Myrna Loy and William Powell; and "After the Thin Man" (†).

## FILM LIBRARIES, ETC.

**Whitney Museum,** Madison Ave. at 75th St. (570-0537)—Through Oct. 24: "Drive-In: Second Feature" (1982; directed by Roger Welch), a film-and-sculpture installation. Continuous showings from noon to 6 (Tuesday evenings until 8). Closed Mondays.

# IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.
IF A MOVIE HAS BEEN REVIEWED IN THESE PAGES DURING THE PAST TWO YEARS, THE DATE OF ITS REVIEW IS GIVEN.

**Adam's Rib** (1949)—George Cukor directed this "uncinematic" but well-played and often witty M-G-M comedy about the battle of the sexes. Katharine Hepburn, thin, nervous, and high-strung, keeps pecking away at Spencer Tracy, who is solid, imperturbable, and maddeningly sane. She attacks, he blocks; their skirmishes are desperately, ludicrously civilized. They are married lawyers on opposing sides in a court battle; the case involves equal rights for women; i.e., does Judy Holliday have the right to shoot her two-timing husband, Tom Ewell, in order to protect her home against Jean Hagen? The script, by Ruth Gordon and Garson Kanin, is lively and ingenious (though it stoops to easy laughs now and then). Cukor's work is too arch, too consciously, commercially clever, but it's also spirited, confident. Holliday and Ewell have roles that seem just the right size for them; intermittently Holliday lifts the picture to a higher, free-style wit. And, as a composer neighbor of the married lawyers, David Wayne airily upstages the two stars; Hepburn is overly intense and Tracy does some coy mugging, but Wayne stays right on target. With Polly Moran, Clarence Kolb, and Hope Emerson (as a circus strongwoman). (Little Theatre; starting Oct. 22.)

**After the Thin Man** (1936)—The second in the "Thin Man" series, starring William Powell and Myrna Loy as Nick and Nora Charles, is moderately entertaining. In it, Elissa Landi (who has peculiarly mushy, ladylike diction) is in distress because she has lost her husband (Alan Marshall) to Penny Singleton. There are a couple of murders, and Asta's mate has puppies. The cast includes James Stewart, Joseph Calleia, Sam Levene, and Jessie Ralph. W. S. Van Dyke directed, and the screenplay is by Albert Hackett and Frances Goodrich. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; starting Oct. 23.)

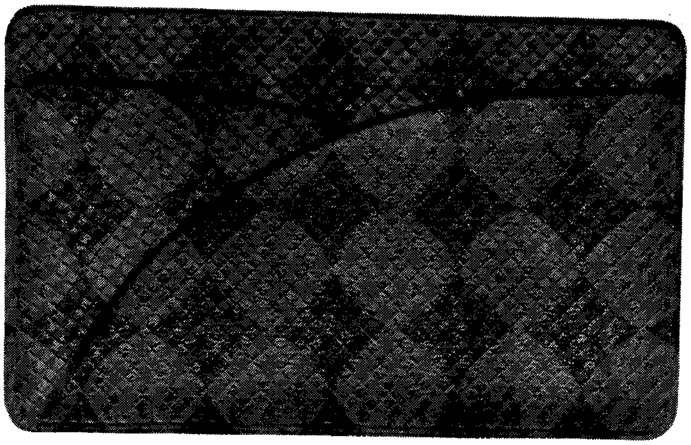
**All That Jazz** (1979)—Almost nothing has been left out of this headlong, overblown musical about a great, worn-out, self-destructive, lovable-genius choreographer-director (Roy Scheider) who has a backstage rendezvous with Death (Jessica Lange, wearing white veils and an enigmatic smile) but who keeps going, on Dexedrine and charm, long enough to work out some zingy production numbers and bring tears to the eyes of all the brave, put-upon women in his life. There are rehearsal scenes right out of "42nd Street" and soft-lens metaphysics out of Fellini, and some open-heart surgery, too, but the story is supposedly based on the true life and hard times of Bob Fosse, who is the director and co-author of the picture, and, of course, its choreographer. This is high-cholesterol hokum—enjoyable but probably not good for you. With Cliff Gorman, Ann Reinking, Leland Palmer, Ben Vereen, and a lot of lively dancers. (New Yorker; starting Oct. 15.)

**The American Friend** (1977)—The young German director Wim Wenders is attracted to the idea of telling a story, but he can't quite keep his mind on it; he overdoses on mood—poetic urban masochism—in this adaptation of Patricia Highsmith's crime novel "Ripley's Game." Wenders' unsettling compositions are neurotically beautiful visions of a disordered world, but the film doesn't have the nasty, pleasurable cleverness of a good thriller; dramatically it's stagnant—inverted Wagnerianism. Bruno Ganz is impressive as the watchful, anxious-eyed hero; with more than a half-dozen directors (including Dennis Hopper, Nicholas Ray, Gérard Blain, and Samuel Fuller) playing crooks. (Film Forum; through Oct. 19.)

**Bambi** (1942)—The animals in this animated Disney feature have Walter Keane eyes and fluttering long eyelashes. None has a gooier gaze than the little fawn Bambi. His relationship with his mother is tender and close, and when the mother is killed by hunters, small children in the audience frequently scream and cry. It all ends happily when Bambi, grown to staghood, marries the virginally sweet doe Faline. The picture is a classic of sorts, if only for the uncannily awful sound of the young woodland creatures in conversation; when puberty sets in and these voices suddenly change, Walt Disney begins to seem as berserk as Busby Berkeley. Still, there's no denying that for many people some sequences—such as Bambi's birth—have an enduring primal power. From the Felix Salten novel. (New Embassy 49th Street.)

**Barbarosa**—The most spirited and satisfying new Western epic in several years. Directed by the Australian Fred Schepisi, from a script by the Texas-born William D. Wittliff, it has some of the psychedelic ambience of Sergio Leone spaghetti Westerns—the West seen in a fever. Willie Nelson has a great screen presence as the legendary outlaw Barbarosa, a desert rat mythologized by those who grow up fearing him. The period is the eighteen-eighties and the film was shot along the Rio Grande, in an area of extremes that's either Texas mountains or mustard-colored mesa and desert. Gary Busey plays a lumpy, raw farm boy who joins up with Barbarosa and without intending to becomes an apprentice desperado. Working with the cinematographer Ian Baker and the composer Bruce Smeaton, Schepisi shows the fullness of his approach to moviemaking. With Gilbert Roland, Howland Chamberlin, Isela Vega, Danny De La Paz, and George Voskovec. (Reviewed in our issue of 8/9/82.) (Greenwich Playhouse; through Oct. 14.)

**Le Beau Mariage**—Béatrice Romand plays Eric Rohmer's heroine, Sabine, a bright working



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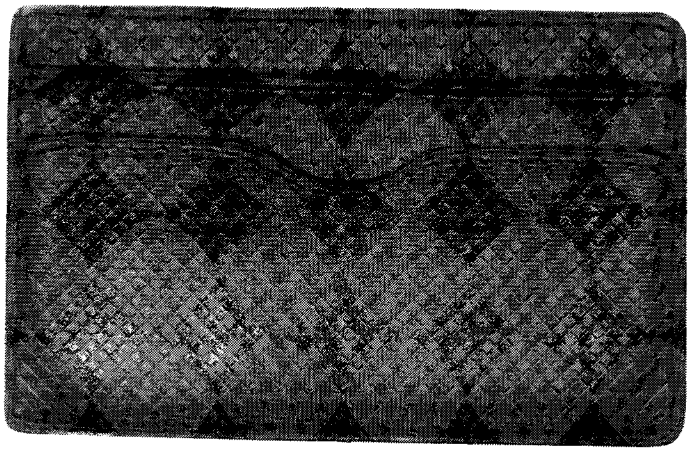

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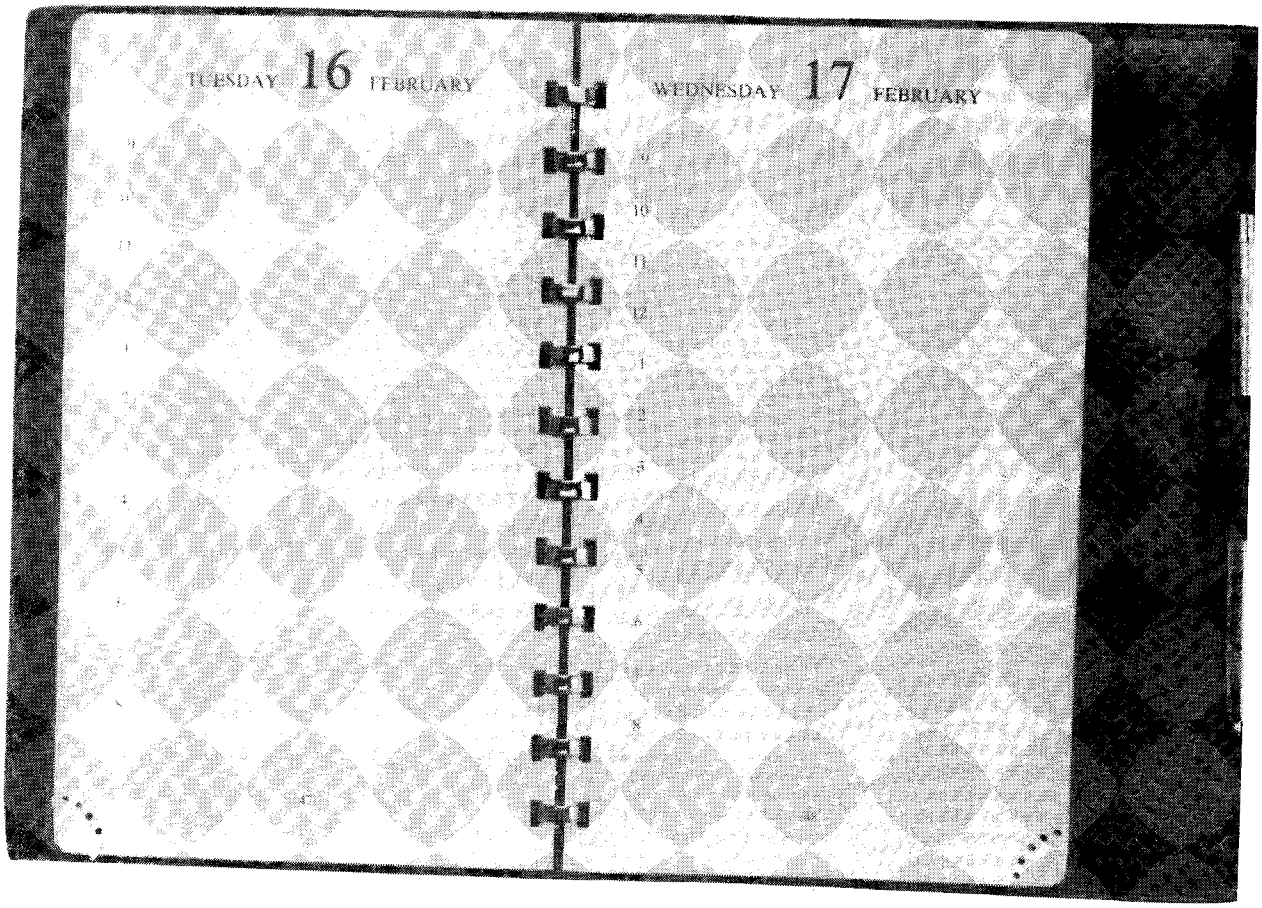
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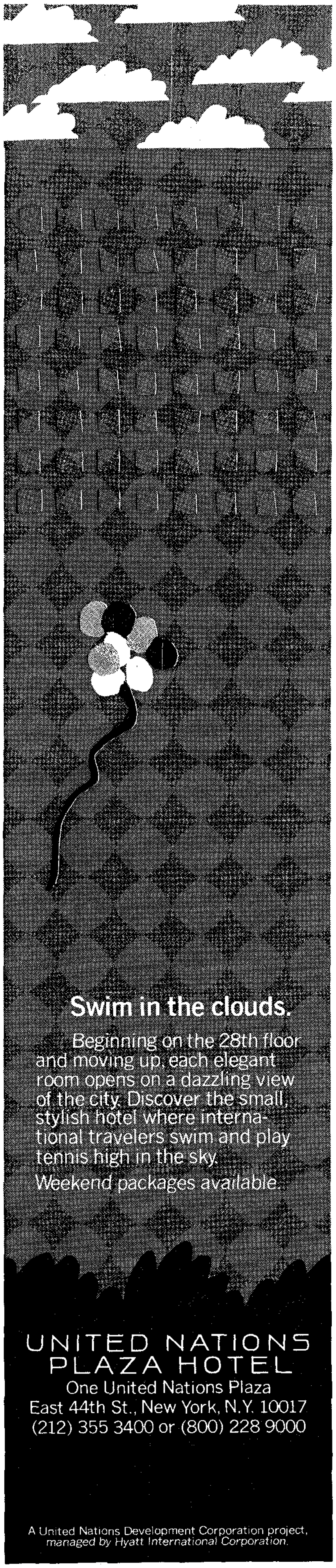
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girl who is studying for her master's in art history. At twenty-five, Sabine is weary of freedom and insecurity and married men; she wants to be taken care of and to make a home for a man and have children. When she meets a lawyer who she decides is her type, she goes after him so briskly and transparently that she might seem a madwoman, except that she has such a dumb little obsession. There's no passion in it, and she's an orderly little campaigner; the film is full of glib, precise chatter and the clickety-click of Sabine's high heels. Rohmer, who wrote the script, never gives us a clue to why she doesn't draw upon her knowledge of men to be more elusive. Since we see her humiliating herself, she becomes poignant, and at the end, when she comes to her senses, we want to see her play the game right. But what we get seems only the first act—the movie ends just when it begins to be interesting. Serio-comic triviality has become Rohmer's specialty. His sensibility would be easier to take if he'd stop directing to a metronome. In French. (10/4/82) (Manhattan, and Cinema Studio.)

**Bells Are Ringing** (1960)—The famous Adolph Green–Betty Comden–Jule Styne musical about an answering service that is the hub of New York romance. Lovingly transcribed to the screen by Vincente Minnelli, and including Judy Holliday, who was one of the very few truly funny women comedians, partly because she so obviously had brains. (Little Theatre; starting Oct. 22.)

**Blade Runner**—Ridley Scott's futuristic thriller is set in a hellish, claustrophobic city—Los Angeles in the year 2019. Harrison Ford is the blade runner, a police officer who kills "replicants"—the powerful humanoids manufactured by genetic engineers—if they rebel against their drudgery in the space colonies and show up on Earth. He tracks down four replicants (Brion James; Joanna Cassidy; Daryl Hannah, who has killer thighs and does a punk variation on Olympia, the doll automaton of "The Tales of Hoffmann;" and the blue-eyed scenery-chewer Rutger Hauer), but Ford's mission seems of no particular consequence. The whole movie gives you the feeling of not getting anywhere—of being part of the atmosphere of decay. With Sean Young as Rachael and William Sanderson as the toymaker. From the 1968 novel "Do Androids Dream of Electric Sheep?," by Philip K. Dick. (7/12/82) (St. Marks Cinema; Oct. 15-18.)

**Das Boot (The Boat)**—If you want to learn about the tedium of life in a German submarine, this is the movie that will give it to you—you're trapped for two and a half hours in a Second World War U-boat that's ten feet wide by a hundred and fifty feet long. And with men who have the same kind of anti-war nobility that the men had in American submarine epics of the fifties. (About ten minutes in, you may feel that you've already seen this picture.) It even has the same kind of heroic man-of-few-words-but-strong-deep-feelings captain (Jurgen Prochnow). The camera keeps moving, yet the whole feeling is claustrophobic—the movement of the camera (deliberately) calls *more* attention to how cramped everything is. The director, Wolfgang Petersen, did the adaptation of the best-selling autobiographical novel by Lothar-Günther Buchheim, a former war correspondent. The set was constructed at the Bavarian Studios in Munich. The movie "Das Boot" is in German; the dubbed-into-English version (being shown here) is called "The Boat." (R.K.O. Century 86th St. Twin, Loews 83rd Quad, and Embassy 1; through Oct. 14. . . . ¶ Embassy; starting Oct. 15.)

**Born Yesterday** (1950)—Judy Holliday's classic portrait of the dumb blonde—brassy, vacuous Billie Dawn. Broderick Crawford plays the man who "keeps" her—a junkman lately become "a dealer in scrap metal" in the world of cartels. Afraid that Billie will disgrace him in Washington, he hires a newspaperman, William Holden, to make Billie more "couth." Unfortunately, for both the junkman and the picture, the journalist reforms Billie, and as she gains in virtue she diminishes in interest. The second half is pretty dreary: the movie, like the Garson Kanin hit play that it's based on, turns into a civics lesson. Broderick Crawford is too heavy and mean to be funny, and Holden's role is colorless. But you'll remember the early, acquisitive Billie with her truculent voice and glassy eyes, and her gin-rummy game. Directed by George Cukor, who's not in top form, the movie is visually dead. The play was adapted (insufficiently) by Albert Mannheimer. (Judy Holliday had played the role on Broadway; her inflections are so set that there's not much surprise left in her performance.) (Little Theatre; Oct. 19-21.)

**Burden of Dreams**—A documentary, directed by Les Blank. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Waverly.)

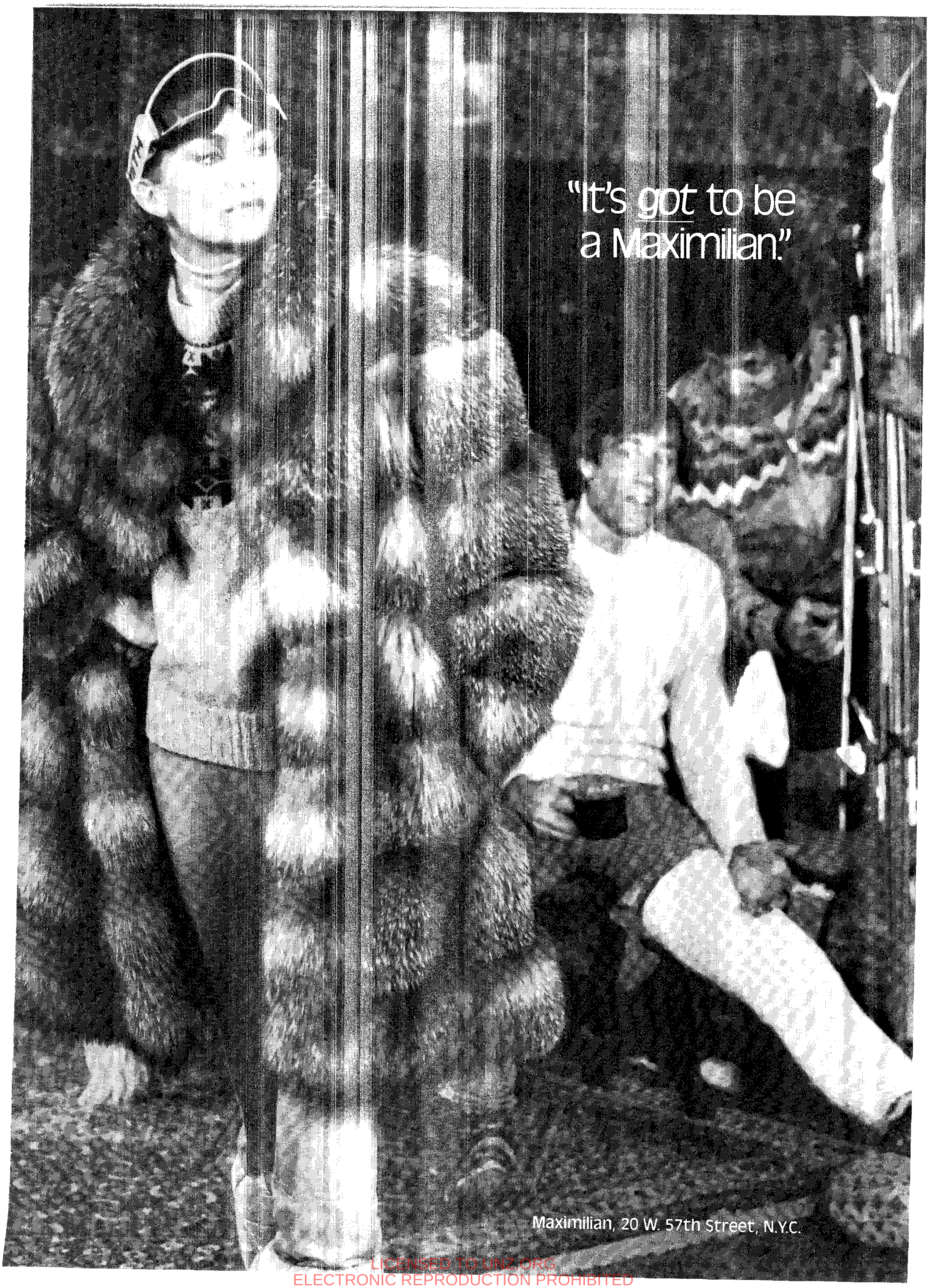
**La Cage aux Folles** (1979)—A brilliant comedy about a pair of aging homosexuals, one of whom has had a son; the son is eager to marry, his fiancée is extremely conventional, and her family wishes to make the acquaintance of his family. Trouble in paradise, here known as Saint-Tropez. Edouard Molinaro directed, with Michel Serrault and Ugo Tognazzi. In French. (Eastside Cinema. . . . ¶ Gramercy; through Oct. 14.)

**Chariots of Fire** (1981)—The story of the courage and the triumph of two young runners who represented Britain in the 1924 Olympics, held in Paris. The runners—Harold Abrahams (Ben Cross), a wealthy Jewish boy who is a student at Cambridge, and Eric Liddell (Ian Charleson), a Scottish divinity student—win because they have something to run for. The unbelievably self-possessed Abrahams runs against anti-Semitic snobbery and prejudices, and the devout Liddell runs in an ecstatic state, because "when I run, I can feel His pleasure." The picture is a piece of technological lyricism held together by the glue of simpleminded heroic sentiment; basically, its appeal is in watching a couple of guys win their races. Produced by David Puttnam, directed by Hugh Hudson (it's his début film), from Colin Welland's script. Cinematography by David Watkin; music by Vangelis Papathanassiou. With Lindsay Anderson, John Gielgud, Alice Krige, Ian Holm, Cheryl Campbell, Dennis Christopher, Brad Davis, Nigel Havers, Nicholas Farrell, Nigel Davenport, Patrick Magee, and David Yelland as the Prince of Wales. (10/26/81) (Olympia Quad; through Oct. 14.)

**The Country Girl** (1954)—This rather odd movie, derived from a Clifford Odets play, features the least broken-down of actors, Bing Crosby, as a broken-down actor—a weak-willed, alcoholic heel who lives on the strength of his wife, Grace Kelly. William Holden is the Broadway director who misinterprets the tangle of dependencies and tries to free the husband from the wife. Rather inexplicably, this sadomasochistic morass was one of the biggest box-office hits of its year, and, somewhat inexplicably also, Academy Awards were presented to Grace Kelly as Best Actress and to the director-writer, George Seaton, for his uneven and incoherent screenplay. The film has virtues, however—Holden's performance, good backstage dialogue, and Anthony Ross in a small role. With Gene Reynolds; songs by Ira Gershwin and Harold Arlen. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Oct. 17.)

**Deathtrap**—This movie is for people who dream of seeing "Sleuth" again—there must be at least one or two of them. It's set in the East Hampton home of a once successful playwright (Michael Caine) who specializes in thrillers; he plans to murder a former student (Christopher Reeve) and steal his flawless play, "Deathtrap." Ira Levin's wisecracking whodunit is all twists and reversals, and it's designed to be played frivolously and artificially, by slick, easy actors. But the director, Sidney Lumet, and the screenwriter, Jay Presson Allen, have decided to make the movie version as realistic as possible. What this comes down to is a broad, obvious movie that looks like an ugly play and appears to be a vile vision of life, and at the end the staging and editing are so quick and muddled that you can't be sure what's happening. Except for the shouting, which has become de rigueur in a Lumet film, the actors don't disgrace themselves. But their skill gives one no pleasure. With Dyan Cannon, Irene Worth, and Henry Jones. (4/5/82) (Olympia Quad. . . . ¶ Hollywood Twin Cinema 2; through Oct. 14. . . . ¶ St. Marks Cinema; Oct. 15-18.)

**The Devil's Playground** (1976)—The Marist brothers at the Catholic seminary around which most of the film is set seem to be looking into themselves, puzzled and deeply disappointed by their own physicality. And the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pubescent boys gaze with thunderstruck eyes at the eruptions of their bodies. This semi-autobiographical first feature by the Australian writer-director Fred Schepisi is always on the borderline of comedy, because they have all—monks and seminarians alike—been taught that "an undisciplined mind is the Devil's playground," yet they can't get their minds off their bodies. This isn't an anti-Catholic movie. Far from it. Schepisi loves these tormented comedians. But he looks at them with humorous pagan eyes. You feel he's got the whole thing right. With the novelist Thomas Keneally, Arthur Dignam, and Nick Tate. (12/7/81) (Quad Cinema; starting Oct. 15.)

**Diner**—A wonderful movie, set in Baltimore in 1959. Five or six young men in their early twenties who've known each other since high school still cling to their late-night bull sessions at the diner—where, magically, they always seem to have plenty to talk about. It's like a comedy club—they take off from each other, and their conversations are all overlapping jokes that are funny without punch lines. They can sound worldly and sharp, but when these boys are out with girls they're nervous, constricted, fraudulent, half crazy. Written and directed by Barry Levinson, "Diner" is a great period piece—a look at middle-class relations between the sexes just before the sexual revolution. It features some of the best young actors in the country: Mickey Rourke, Ellen Barkin, Daniel Stern, Kevin Bacon, Steve Guttenberg, Paul Reiser, and Timothy Daly. (4/5/82) (72nd Street East; through Oct. 14.)

**Diva**—An up-to-the-minute romantic thriller from France, made by a new director, Jean-Jacques Beineix, who has a fabulous camera technique and understands the pleasures to be had from a picture that doesn't take itself too seriously. The diva is an awesomely beautiful black American soprano (Wilhelmenia Fernandez) who refuses to make recordings. Frédéric Andrei is the wide-eyed eighteen-year-old postal messenger who adores her; he sneaks his Nagra tape machine into her concert in Paris so he'll be able to listen to her at home—and all hell breaks loose around him. The unfazable heroine (the fourteen-year-old Thuy An Luu) is a post-Godardian tootsie—in her short-short skirts and transparent plastic coat she's a lollipop wrapped in cellophane. The film may remind you of Welles' "Touch of Evil;" it's Welles romanticized, packaged. It's a mixture of style and chic hanky-panky, but it's genuinely sparkling. In French. (4/19/82) (Plaza.)

**Eboli** (1980)—Francesco Rosi's thoughtful, modulated adaptation of Carlo Levi's celebrated "Christ Stopped at Eboli" carefully re-creates the physical and social textures of the remote mountain hamlet in south-central Italy to which Levi was sent as a political prisoner by the Mussolini regime in the nineteen-thirties. Gian Maria Volonte looks exactly right as the book-worn intellectual in exile, and the picture, like the original work, centers on Levi's wondering consideration of the silent, black-clothed local peasants, whom he saw as being equally cut off from the state, the Church, and the harsh land itself. With Irene Papas, François Simon, Léa Massari, Paolo Bonicelli, and Alain Cuny. This film was made as a four-part presentation on television, when it opened here in 1980, it had been cut to two hours. The new version (showing here) runs about three and a half hours. Seen in its full form, the material is more political and much more coherent, and Volonte's performance is even finer. In Italian. (R.K.O. Century Art; starting Oct. 15.)

**E.T. The Extra-Terrestrial**—Steven Spielberg's movie is bathed in warmth and it seems to clear all the bad thoughts out of your head. It's the story of a ten-year-old boy, Elliott, who feels fatherless and lost because his parents have separated, and who finds a miraculous friend—an alien inadvertently left on Earth by a visiting spaceship. This fusion of science fiction and mythology is emotionally rounded and complete; it reminds you of the goofiest dreams you had as a kid, and rehabilitates them. It puts a spell on the audience; it's genuinely entrancing. The stars are Henry Thomas, as Elliott, and E.T., who was designed by Carlo Rambaldi. With Drew Barrymore, Robert Macnaughton, Dee Wallace, and Peter Coyote. The script is by Melissa Mathison. (6/14/82) (Bay Cinema, Loews New York Twin, and Movieland.)

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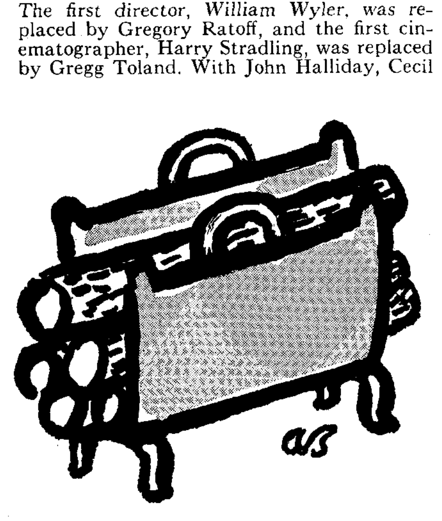
**Fitzcarraldo**—With Klaus Kinski and Claudia Cardinale, directed by Werner Herzog. In German. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Paris.)

**History Is Made at Night** (1937)—The plot is so preposterously arbitrary that it's as if several scripts had been chopped up and stuck together, yet the director, Frank Borzage, plunges ahead until an ocean liner (with most of the cast aboard) crashes into an iceberg and brings the madness to a halt. Jean Arthur plays a woman in distress. Trying to escape from her rich, powerful, mad husband (Colin Clive), she meets a gallant gentleman (Charles Boyer), who turns out to be a headwaiter. The husband tries to frame the headwaiter for a crime he himself committed. Leo Carrillo and Ivan Lebedeff are also mixed up in this silly melodrama, which is so souped up with demonic passions and tender glances and elegant photography (by Gregg Toland) that it's really quite entertaining. The scenario is credited to Gene Towne and Graham Baker. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Oct. 21.)

**Husbands** (1970)—Three actors (John Cassavetes, Peter Falk, and Ben Gazzara) playing three suburban husbands in a semi-improvised movie directed by Cassavetes. The actors have occasional intense and affecting moments, going through emotions that they set off in each other, but Cassavetes is the sort of man who is dedicated to stripping people of their pretenses and laying bare their souls. Inevitably, the results are agonizingly banal. (Metro Cinema; Oct. 18.)

**Intermezzo: A Love Story** (1939)—David O. Selznick, who arranged this début for Ingrid Bergman in English-speaking films, wasn't going to take any chances; it's a remake of a picture she'd already had a hit with in Sweden, in 1936. Selznick even retained the same mushy, "haunting" theme music. Leslie Howard is the wan and renowned violin virtuoso, afflicted with the boredom of fame and of domestic bliss with his beloved, understanding wife (Edna Best). He falls in love with Bergman, his daughter's piano teacher. Handsome and eager, she's a brilliant young pianist who becomes his accompanist. On a tour of the concert halls of Europe, the two combine business with passion, though at last the finer overtones of conscience separate them. The crisis occurs in a picturesque Mediterranean village—Selznick saw to it that the romantic upheavals of such artistic people got the smartest settings—and there are snacks of Brahms, Liszt, and Grieg to fill out the plump cultural tone. The film's only real claim on anyone's attention is Bergman, whose natural look (full eyebrows, and even a shine on her nose) then seemed revolutionary. The first director, William Wyler, was replaced by Gregory Ratoff, and the first cinematographer, Harry Stradling, was replaced by Gregg Toland. With John Halliday, Cecil Kellaway, Enid Bennett, Ann Todd, and Douglas Scott. The script, by George O'Neil, was based on the Swedish script by Gösta Stevens and Gustaf Molander; the virtuoso violin work was dubbed by Toscha Seidel, the piano work by Norma Drury. (This drippy thing was remade again in 1968 with Oskar Werner, and in 1980 it was loosely adapted for the film "Honeysuckle Rose.") (Regency; Oct. 19-20.)

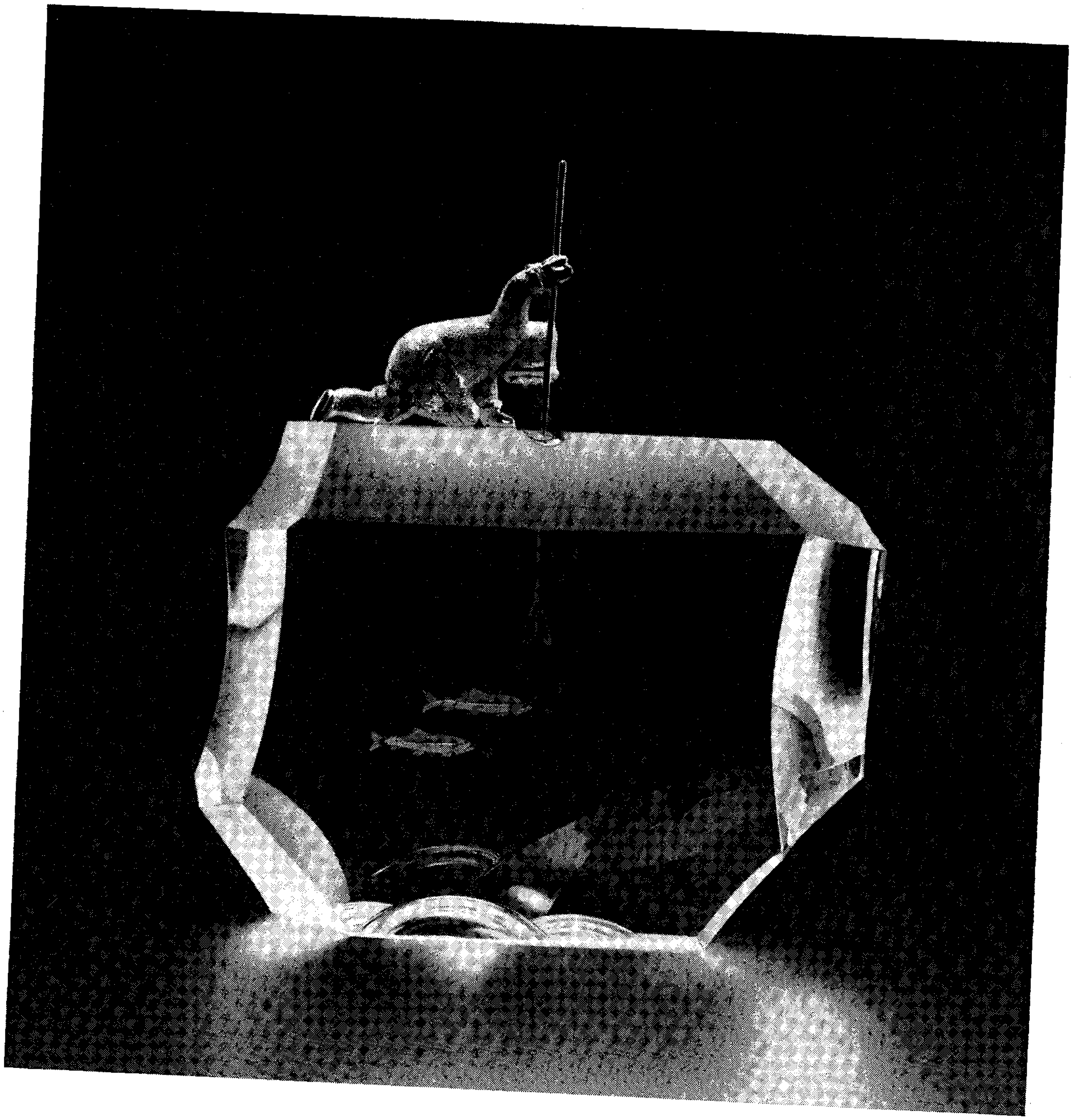


**It's a Wonderful Life** (1946)—Frank Capra's most relentless lump-in-the-throat movie. The hero (James Stewart) is a self-sacrificial good man who runs a small-town building-and-loan association that is threatened by the local ogre, the wickedly selfish Lionel Barrymore. Thinking he has no resources left, the hero is on the brink of suicide when he is given a vision of what life would be like for his family and his town if he had never been born. Donna Reed plays his wife, Gloria Grahame is the town "fast" girl, and the excruciatingly familiar cast includes Thomas Mitchell, Henry Travers, Beulah Bondi, Ward Bond, H. B. Warner, and Samuel S. Hinds. In its own slurpy, bittersweet way, the picture is well done. But it's fairly humorless, and, what with all the hero's virtuous suffering, it didn't catch on with the public. Capra takes a serious tone here, though there's no basis for the seriousness; this is doggerel trying to pass as art. It's not just that it didn't match the post-Second World War mood—it might have seemed patronizing even in the post-First World War period. (Marlo Thomas played the suffering protagonist in the 1977 TV-movie remake, "It Happened One Christmas.") (Metro Cinema; Oct. 23.)

**It Should Happen to You** (1954)—Judy Holliday in a pleasantly erratic satirical comedy; the targets—advertising, TV, and urban gullibility—are rather easily pinked, but the scenarist, Garson Kanin, and the director, George Cukor, don't loiter over them for long. (Still, the film runs down.) The heroine, who yearns for celebrity, takes her life savings and places her name—Gladys Glover—in giant letters across a billboard in Columbus Circle. Before long, she is as inescapably in the public eye as one of the Gabors. She also tosses about in romantic indecision: should she give her heart to an honest documentary filmmaker (Jack Lemmon, in his film début) and say farewell to the big time, or should she surrender herself to the sudsy embraces of a soap manufacturer (Peter Lawford)? With Connie Gilchrist, Melville Cooper, and Michael O'Shea, who is particularly funny as a seedy entrepreneur. There are also appearances by Constance Bennett, Ilka Chase, and Wendy Barrie as themselves. (Little Theatre; Oct. 19-21.)

**Joe and Maxi** (1980)—A disturbing, imperfect documentary about Joe Cohen, a caustic, self-made, self-driven, big-bellied New Jersey shorefront entrepreneur, and his relationships with his grown-up children—a daughter and two sons—at a time when it is discovered that he is dying of cancer. The picture, which was made by Joel Gold and Maxi Cohen (Joe's daughter, a professional film-and-video artist), is upsetting because of its intrusions on several lives during a time of intractable difficulties, but it is also moving and absorbing because of its willingness to deal with the hard and irresolute material of daily existence. (8th St. Playhouse; Oct. 17-18.)

**The Lady Vanishes** (1938)—Alfred Hitchcock's murder mystery about a fussy, jolly old lady who boards a train and disappears on it is directed with such skill and velocity that it has come to represent the quintessence of screen suspense. It provides some of the finest examples of Hitchcock touches—little shocks and perversities of editing and detail. The hero is played by a tall, callow young man making his first major film appearance—Michael Redgrave; the heroine is Margaret Lockwood, and the lady is Dame May Whitty. With Paul Lukas, Cecil Parker, Margaretta Scott, Catherine Lacey, Mary Clare, Linden Travers, Googie Withers, and the team of Naunton Wayne and Basil Radford doing a parody of the "jolly-good-show" type of Britisher. Screenplay by Sidney Gilliat, Frank Launder, and Alma Reville, based on the novel "The Wheel Spins" by Ethel Lina White. (A 1979 remake with Elliott Gould, Cybill Shepherd, and Angela Lansbury is



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STEUBEN GLASS

good-natured but totally flat; the director, Anthony Page, doesn't seem to have an instinct for the thriller form.) (Thalia; Oct. 17.)

**Last Tango in Paris** (1972)—Exploitation films had been supplying mechanized sex—sex as physical stimulant without passion or emotional violence. Then, in this film, Bernardo Bertolucci used sex to express the characters' drives. Marlon Brando, as the aging American, Paul, is working out his aggression on the young bourgeois French girl, Jeanne (Maria Schneider), and the physical menace of sexuality that is emotionally charged is such a departure from everything that audiences had come to expect at the movies that *the film created a sensation*. It's a bold and imaginative work—a great work. With Jean-Pierre Léaud, Massimo Girotti, Catherine Allegret, and Maria Michi. Script by Ber*tolucci and the editor, Franco Arcalli; cine*matography by Vittorio Storaro; music by Gato Berbieri; production design by Ferdinando Scarfiotti. In French and English. (D. W. Griffith; Oct. 13. . . . ¶ New Yorker; through Oct. 14.)

**Lilith** (1964)—Jean Seberg is the demonic, corrupt Lilith, a patient in an elegant Maryland asylum who wants to "leave the mark of her desire on every living thing in the world;" Warren Beatty is the trainee therapist who finds her madness seductive. This high-toned, humorless attempt to create a mystic enigma was the last work of Robert Rossen, who adapted the J. P. Salamanca novel and directed; it's an unusual sort of disaster—full of symbols, chitchat about schizophrenic spiders, and exquisite cinematography (by Eugen Shuftan), and utterly lacking in energy and depth. Beatty gives his most irritating performance: he broods over each bit of dialogue for an eternity, his heavy eyelids flickering. With Peter Fonda, Kim Hunter, Gene Hackman, Jessica Walter, Anne Meacham, and René Auberjonois; the score is by Kenyon Hopkins. (Thalia; Oct. 18.)

**Mephisto**—István Szabó's indictment of a soulless actor, Hendrik Höfgen (played by Klaus Maria Brandauer), who, because he wants to go on performing, truckles to those in power and becomes the leading actor in Nazi Germany. Szabó sets up the willful, unpredictable Höfgen as a symbolic actor—a man who is merely the sum of the roles he plays offstage and on, and at the outset Brandauer suggests an *enfant terrible*, a baby-faced killer-genius, like the young Orson Welles. Höfgen isn't allowed to be a great actor, though, and he seems too small for the epic scale of the attack. The picture is like "Citizen Kane" with somebody like John Dean at the center. *With Rolf Hoppe as the General*, a Göring-like figure, and the superb, feline Karin Boyd as Höfgen's dancer mistress, and a multinational cast—some of them dubbed. *In German. (5/17/82) (Quad Cinema. . . .* ¶ Cinema 3, and New Yorker; through Oct. 14.)

**My Dinner with André**—It's like a mad tea party or a mad, modern Platonic dialogue about the meaning of life. Self-effacingly directed by Louis Malle, it creates the illusion that we are simply listening in on a dinnertime conversation between the playwright Wallace Shawn and the former avant-garde theatre director André Gregory. Wally persuades André to tell him what he has been up to, and the suave, hawklike André, a crackpot glittery-eyed charmer, pours out the record of his transcendental experiences in Poland, in Scotland, in India and Tibet, in the Sahara, and even in Montauk, where he was buried alive in a death-and-rebirth ceremony. What he acts out for us is the questing that has torn so much of the modern theatre apart. When Wally, the pragmatist and sensualist, begins to talk, he plays warthog to André's soaring flights of mysticism. They're perfect foils. This is a bizarre and surprisingly entertaining satirical comedy: the story of the search beyond theatre turned into theatre—or, at least, into a movie. (1/4/82) (Lincoln Plaza; through Oct. 21.)

**My Favorite Year**—The year is 1954, when Sid Caesar was the king of live TV comedy, and this movie is a fictional treatment of life backstage during the days when many soon-to-be-famous writers worked on his shows, brainstorming together. As the brawny, truculent King Kaiser, Joe Bologna suggests an introverted ox, and Peter O'Toole is King's guest star from Hollywood—the notorious womanizing boozer Alan Swann, who is part John Barrymore and part Errol Flynn. Bologna has an authentic boss-comic aura, and O'Toole plays Swann with a funky daring that is simply astounding. Ravaged and liquefied as Swann is, he still has feelers out—he's always aware of the impression he's making; even when Swann is drunk, he's acting a great actor drunk. This show-business farce is the first film directed by Richard Benjamin, and it's a creaky job of moviemaking, but it has a bubbling spirit. Benjamin is crazy about actors—not a bad start for a director. Bill Macy, Lainie Kazan, Cameron Mitchell, and Anne De Salvo all have a crack at fresh material. In the tricky, role of the youngest of the gag writers, Mark Linn-Baker is button-eyed and skinny—a snookums; it's an inventive performance but borderline ghastly. And Jessica Harper's scenes don't pan out. But over all, it's a very funny picture. Also with Selma Diamond, Adolph Green, Lou Jacobi, Tony Di Beneditto, Gloria Stuart, and Basil Hoffman. From a terrific script by Norman Steinberg (who appears in a bit as Sandy) and Dennis Palumbo. (10/4/82) (Loews 34th Street Showplace, Loews Tower East, and Loews Paramount.)

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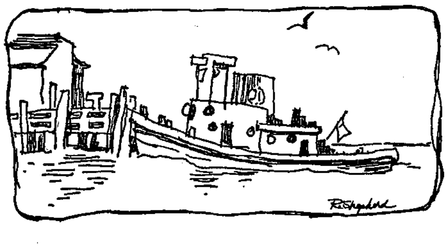
**Napoléon** (1927)—Presented in a reconstructed *version in 1981. Abel Gance originally* made it as a six-hour silent film, in color (the prints were tinted and toned by a dye process), and with sections designed to be run on a triple-*width screen, by a process called Polyvision.* Gance frequently used the images at the left and right of the central image for contrapuntal effects—history became an avalanche of armies, battles, and crowds. *The film is both* avant-garde and old-fashioned. In Gance's view, Napoleon (Albert Dieudonné) is a Man of Destiny. Before that, when he's still a boy (Vladimir Roudenko), he's a Boy of Destiny. As a thinker, Gance is essentially a fantasist, a mythmaker enslaved by his own schoolboy gush. And when Napoleon is treated as the embodiment of the French Revolution you know you're in the grip of a crazy. Gance isn't rounded (as, say, Renoir was). His films are superb in glimpses or in sequences, but they're not unified by simple emotion, as Griffith's epics were. They're held together by obsession, by fervor. But he's a great moviemaker. The film was chopped down into so many different versions (some of them reëdited by Gance himself) that it took the English filmmaker and film historian Kevin Brownlow years to assemble this new, relatively complete version. Francis Ford Coppola served as impresario for its release in the United States, and a score was prepared by Carmine Coppola. With Gina Manès as Josephine, Pierre Batcheff as her lover General *Hoche, Nicolas Koline as Fleuri, Annabella* as his daughter Violine, Antonin Artaud as Marat, and Gance himself as Saint-Just. (2/16/81) (Radio City Music Hall; Oct. 14-17.)

**An Officer and a Gentleman**—This formula romantic melodrama seems to come out of a time warp, but the director, Taylor Hackford, has done a smashing job of making the retrograde love story whiz by. Richard Gere is the tightly wound-up loner who is determined to become a flier; the movie centers on his thirteen-week basic-training ordeal at Naval Aviation Officer Candidate School. Gere has a striking moment when the character cracks, after the tough drill sergeant (Louis Gossett, Jr.) has caught him in some petty chiselling and punished him. But after he has broken down he's still Richard Gere, lost in his own placid beauty. As the millworker heroine, Debra Winger brings the film sultriness; you pull for this heroine because her tough-chick little-girl insolence plays off the avid look in her eyes that tells you she longs to make human contact. Gossett plays the sergeant bone hard; it's a beautifully hammy austere performance. There are also impressive characterizations by David Keith and Robert Loggia. With Tony Plana as an officer candidate with a Mohawk haircut and Lisa Eilbacher as a woman candidate. The script is by Douglas Day Stewart. (8/23/82) (34th St. East, Coronet, and Loews Astor Plaza.)



**The Passenger** (1975)—Antonioni's film about an estranged London TV-news reporter trying to flee the coop of himself. Everything has *staled for him*—work and personal life both—and Antonioni makes, for the first time in his career, a clear causal connection between a character's situation and his environment. The *reporter is on the track of a story in a* remote part of Africa. He seizes the chance to exchange his identity for a dead man's, and takes on the dead man's slowly revealed undercover missions, *which endow him with* political purpose. The film is psychologically complex, dwelling on parallel themes about disjuncture and ambiguity, but also declarative in a way that is unique in *Antonioni's* work; it is a picture of astonishing aesthetic beauty and technical innovation. Jack Nicholson, as the reporter, gives a performance that is a marvel of insight about a man whose chances are running out. Maria Schneider exquisitely plays a soft-voiced, attentive stranger whom he meets in his new identity. (New Yorker; through Oct. 14.)

**A Perfect Couple** (1979)—Directed by Robert Altman. About an affair between a classy Greek-American (Paul Dooley) and a girl who lives in a commune (Marta Heflin). The difference between them is oversimply expressed by their taste in music—he and his family, in a stiff way, like classical music; she likes the sort of mild humbug that is churned out by the ton on a lot of radio stations. This isn't Altman at his best, but there's no point in belaboring the matter. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Oct. 22.)

**Personal Best**—There has probably never been a growing-up story presented on the screen so freely and uninhibitedly. Set in the world of women athletes, this film—written, produced, *and directed by* Robert Towne—tells most of the story nonverbally and lets its characters reveal themselves in movement. When Towne shows the two heroines (Mariel Hemingway *and Patrice Donnelly) arm wrestling, he con*centrates on their throbbing veins and their sinews and how the muscles play off one another. He breaks down athletic events into specific details: you watch the athletes' calves or some other part of them, and you get an exact sense of how their bodies work—it's sensual and sexual, and it's informative, too. There's an undercurrent of flabbergasted awe in this celebration of women's bodies, and everything in the movie is somatically charged. The women athletes are all great-looking and all funny, because physically they have advanced so much faster than men's thinking about them has. They razz men flirtatiously, flaunting their own strength. This is a very smart and super-subtle movie in which the authenticity of the details draws us in. It should be one of the best dating movies of all time, because it pares away all traces of self-consciousness. With Scott Glenn and Kenny Moore; cinematography by Michael Chapman, with a few scenes by Caleb Deschanel. (2/22/82) (St. Marks Cinema, and Olympia Quad; through Oct. 14. . . . ¶ Gramercy; starting Oct. 15.)

**Poltergeist**—Steven Spielberg's suburban gothic about a family besieged by nasty, prankish ghosts is no more than an entertaining hash *designed to spook you.* It's "The Amityville Horror" done with insouciance and high-toned special effects. Because Spielberg is a dedicated craftsman and a wit, he can make a much better low-grade adolescent entertainment than most directors. If the picture suc-

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ceeds to a degree, it's because of the warmth of the family. The cool, jazzy mother (Jobeth Williams) and the blandly handsome father (Craig T. Nelson) are terrific, groovy people—they're kids at heart. The four-feet-three-inch actress Zelda Rubinstein, as the psychic Tangina who comes to "cleanse" the house, gives the movie new life and makes a large chunk of it work. With Beatrice Straight, who, as a doctor of parapsychology, bores the audience blind, and, as the two younger kids, Oliver Robins and Heather O'Rourke. The credits indicate that Tobe Hooper is the director, but Spielberg wrote the initial story, rewrote the other writers' work on the script, storyboarded the shots, produced the picture, and supervised the final edit. It appears that he also took over, in considerable part, on the set. (6/14/82) (Embassy.)

**Ragtime**—The movie doesn't have an impudent slapstick vision, isn't a pop epic, or even a satiric fling. It's limp—it always seems to be aiming about halfway toward the effects that E. L. Doctorow achieved in his literary extravaganza. Is it possible that the director, Miloš Forman, thought that if he didn't go for razzle-dazzle what was left would be "truth"? If so, he started from the wrong book. He has made a seriously intended eccentric movie about a black piano player (Howard E. Rollins, Jr.) who demands redress for an insult. But the picture isn't even socially conscious: the character is so totally, aberrantly unbelievable that there's no social milieu that could account for him. With James Cagney as the New York City Police Commissioner, and Pat O'Brien, Donald O'Connor, Norman Mailer, Elizabeth McGovern, Mary Steenburgen, Mandy Patinkin, Kenneth McMillan, Moses Gunn, Brad Dourif, Robert Joy, and James Olson. Script by Michael Weller. (11/23/81) (St. Marks Cinema; Oct. 19-21.)

**Raiders of the Lost Ark** (1981)—Steven Spielberg directed this high-powered cliff-hanger about the exploits of Indiana Jones (Harrison Ford), an adventurer-archeologist. The time is 1936, and Indy, working for the United States government, is trying to find the Ark of the Covenant (a chest holding the broken stone tablets of the Ten Commandments) ahead of his arch-enemy, the suave, amoral Belloq (Paul Freeman), who is in cahoots with the Nazis. Hitler means to use the Ark's invincible powers to lay waste opposing armies and proclaim himself the Messiah. Conceived by George Lucas, the picture is an amalgam of Lucas's follies—plot for its own sake, dissociated from character or drama; the affectless heroine, Marion (Karen Allen), who's a tougher version of Princess Leia in "Star Wars"—and effects that Spielberg the youthful magician has already dazzled us with. Kinesthetically, the film gets to you, but there's no exhilaration, no surge of feeling at the end. With John Rhys-Davies, Ronald Lacey, and Denholm Elliott. Cinematography by Douglas Slocombe; score by John Williams. Written by Lawrence Kasdan, from a story idea worked up by Lucas and Philip Kaufman. (6/15/81) (Embassy.)

**Richard Pryor Live on the Sunset Strip**—The master of physical comedy and lyrical obscenity in a new one-man show. To those of us who thought his 1979 film, "Richard Pryor Live in Concert," was one of the greatest performances we'd ever seen or ever will see, it may be disappointing yet emotionally stirring. The vast public outpouring of affection for him after his near-fatal accident in June, 1980, has changed him and his relation with the audience. He knows that all he has to do is stand on the stage and be adored. And he knows there's something the matter with this new situation, but he doesn't know how to deal with it. This film isn't in the class of the first, but it has superb bits. (4/5/82) (Loews State. . . . ¶ Murray Hill, and Loews Orpheum; through Oct. 14. . . . ¶ Cinema Village; Oct. 20-21.)

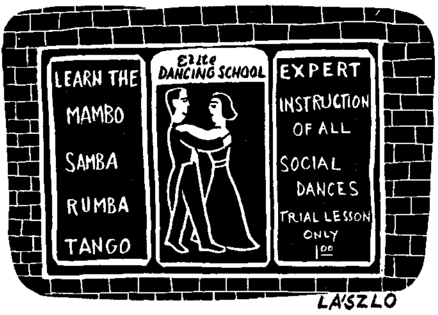
**The Road Warrior**—Set in a post-apocalyptic Wasteland, this Australian film is a mutant, sprung from virtually all action genres. It's one continuous spurt of energy, and the jangly, fast editing suggests wit; so does the broad blacktop highway that cuts across the desert nothingness. And the rampaging vandals—punkish post-nuclear-war bikers, led by a masked body builder called the Humungus—are s-m comic-strip terrors. But the picture is abstract in an adolescent way. Director George Miller's attempt to tap into the universal concept of the hero (as enunciated by Jung and explicated by Joseph Campbell in "The Hero with a Thousand Faces") makes the film joyless. He consciously uses his hero, Max (Mel Gibson), as an icon; that's enough to squeeze the juice out of any actor, and Max seems bland and apathetic. For all its huffing and puffing, this is a sappy, sentimental movie. With Bruce Spence and Vernon Wells; the script is by Terry Hayes and Miller, with Brian Hannant. (9/6/82) (Criterion Theatres. . . . ¶ Olympia Quad; through Oct. 14.)

**Rocky III**—Whatever oddball charm and silliness the first "Rocky" had is long gone. "Rocky III" starts with the hyped climax of "II" and then just keeps going on that level. The movie really works you over. You're pummelled by the noise and the rock music and the images of bodies being whammed. The first "Rocky" was primitive in a relatively innocent way. This picture is primitive, but it's also shrewd and empty and inept. Written and directed by its star, Sylvester Stallone; with Carl Weathers, whose physique makes Rocky look like a lump, and who gives a likable, unaffected performance; an actor called Mr. T as Clubber Lang; and Burgess Meredith, Talia Shire, and Burt Young. (5/31/82) (Criterion Theatres. . . . ¶ 86th St. East; through Oct. 14.)

**The Strange One** (1957; also known as "End as a Man")—Jack Garfein's version of Calder Willingham's novel "End as a Man" serves up Ben Gazzara as the most polymorphous-perverse young sadist of the year. (The competition was keen.) This psychopathology of morale in a Southern military academy is a grisly—often effective—fusion of Freud and Actors' Studio. With George Peppard, Pat Hingle, Arthur Storch, Larry Gates, Mark Richman, James Olson, Geoffrey Horne, Clifton James, and Julie Wilson. Adapted by Willingham; cinematography by Burnett Guffey; music by Kenyon Hopkins. (Thalia; Oct. 18.)

**The Stunt Man** (1980)—A virtuoso piece of kinetic moviemaking. Working with material that could, with a few false steps, have turned into a tony reality-and-illusion puzzle, the director, Richard Rush, has kept it all rowdy and funny—it's slapstick metaphysics. Lawrence B. Marcus's script, freely adapted from the Paul Brodeur novel, is about paranoia and the making of movies; Steve Railsback is the fugitive who becomes a stunt man, and Peter O'Toole is the flamboyant, fire-eater director who, Railsback thinks, is out to kill him. Playing a protean figure—visionary, fierce-tempered, and ornery, yet ethereal and fey—O'Toole gives a peerless comic performance. With Allen Goorwitz as the dumpling scriptwriter who plays Sancho Panza to O'Toole's Don Quixote, Barbara Hershey, Sharon Farrell, Adam Roarke, Alex Rosso, and Chuck Bail. Cinematography by Mario Tosi; music by Dominic Frontiere. (New Yorker; starting Oct. 15.)

**Tempest**—Taking off from Shakespeare and the idea of a world-famous American architect of Greek ancestry who is having a mid-life crisis, Paul Mazursky tries for a free, airborne mix of comedy, musical psychodrama, and dream play. The film has a flickering wit and there are charming bits by Susan Sarandon and the talented young actress Molly Ringwald, but Mazursky doesn't find an original tone that the audience can respond to, and he has put John Cassavetes—one of the most dour and alienating of actors—at the film's center. With Raul Julia, Gena Rowlands, Vittorio Gassman, Lucianne Buchanan, Sam Robards, Paul Stewart, Jackie Gayle, Tony Holland, Jerry Hardin, and Paul and Betsy Mazursky. From a script by Mazursky and Leon Capetanos; with a modern score by Stomu Yamashta. (9/20/82) (Loews 34th Street Showplace, Loews New York Twin, Waverly, and Criterion Theatres. . . . ¶ Loews 83rd Quad; through Oct. 14.)



**La Terra Trema** (1947)—Luchino Visconti's neo-realist tragedy, set among the exploited Sicilian fishermen, is long and full of political, clichés, and yet in its solemnity and beauty it achieves a true epic vision. The film is lyrical yet austere, and it's beautifully proportioned. It may be the best boring movie ever made: although you might have to get up and stretch a few times, you're not likely to want to leave. Filmed on location in Aci-Trezza, Sicily. Director of photography, G. R. Aldo; camera operator, Gianni di Venanzo. The assistant directors were Francesco Rosi and Franco Zeffirelli. The script is by Visconti. (160 minutes.) In Sicilian dialect. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Oct. 18.)

**Tex**—An oddly quiet, tepid, soft film about adolescent travail in Oklahoma. Making his début as a director, Tim Hunter uses setups that are drably simple, and the locations are hazy—the cinematographer (Ric Waite) might be in some personal watery-pastel fog. The movie has no strong images; everything is flattened out. Yet this adaptation of one of the S. E. Hinton novels that became favorites of high-school kids in the seventies has an amiable, unforced good humor that takes the curse off the film's look and even off its everything-but-the-bloodhounds plot. As the prankish fifteen-year-old Tex, Matt Dillon radiates a mysteriously effortless charm; Dillon has a gift for expressing submerged shifts of feeling—we may feel that we're actually seeing Tex's growth process. The earnest naïveté of this movie has its own kind of emotional fairy-tale magic. Too bad that there's nothing in the very likable "Tex" to make it linger in the mind—it's visually so fuzzy that it drifts away like a TV show. With Jim Metzler as Tex's older brother; Ben Johnson as the heavy; and Meg Tilly, Pamela Ludwig, Bill McKinney, and the author, Susan Hinton, in a bit as the typing teacher. The script is by Charlie Haas and the director. (10/4/82) (Cinema I.)

**To Catch a Thief** (1955)—The later, jaded Hitchcock leans to malice and manner. He gets by with it here, largely because of Cary Grant's elegance as a retired cat burglar, and the luscious, sunny Riviera scenery, and Grace Kelly, who is sexier here than she is in anything else. The suspense plot (reprised in the 1974 "The Return of the Pink Panther") isn't much; there are few thrills in this romantic comedy-thriller—it's no more than a pleasant minor diversion, but it does have a zingy air of sophistication. With Jessie Royce Landis, Charles Vanel, John Williams, and Brigitte Auber. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Oct. 17.)

**The World According to Garp**—The movie version of John Irving's novel, directed by George Roy Hill, from a script by Steve Tesich, has no center; it's a simple series of vignettes, spanning Garp's life from his beginning to his end. Tongues, ears, penises, eyes, lives—everybody on the screen is losing something. If you listen to what Garp (Robin Williams) says, the movie is about love of family; if you look at what happens, though, it's a castration fantasy. With John Lithgow, who gives an appealing performance as the big-bruiser transsexual Roberta Muldoon, Glenn Close as Garp's mother, Mary Beth Hurt as his wife, and, in a bit, Amanda Plummer as Ellen James. (8/23/82) (Olympia Quad. . . . ¶ St. Marks Cinema, Beekman, and Hollywood Twin Cinema 2; through Oct. 14.)

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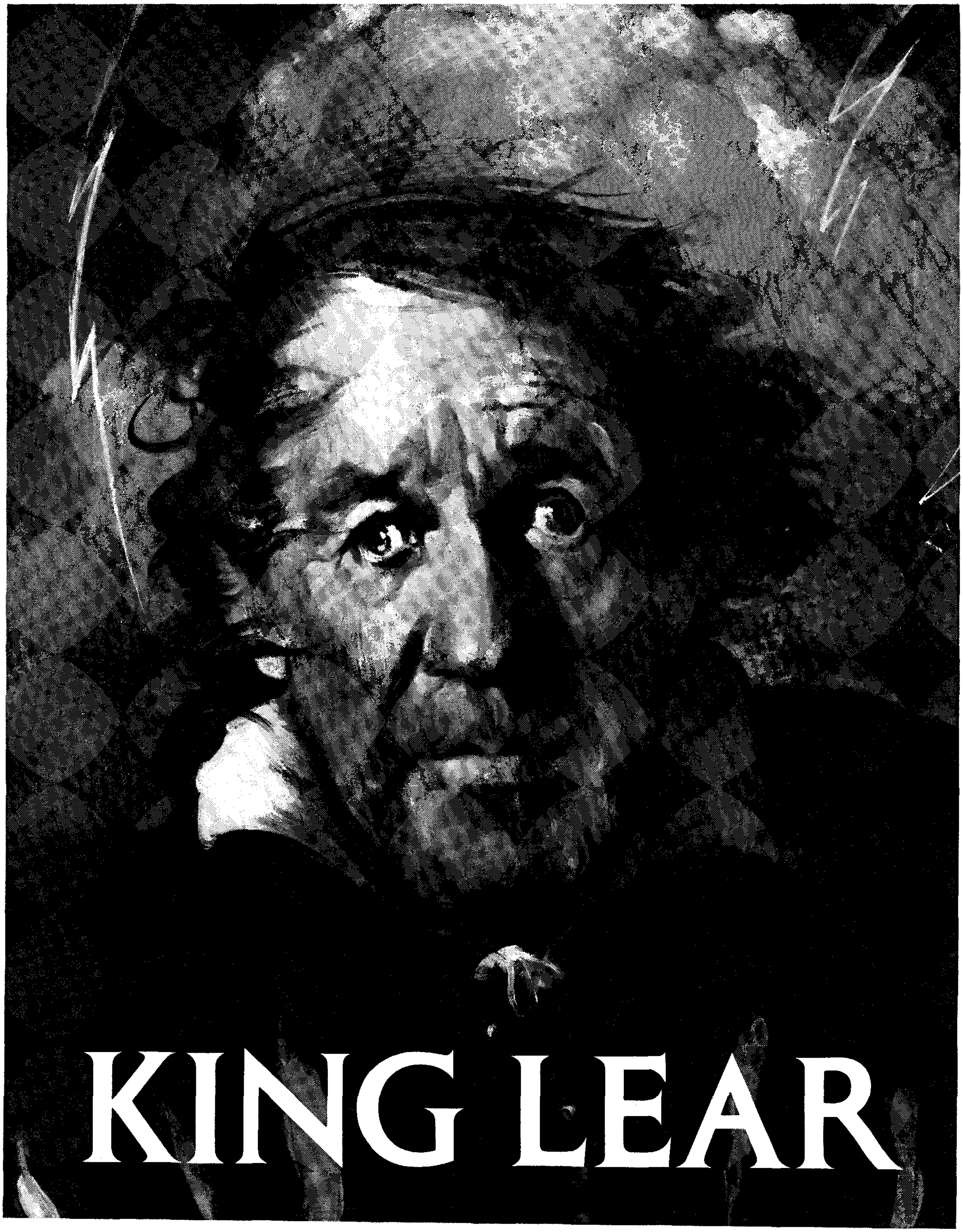

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## WHAT MAKES NEIMAN-MARCUS NEIMAN-MARCUS

*A continuing series*

# Our first official fur buyer's aunt taught him everything she knew.

*Her name? Carrie Marcus Neiman. His name? Stanley Marcus. And since this auspicious beginning, the number of fur buyers we've had can be counted on the fingers of one hand. What did they have in common? An ability to single out the best skins. An eye for the best of fashion. A drive to discover the best new developments. A dedication to the best, period.*

*And that, of course, includes the best value. For example, this year, we did not buy the most expensive bundle of pelts at the Black Willow sale held by the Hudson Bay Co. in New York. We felt a less expensive bundle offered equally outstanding quality at the right price.*

*The right price for Black Willow mink in 1966, however, was a record 1100.00 per pelt. We introduced it to the world that year. It followed in the tradition of other important N-M world debuts ... pastel mink in the 1940's, sapphire mink in the 50's, and many more.*

*But innovation extends further than our discoveries at the fur auctions (which we attend far more often than any other store). It extends to our designs — and even to our way of obtaining them. This year, for example, we have one of the world's foremost designers, Sorbara, creating exclusively for our Salon. This means that you won't see the natural Crown Russian Sable cape we've pictured, coming and going. As a matter of fact, you will only see it on one lucky woman — for it is the only one of its kind in the world.*

*75 years of bringing the world superlative furs might well seem like a long time. But there is another number of which we're equally proud. Although our fur executive staff is relatively small, among them they have over 200 years of questing for the best, Neiman-Marcus style. And, still counting.*

Neiman-Marcus

*Dallas, Fort Worth, Houston, Bal Harbour, Fort Lauderdale, Atlanta, Washington, D.C., Westchester, St. Louis, Northbrook, Il., Oak Brook, Il., Las Vegas, Beverly Hills, Newport Beach, San Diego, and in November San Francisco, Union Square.*

THE NEW YORKER

# THE TALK OF THE TOWN

## *Notes and Comment*

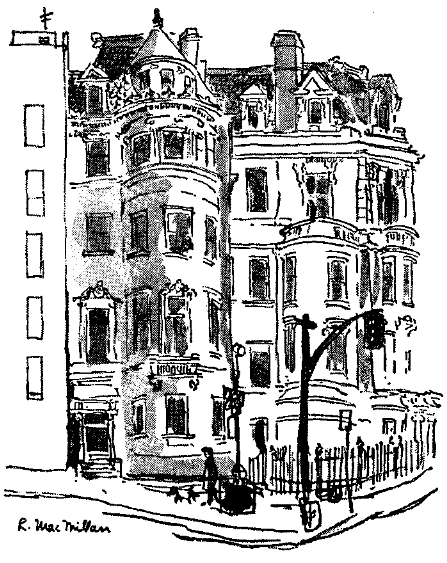
ONCE upon a time, fall, which also used to be called "autumn," began on Labor Day and lasted until Thanksgiving Day, with Halloween and Election Day and Armistice Day in between. In late November, it started to snow a little, and the day after Thanksgiving the stores dazzled us with their Christmas windows: winter had come. This year, reliable forecasters like woolly-bear caterpillars and the Old Farmer's Almanac warned us to expect not only a cold winter but an early one. Sure enough, it arrived in the mail on Monday: Brooks Brothers' Christmas catalogue. We like its cheerful cover—it shows Andrew Jackson, Julie Andrews, and a large poinsettia singing carols in front of a blazing fire with some middle-aged Victorian preppies—but we're going to miss November.

• •

## *Wheels*

ONE hundred and twenty years old! If a man turned a hundred and twenty, all the newspapers would print pictures of him eating cake in the dining room at his retirement community; when the reporters asked, he would say either "Don't burn the candle at both ends" or "Bourbon and water before dinner every night." But our subject is not a person. It was at first a fad, but by now it's an institution, a Frisbee that never fell to earth, a hula hoop that never dropped below the knees. It is: roller-skating in a circle to the accompaniment of music.

The first Americans to do this did it, early in the fall of 1862, in a rink at the corner of Ninth and Stuyvesant Streets. That intersection now boasts instead a parking lot, a futon store, and one building of New York University, but we found skaters nearly everywhere else we looked in the city. Some were waiting on tables at West Side bistros; some were delivering parcels in midtown. Central Park had the highest ratio of skaters to general population. There duffers abounded; we spent an anguished few minutes watching a young woman struggle up a slight grade—a feat she accomplished only with the aid of one park bench after another. However, just a few hundred yards from where she was making the easy seem Sisyphean a group was making "Good grief!" skating appear simultaneously effortless and extremely risky. Its members—there were fifteen or twenty of them—were skating around a small oval painted on a stretch of pavement east of the Sheep Meadow; surrounding them stood a crowd of at least a hundred, many of whom were carrying suitcase-size radios. By common agreement (there were no park rangers in sight, no signs listing rules), all the radio-toters blasted the same station—usually WBLS, but once in a while WKTU. To the beat of the music, the skaters showed their stuff, which was hot. Some danced in complicated little circles all the way around the oval; others swooped at full speed down the straightaways and entered the turns with spinning leaps; one man pulled his partner through his legs, as in the jitterbug, except that they were both on skates and each clutched a can of Budweiser. One remarkable aspect of all this was that despite the obstacles posed by cramped quarters and varying speeds, styles, and degrees of proficiency no one tripped over anyone else, and an even more remarkable thing was that no one got the least bit angry. It looked almost as if they were filming a commercial.



No one knows the precise date on which James Plimpton (the man who invented the "rocking," or steerable, roller skate) opened that first roller club, but many of the sport's movers and shakers gathered on September 21st at the Roxy, on West Eighteenth Street, to commemorate the occasion. The Roxy would befuddle Mr. Plimpton—it is a roller disco, which means that the management turns the music up very, very loud and flashes a variety of lights, including a neon comet-above-Manhattan motif. A sculpture, coated in mirrors, of a scantily clad female skater dangles from the ceiling. Still, the general principle is unchanged from 1862: people skate in the same direction, have a good time, and watch out for the small fraction of their fellows who are overweight and hence sometimes have trouble stopping.

The world artistic-roller-skating champions, all of whom are Americans, arrived at the Roxy fresh from a big international competition at Bremerhaven, West Germany. They are a dedicated lot. Twenty-five-year-old Kathleen DiFelice, for instance, the reigning world ladies' singles champion, began roller-skating at a birthday party when she was ten, and she practices from three to six hours a day. Competitive roller-skating, she insists, is just as tough and demanding as its more glamorous cousin, ice-skating, but offers few of the same material rewards. "When we're done competing, the only thing we can get into is teaching roller-skating," she said. "As soon as some people think of roller-skating, they think of roller derby. That's disgusting. Money is the real reason ice-skating is so much more famous. In order to ice-skate, you have to have a lot of money. And people with a lot of money are the ones who get things done." Toward the end of the evening, the various champions staged an exhibition. They drew lots of cheers, especially when the men on the pairs teams lifted the women over their heads.

Baseball has Cooperstown; roller-skating has Chester Fried. Wherever Chester goes, he lugs along two suitcases full of memorabilia. He had lugged them to the Roxy, of course, and there he showed us programs from the world championships of the early nineteen-forties; several leaflets about a long-extinct roller version of the "Ice Capades;" a sheaf of pictures of roller-skating stars; and several primitive roller skates, all of them cumbersome and heavy. "I also have stickers and postcards from every rink there has ever been in New York City," he said. There is a stationary museum of roller-skating, Chester told us. "It's in Lincoln, Nebraska, which is a nice, quiet town. You can roller-skate down O Street and not get hit by cars. And some of the garages have great ramps." (When we called the Lincoln museum with a few questions, the people there referred us to Chester.) Concerned as he is with the past of the sport, Chester also looks to its future, which he sees as bright. "It costs a thousand dollars a week to keep the ice frozen at an ice-skating rink," he said. "It's like a large freezer that's constantly running. If you turn it into a roller rink, it's energyless!"

Chester introduced us to another roller booster, Walter Carter, who owns five rinks in Virginia, and who presides over the Roller Skating Rink Operators Association, a group representing twenty-three hundred rinks. He gave us a brochure called "Who Roller Skates?" Though it didn't list all the names, it did disclose that one of every four American households houses a roller skater, and that, according to one study, when adults took up roller-skating seventy-seven per cent "showed improved self-esteem" and ninety-two per cent "recorded lower anxiety levels." Mr. Carter told us, "The thing about roller-skating is that it appeals to the whole family—teen, pre-teen, and adult. At my rinks, we'll clear the floor for couples only, and then maybe we'll play a roller-skating game. We have a lot of fun. Roller-skating had a couple of really boom years in '79, '80, and the first part of '81, what with the roller-disco thing and then all the beautiful people discovering the sport. But now we're going back to our roots—family fun."

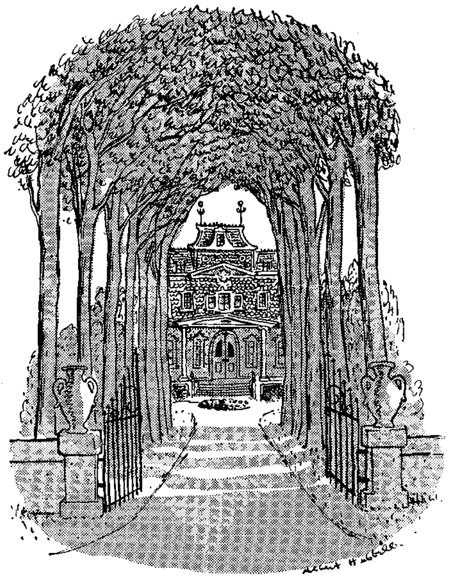
## *Capuchin Aides*

A BOX on a page of the AAZPA Newsletter (American Association of Zoological Parks and Aquariums) said:

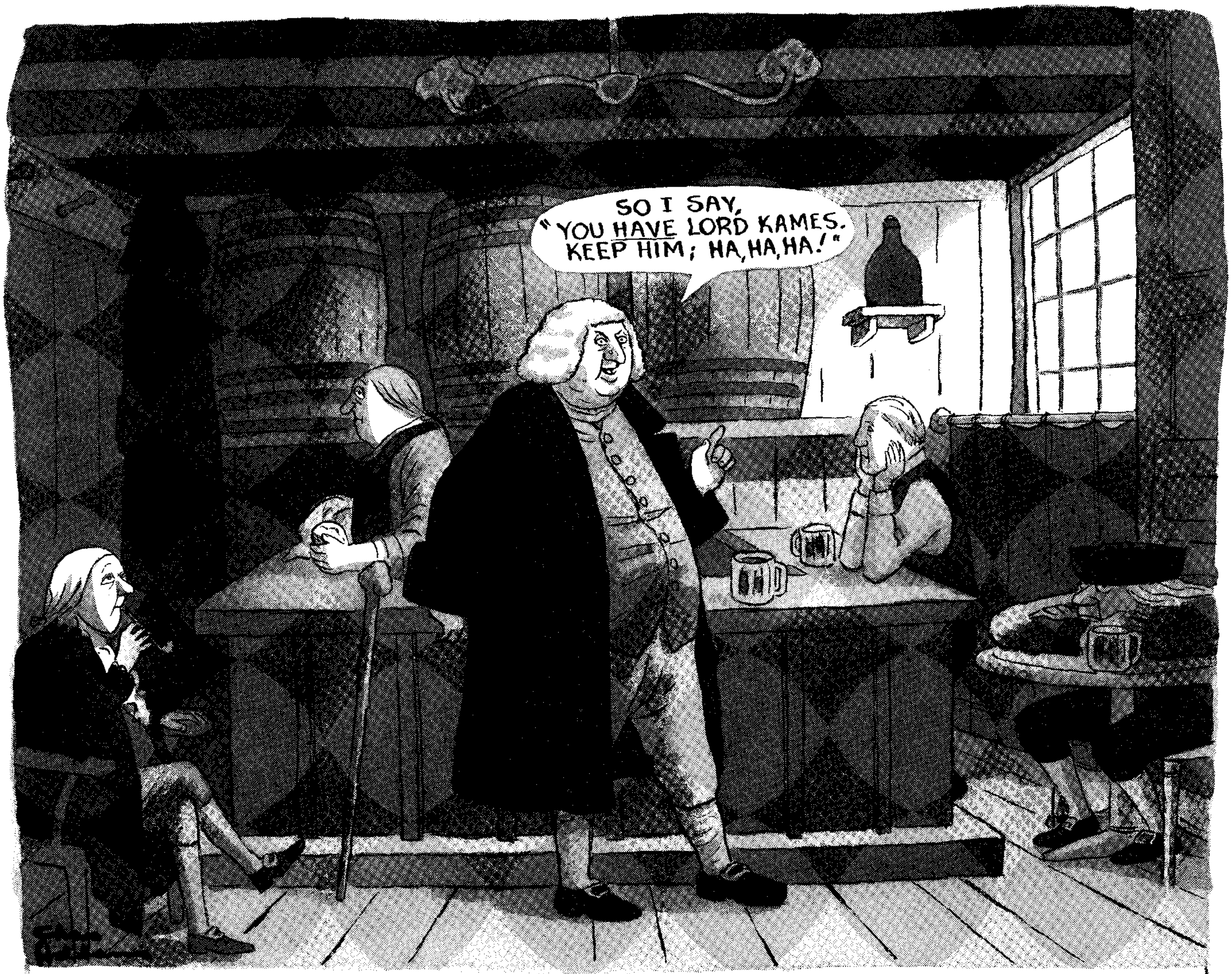
> CAPUCHINS NEEDED AS AIDES
>
> Capuchins can be trained to act as aides for people paralyzed from the shoulders down. They can be taught to open doors, retrieve objects, turn on lights, load a tape recorder, and place a book on a reading stand. Tame female Capuchins are sought for this project.... If you have socialized Capuchins available or come into contact with pet owners seeking a good home for their monkeys, please call Dr. M. J. Willard.

The address given for Dr. Willard was the Albert Einstein College of Medicine, the Bronx.

Any regular reader of the AAZPA Newsletter would be aware that in its pages "Capuchins" refers not to monks of a certain religious order but to small monkeys of the genus *Cebus*, from Central and South America, who are so named because the hair on the heads of some species, especially if it is black, resembles monks' hoods or cowls. (The resemblance between the words "monk" and "monkey," however, is completely fortuitous.) People of a certain age, and people living in certain cities, of which New Orleans is one, would recognize capuchins as organ-grinder monkeys. They are the small creatures carried about by their owners on barrel organs, dressed in gaudy little jackets and caps with military straps under their chins. When the organ-grinder has played a tune and thinks that the crowd he has gathered is sufficient, he signals the monkey, and the animal snatches off his cap and makes the rounds of the listeners, holding it out for money. The monkey hands the money to the organ-grinder, the organ-grinder gives him a tidbit when he hops back on the organ, and the little outfit moves on to the next corner. Obviously, we thought, capuchins are tractable to a certain degree—but as sickroom aides? We decided to investigate, and called Dr. Willard, who agreed not only to explain the program to us but to take us where we could see it in operation.



We found Dr. Willard in her office, in the Van Etten portion of the Bronx Municipal Hospital—an office she was sharing with one of the monkeys, a pretty little animal weighing perhaps five pounds, who danced about lightly on desk and chairs and occasionally gave a passing kick at her cage, in a corner. As she danced, she squealed—or, rather, trilled and chirped, much like a bird. "She's only half trained," said Dr. Willard, who is herself not very large, not very old, and very pretty. "We prefer females, because male capuchins, even when they're quite young, tend to be less manageable and to bite more readily. Even the females, as they mature, grow long canine teeth, which have to be removed, because they can do real damage. I'm a psychologist. As a student, I worked under Dr. B. F. Skinner, who, as you probably know, is a famous behaviorist, and under his guidance I learned a lot about animals. Then I got into doing therapy, and came to see so much of disabled people—paraplegics,


SO I SAY, "YOU HAVE LORD KAMES. KEEP HIM; HA, HA, HA!"

Dr. Johnson gets off a good one.

• •

whose legs are paralyzed, and quadriplegics, who can't move legs or arms and are really in a tough spot. I suppose one of the reasons this struck me so hard is that we have lots more quadriplegics nowadays than we used to. In the old days, especially in times of war, quadriplegics usually died, because nothing could be done for them. Now we can save them. So here they are, and they need a lot of attention. Unless you've seen it for yourself, you don't realize how much attention they must have. It's quite a problem."

The monkey, trilling, leaped up on a bookcase, which, we noticed, was garnished with rather large white stickers. Dr. Willard said sharply to her "No!" and flourished a foot-long instrument, whereupon the monkey leaped down.

"She knows she mustn't go up on that shelf, because of the white stickers," Dr. Willard explained. "This thing buzzes a little mechanism she wears on her tail, and the buzz is a warning. If she ignores it, I can also give her a mild, harmless electric shock, and she doesn't ignore that. The reward for good behavior is sugar-flavored powder. This reinforcement system is Skinner's, of course."

"Were the capuchins your own idea?" we asked.

"Yes," said Dr. Willard. "It grew out of one of the cases I was involved with—a quadriplegic. Such a young man, so good about his situation, patient, and so helpless. I was obsessed by him. I wondered if an animal of some sort couldn't be trained to help, rather as Seeing Eye dogs are trained to help blind people. In fact, I did a lot of research on the Seeing Eye program before I started on capuchins. At first, I thought it might be feasible to use chimpanzees, but I knew nothing at all about primates, and when I asked Dr. Skinner what he thought about that he gave me a few facts—what chimps weigh when they grow up, how strong they are, that sort of thing—and he said, 'If I were you I'd try something smaller, like capuchins.' That seemed a better idea all around. Funding, of course, was the problem, as it always is. I looked everywhere for monetary support. You would be amazed at people's reactions. They said it would be demeaning to use monkeys in the program. Some said that it was sickening, that it would make the world laugh—all that kind of thing. It's fascinating, by the way, to discover that a lot of objections just like these were raised at the beginning of the Seeing Eye program. Well, I finally got two thousand dollars, from Tufts Medical School, where I was working, and I was able to make a beginning. I bought two monkeys, and then, when they were well along in their training, I bought two more. But training is very expensive—it costs from five thousand to eight thousand dollars to train, equip, and place one capuchin—and at this time we don't charge the clients. I couldn't go on without more money. Lots and lots of societies turned us down, but at last the Paralyzed Veterans of America came to the rescue with funding, and they still provide it. At the moment, we have three working monkeys and three being trained—this one and two others. The case I'm taking you to see, in Rockland County, has one of the monkeys we consider a working animal, though she's still not quite perfect. Shall we go?"

She told the squeaking, chirruping monkey to get back into her cage, and the animal did so without any fuss.

"How do you house-train her, by the way?" we asked.

"Reinforcement," said Dr. Willard. "We had one difficulty: she didn't like to go into her cage to take care of things. So we set up this apparatus"—she indicated a smaller structure near the cage—"and it works all right."

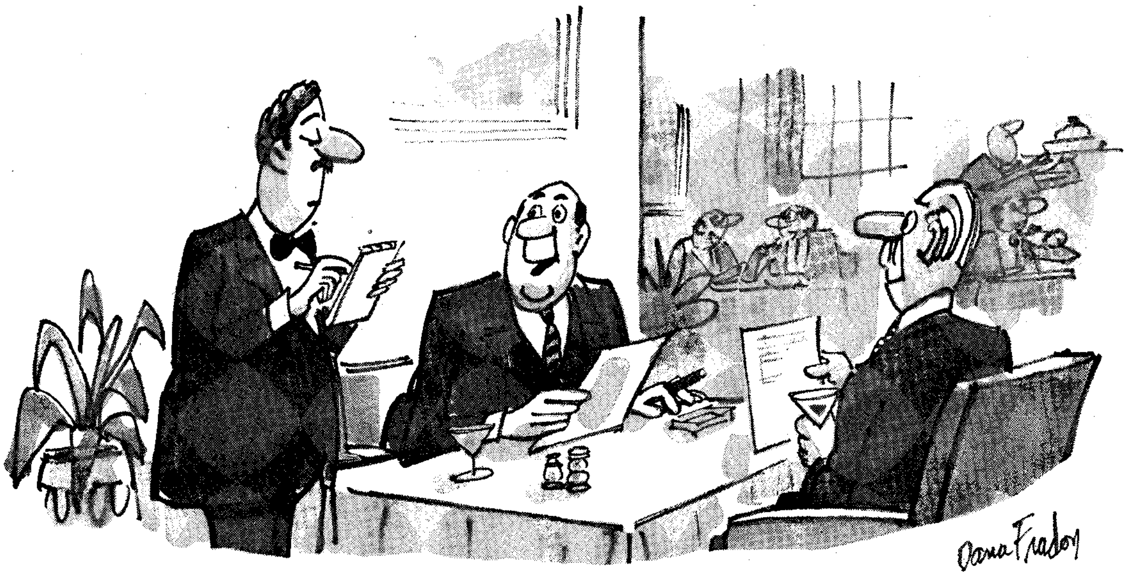
On the drive out, she told us that Greg, the patient we were going to see, who is now eighteen, hurt himself two years ago diving into a river. The river at that point was much shallower than he expected—some companions, who had dived in close by, did not hit bottom and were not injured. For a time, the family coped, though with the greatest difficulty, with moving him around, even getting him to school—Greg has just graduated from high school—but it couldn't go on. "One of his brothers has been an invaluable help, and Greg's got an electric wheelchair that he can activate with his mouth," said the Doctor. "But, as you can perhaps imagine, it's pretty rough. It's very hard on all of them. After the accident, they decided they would have to move, and they did—from their two-story house to this one, where it's been possible to adapt a whole wing for Greg and his wheelchair. But his mother has never been able to get away. She once told me that for all those months she herself became a quadriplegic—that's what it amounted to. There are so many things a person needs all the time. They didn't have a great deal of money, so a nurse—that is, a human nurse—who could stand by all day was out of the question. We hope the capuchin will fill in on a lot of the little duties, and in many ways she already does, after about five weeks with the patient. She can fetch cold drinks from the refrigerator, for instance, and bring books. Greg is taking a computer course right now, and is studying hard. It would be wonderful if he could hold a job, and there is really no reason he can't."

Greg is a good-looking blond boy with a mustache. His brother, who was with him when their mother, Beverly, led us into Greg's room, looks remarkably like him. Willie, the monkey (female, in spite of her name), lives in a cage in one corner, but she was out and about when we entered. She immediately darted at Beverly's ankles.

"She's been developing that behavior only lately," said Dr. Willard. "Greg, you should give her a shock every time she does it. It won't take long to eradicate it."

"I know," said Greg. "But something's wrong with the handle here."

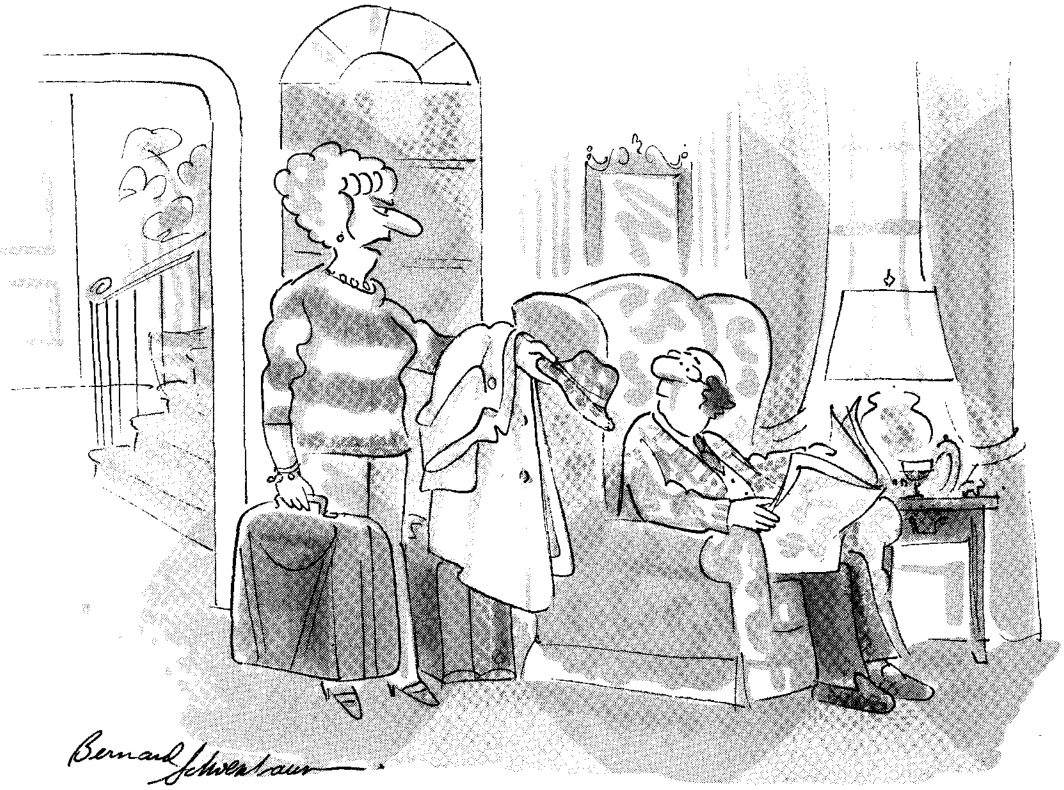
They studied the mechanism and discussed what was needed. We, too, looked at it, and at other electric fitments and levers that Greg can handle with his teeth. Among them is one that enables him to aim a laser light at whatever nearby object he needs—a book or a cup, say. What looks like a red spark shows the monkey what is wanted. Chirruping, trilling, and twittering, Willie leaped about the room. She exhibited her skills: following directions, she opened a little refrigerator door and brought Greg a plastic container of water, put a tube in the water and placed the tube's other end in his mouth; she brought him a book that he indicated with the red spark, and put in his mouth a mouthstick, tipped with rubber, with which he can turn pages; and, theoretically, she did these things while avoiding places marked with white stickers like the ones we had seen in Dr. Willard's office. She didn't accomplish all the tasks perfectly or at the first try. Occasionally, she dropped everything in favor of leaping about, threatening us by opening her mouth and jerking back and forth as if to jump at us, and generally rebelling. "No, Willie!" Greg would cry. (Dr. Willard had told us that one of the promising reactions Greg had evinced was to propose training the monkey himself whenever that was possible.) If he sounded really angry and pressed the shocker that stung her tail, Willie leaped of her own volition into her cage and slammed the door against the world that had offended her. But very soon she came out again, ready for more action. Finally, as if she had worked off some of her surplus energy, she went up to Greg and started to groom his hair and mustache, sort-



*"I'll have the Lew Lehrman lunch."*

ing through them. There was affectionate peace in the room.

"It takes a few weeks," said Dr. Willard, "but in time a genuine attachment develops—on both sides."



*"Edward, would you kindly get out of that chair, put on your hat and coat, and grab your bags? You're leaving me."*

• •

## *Launched*

PRINCE EGON VON FÜRSTENBERG threw a party at Studio 54 to celebrate the opening of his menswear shop on Madison Avenue. Inside, a crowd of invited dinner guests stood around in the red-tinged semidarkness near the bar. They clutched cold, wet bottles of Fürstenberg beer and listened as a group of gypsy fiddlers played a succession of deeply melancholy tunes. The musicians stood swaying under crisscrossed beams of white light—men in gaudy embroidered tunics, with well-oiled blue-black hair and pencil mustaches that looked like lines of burnt cork. The dance floor had been lit up, specially covered with a painted black-and-white checkerboard pattern—for an ancestral-halls effect—and set with tables where candles flickered in tall silver epergnes among exuberant sheaves of flowers. Many of the heads and shoulders silhouetted against this bright scene seemed to belong to young men, and many of these looked a lot like their host, a handsome young man with sharp European shoulder padding and mustachios like a hussar's.

One of the troupe of doubles proved to be von Fürstenberg's business partner, Marc Janecki. He looked at us with surprise when we asked him to tell us about the Prince. "Did you say you live in New York?" he asked. "Let me see," he went on. "The title's German, and quite legit. School in Switzerland. Then Lazard Frères. Buyer for Korvettes. Mexican and Japanese licenses. Now his own menswear boutique. And you've heard of his wife, I guess. They're split but not divorced."

The legit Prince was moving among the throng, kissing people and smiling with white teeth. He squeezed the tailored shoulders of the men; the white arms of women, washed with rosy light, reached up around his neck and pulled his curly head down. "Do you know Egon?" asked a voice beside us, which proved to be that of a woman with long, dark hair. "Almost everyone does." There was a ripple at the edge of the crowd, and a young woman from *Women's Wear* wheeled and headed off with her photographer at a trot. "Diane von Fürstenberg just arrived," said the dark-haired woman. "Egon tells me I look like her. Do *you* think I look like her?"

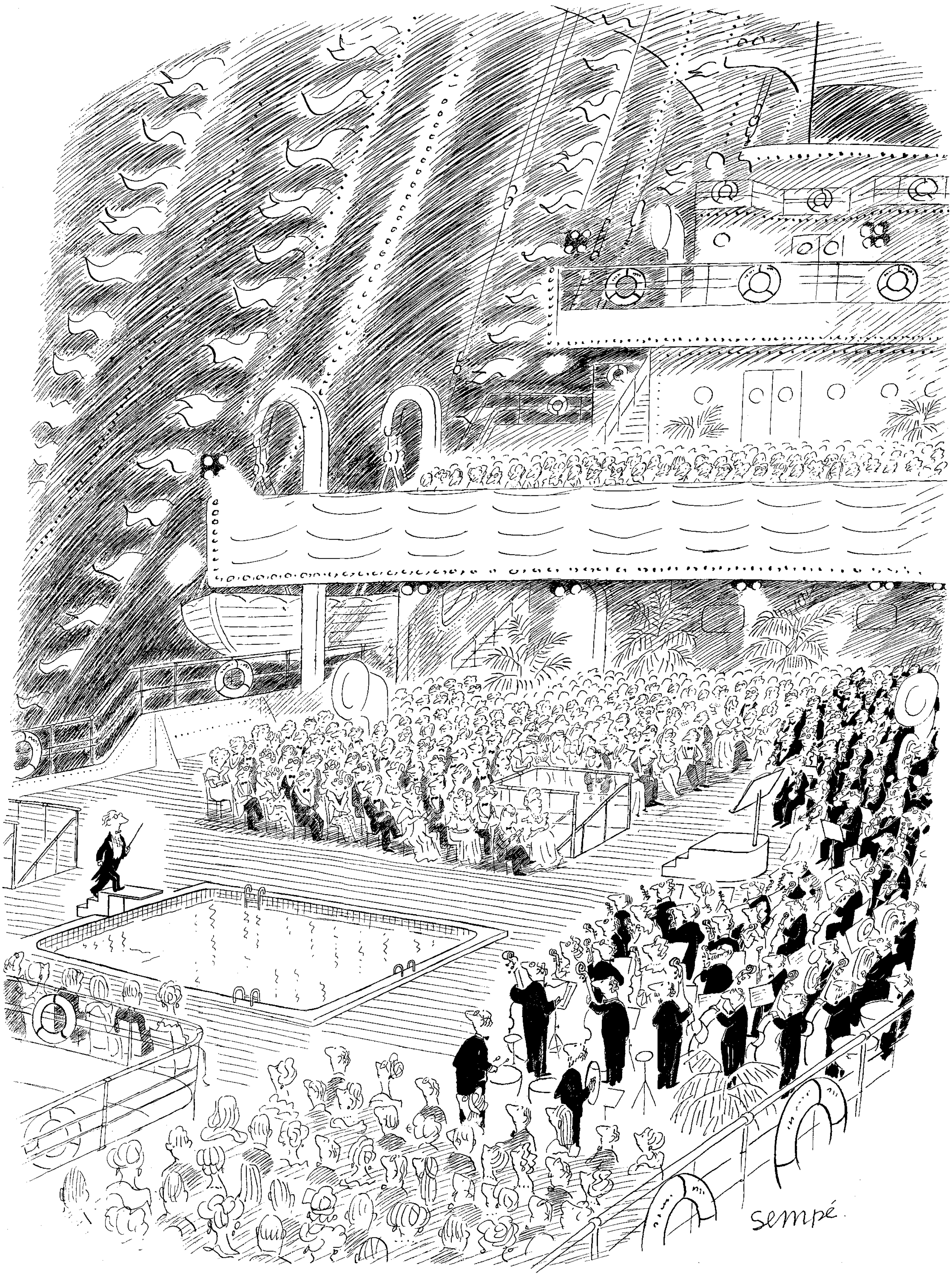
Above the guests' heads, at dinner, were giant banners in the Prince's family colors of blue, red, black, gold, and white, and also monumental, fuzzy video images of Egon wearing his menswear on the grounds of the family *Schloss*. Then Egon's face hovered over his guests in closeup—the smile and the mustache a full six feet across—as they went on talking in various European languages and eating pheasant with ginger and prunes. A young woman seated near us, with a heart-shaped face and with delicate shoulders emerging from a strapless blue satin dress, turned out to be Hungarian—a discovery we made when she requested a tune in a lively, incomprehensible consultation with the leader of the gypsy musicians. They lined up beside her—like a row of Russian wooden dolls, with their painted-on hair—and, tucking their instruments under their chins, vied with each other in launching at her from under their brows the most sorrowing, passionate gaze.

Then came dessert, amid what was by now an almost overwhelming smell of candle-warmed gardenias and roses, and Egon von Fürstenberg was getting easily to his feet, wineglass in hand. "This is just the beginning, for the business," he said.

"Yea, Egon!" said someone.

"Yea, Studio 54!" said someone else.

Then the Prince drained his glass and hurled it to the floor, and, taking the hand of the girl in blue satin (who was, they said, his cousin Princess Kathleen Windschraetz), demonstrated the czardas, a dance that had been popular in the old Austro-Hungarian Empire. The dance was full of stamps, twirls, and polkalike flourishes, and the now grinning fiddlers gave the performance their all.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AT HOME. Self-contained forty-eight-hour timer lets it tell itself when forty-eight hours have elapsed, after which timer resets itself automatically. All you do is hide in a closet. Later, use the microwave transponder attachment to receive hitherto unavailable signals from turkeys, roasts, and hams. When no one is home, it plays both eight-track and cassette recordings, switches lights and appliances on and off, and displays random words in Italian on its high-resolution screen. The KL-1000 wards off burglars all night long by announcing, in a voice mathematically similar to your own, "We're awake . . . we're awake . . ." Then, in the morning, it counts your pushups, uses all the hot water, and ignores you at the table. Coffee? Of course. There's even some for you. And don't worry about getting dressed—it gets dressed for everyone, then dials ten frequently called telephone numbers and leaves a short inspirational message in your name. All you do is stay undressed, watch, and go back to bed.

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A DEVICE of state-of-the-art convenience, the KL-1000 has already projected your technological needs and, with funds transferred from your checking or savings account, has purchased itself. It has already expedited its own delivery.

Indeed, the KL-1000 is already in your home or office—over there, near that lamp. It is already on line, shredding potatoes and complaining about your posture, automatically. All you do is nothing. Just set it at "HIGH" and run away. You'll never have to do anything else for as long as it lives.

—ELLIS WEINER

# PASSCHENDAELE

CAMERON preferred to keep away from the eastern border of his land, because it ran the entire length of a ridgeline on high meadows that dropped away into the alluring darkness of Sanderson's pine-filled woods. The terrain was little different on one side of the ridge or the other. Soft clearings floated among the dark evergreens; long meadows on mountainsides stretched for benevolent mile after benevolent mile, covered with wild flowers in spring and deep snow in winter; and mountain streams, which Cameron knew some people called freshets or torrents (and which he called water), cut through everything, tumbling down, roaring through small gorges, until they became the calm black water of the larger rivers. And if not quite pacified, they were saddened, for the mountains were behind them and there would be no more white falls or breathlessly cold channels but just slow water that had run its course through air once blue.

The presence of a fence in such a place was hard to understand, as the land on either side was much the same, except that one side was Cameron's and the other Sanderson's. But, for Cameron, Sanderson's tranquil clearings, meadows, and woods were magically animate and electrified, because he was in love with Sanderson's wife.

The near and distant forest across the wire was much like Mrs. Sanderson herself—beyond reach, oblivious of what he thought or felt, and extraordinarily, painfully, beautiful. The chance that he would see her on the fence line was remote: he never had, and expected that he never would. There were too many open miles, and the scale of things in that country, British Columbia, in the Stanford Range, did not encourage incidental meetings, though it would have harbored easily a hundred million well-protected trysts. It was only that the meadows led to her, the clearings and woods surrounded her, she had ridden through them, and they were hers. Even though he was in his middle age and she not far behind, he loved her without control or dignity, the way he would have loved her had he been nineteen.

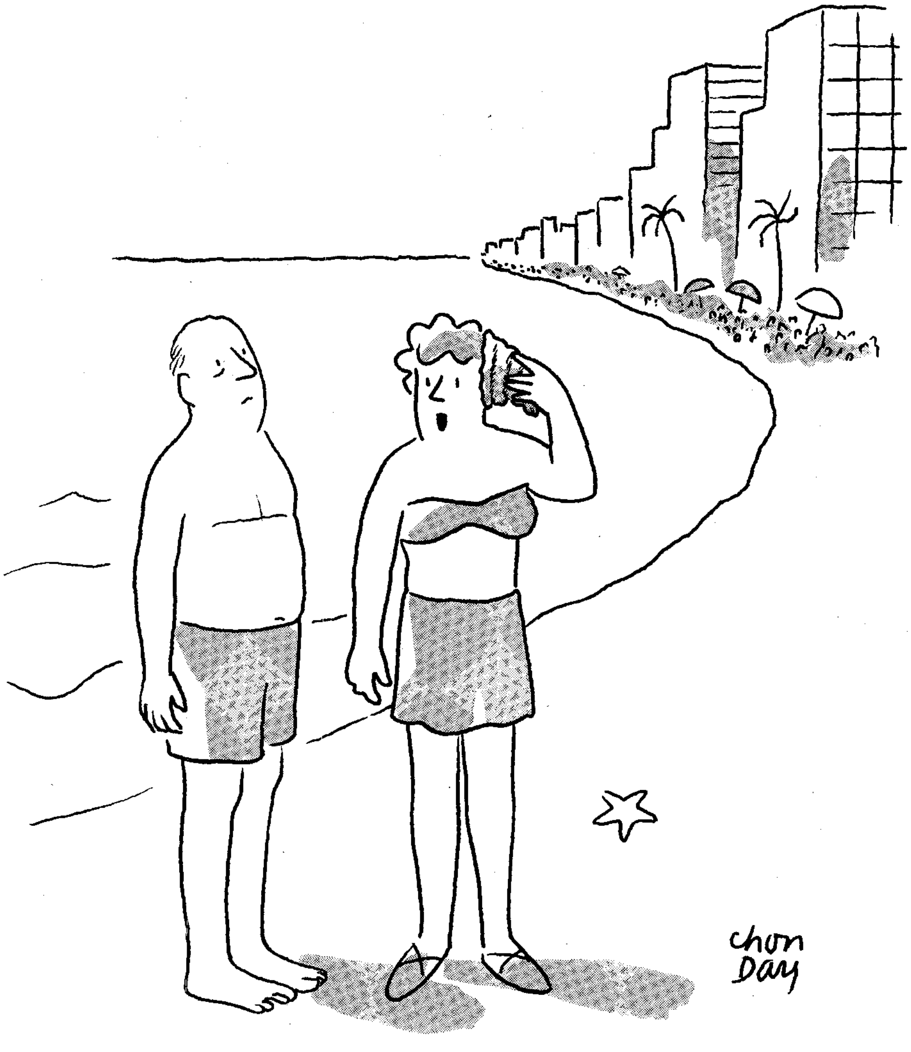
Several times a year, Cameron had to repair the fences on the eastern side, because much of the wire was not new, and would rust to powder if left in place. Some of the posts were set in wet ground and tended to rot, staggering like the wounded, tilting the fence and tangling its wires. Sometimes a steer broke through, possessed, perhaps, with madness or fear. And bears tore up the lines, like raiders attacking a railway, so purposefully that their work would have been easy to confuse with that of a man, had they not always left behind their unmistakable tracks.

The eastern side was the higher side. That portion of Cameron's land rose in the direction of Mt. King George and Mt. Joffre, mountains on which there were glaciers and perpetual snowfields. It was the difficult and slow side as well, because it was so inaccessible and high. He had to ride in on horseback and bring the wire along in a coil wrapped in rawhide. Any posts needed for replacement had to be cut on the spot, with an axe. If a hole had to be sunk, he had to do it with a folding shovel, since the gasoline-powered auger he carried in his truck was far too heavy to bring up onto the eastern ridge. All in all, the eastern side was difficult in many ways.

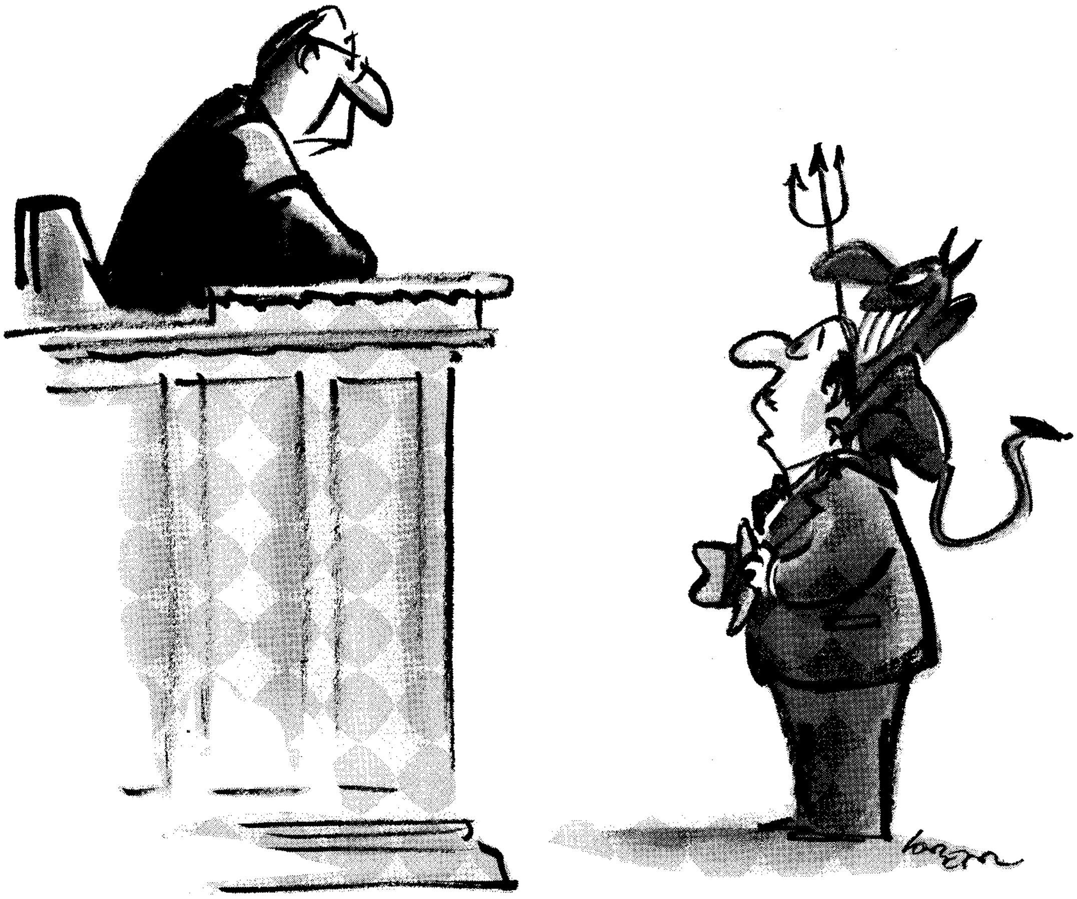
FOR three days in June, Cameron had ridden the fence, leaving before the sun came up, returning home at dusk, and he had been lucky. There were only a few posts to be pounded in with the heel of the axe; a few dozen slipped wires, fixed with a bent double-edged nail and some hammer blows; and some partial breaks, mostly of the top wire, which was stressed more than the others by temperature contractions or drifting snow.

The fourth day, he judged, would be his last up there, and he might get home late in the afternoon instead of at eight or nine, knowing that he would not have to go out east again until the fall (to bring in the steers), when he was likely to see Sanderson on the other side of the fence, doing the same thing that he was doing.

By one in the afternoon, he had risen to the higher meadows, where there were not many trees and he



*"For heaven's sake. It's John Houseman."*



“Guilty, with an explanation, Your Honor.”

could see just about everything, including the valley that led eventually to Sanderson’s house, and faint trails of smoke from the Sandersons’ fire. Or perhaps they were branding, curing meat, or burning deadwood. Ahead for six miles or so was the rest of the fence. It ended in the northeast, flat up against a vertical rock wall half a thousand feet high.

No mountain goat, much less a steer, could have bent his neck to see the top of that wall. Though they had no one to tell them about the danger of falling rocks, or lightning that slithered down the face, and though presumably they had no historical memory and could not conclude by either logic or deduction that it was dangerous, the steers kept clear of the foot of the wall, wisely, even though the grass there was richer and greener than it was anywhere else. And, for some unknown reason, perhaps because bears in high meadows are happier than bears in the woods, at this altitude they were content to use the baffles, and seldom tore at the wire. The last six had always been the easiest of the miles, and they were surely the most beautiful.

When Cameron was young, when it was still his father’s place, and he had yet to marry, he had loved to finish riding fences at the sheer wall in the northeast corner. At that time, the adjoining ranch was owned by the Reeds, whose son, several years older than Cameron, was killed at Passchendaele.

“You know what?” young Reed had once said to the even younger Cameron. “Everyone’s talking about how dangerous it will be in the war. But I’m not worried about that at all. I’m worried about the fact that a certain number of years after I come back I’ll be so old that I’ll be supposed to die. I don’t like that idea, so I’ve decided that I’m not going to die.”

“Ever?” Cameron had asked, wondering what the older boy was up to.

“Ever” was Reed’s answer. “Or should I say never.” And then he had smiled in such a way as to make young Cameron think that, even if his friend were excessively foolish, he was excessively brave.

Cameron himself had longed to go, but was too young; and, much later, discovered that he had become a man only when he stopped envying Charles S. R. Reed for having been killed in battle. During the First War, and for the many years thereafter until the Sandersons came from Scotland, the eastern side had been for Cameron a lovely isolated place with a life of its own. He would spend days in the forests there, or on the high meadows, and, if the weather was good, would be taken up entirely by nature.

Fiercely in its grip, in the trance of youth, in the sunshine at eight thousand feet, he could go for days like an animal—not ever thinking, but riding, leaping, plunging into the ice-cold pools and glacier melts, stalking birds and game—with the same eyes and heart as a bear, an elk, or a horse. But only until the weather turned, for when it was gray and rainy, or sleeting in June, and when the awesome thunderheads stopped their artillery in the distance and passed overhead to drench and freeze him, he thought and calculated with a city dweller’s devotion to thinking and calculation. Nothing was what it was, simply, but became instead the symbol or the part of something else. Time forced its own consideration. Ambition reigned, as did disharmony. But when he was sixteen, eighteen, or twenty, the disturbances, like the storms, were dispelled and forgotten in one blue morning.

That was before Reed sold out to the Sandersons, in the middle of the Depression; not because he was hard pressed but because he had never stopped grieving for his son. “There’s nothing wrong with war,” the senior Reed had said to Cameron, when young Charles S. R. Reed had been five months gone toward Passchendaele, “except that it destroys the ones you love. I fought against the Boer in South Africa—I volunteered to go because I was madly in love and I wanted to be worthy. I shouldn’t have spoken of it to my son. But if I hadn’t, he would have gone anyway, for he, too, was in love. I just hope that he comes back to me alive.”

It was said, on no specific authority,

that the elder Reed disappeared to some city, where he was bitter and alone; that the Sandersons had paid him a good price; and that Mrs. Sanderson's family was wealthy enough to have given the young couple a wedding present of a thousand acres of the most beautiful land in the world. However, their wealth could not have matched the gossip, since Reed sold off the best three-quarters of his herd, and the Sandersons lived until the end of the Second War in a painful frugality that elsewhere might have been called poverty.

But on those thousand acres there was in Cameron's eyes no such thing as poverty, even if the lady of the house possessed only a single dress for summer, and a worn one at that. There was no poverty for them, even if they had few luxuries, no telephone, no electricity. And to wash they had had to take water from a stream, heat it over a wood fire, and pour it into a huge gold-rimmed porcelain bowl that, before it was chipped, had probably been a salad bowl in a hotel or railroad buffet, since on it in ornate gilt lettering were the initials C.P.R.

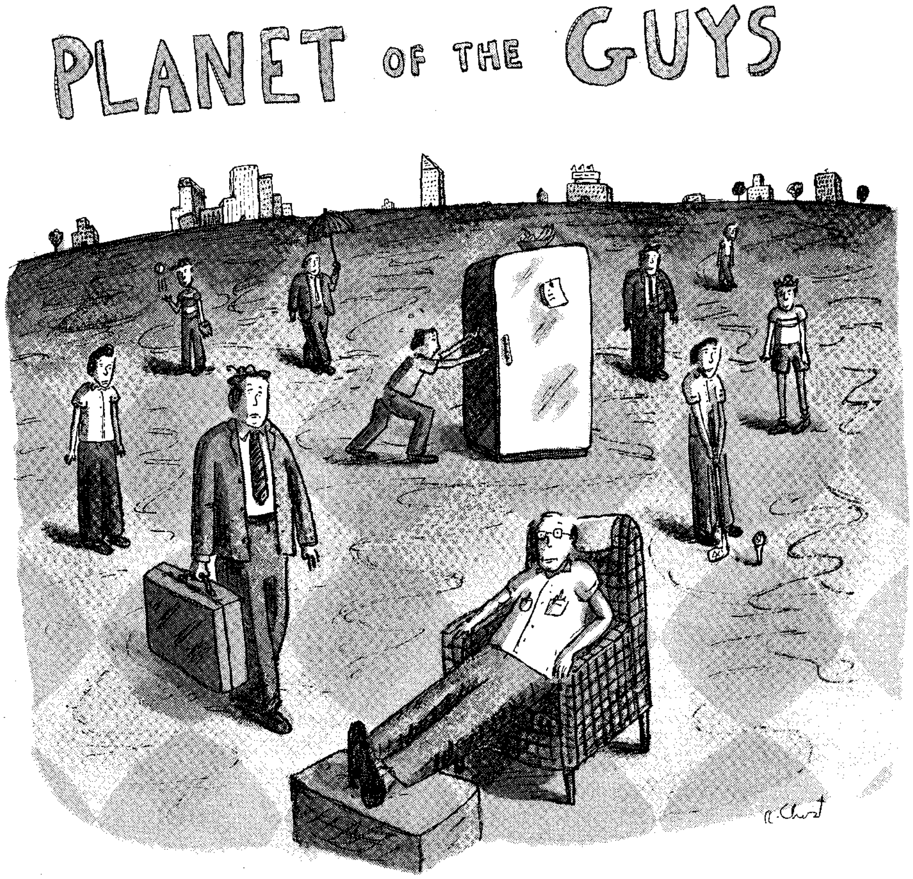
That bowl had come to mean something to Cameron, the way material objects do to people in bad weather or big cities, or to people in love. He remembered it because she had been standing by it, with her hand touching the rim, the first time he had ever seen her—on a cold mountain-summer morning in 1935.

SANDERSON had been in the mountains for a year or more before Cameron had encountered him on the ridge, mending the fence. Cameron rode up, dismounted, and watched in silence. No matter that for ten miles in any direction they were the only two beings that could talk. Neither spoke.

Every now and then, the recently arrived Scotsman looked up at the man on the other side of the fence, who stared at him in unexplained amusement. But he would be damned before he would speak first to an uncivil Canadian who had lived in the wilderness since birth and probably had little more in his head than had a bear or a wild ram.

For half an hour, Cameron watched his new neighbor diligently mend the fence. Either someone had shown Sanderson how, or he had thought it out himself, but his splices would last as long as the steel. Cameron thought that if he would be forgiven for not speaking, he had found a friend.

Just as Sanderson finished and was about to mount his horse, Cameron said, "Will you send me a bill, then? Or are you a monk from some religious order, doing the Lord's work in mufti?"



"I beg your pardon?" the Scotsman asked in such a heavy accent that Cameron immediately realized how he had known about mending fences: he, too, was a countryman.

"I was just wondering if you were a travelling monk."

"And why would you wonder that?" Sanderson replied coldly.

"It's either something like that or you're uncommonly generous. Anyway, you have my thanks."

Sanderson looked at the fence.

"Right," said Cameron. "It's mine."

"I've been working on the bastard for four days now," Sanderson said bitterly. "Why isn't it marked?"

"It's not the custom here. You should have asked."

"Reed told me that I had to keep up the southern and western fences."

"No," Cameron said, shaking his head. "South and east, hereabouts, most of the time. When you get into Alberta, it changes. There are people straddling the provincial border who don't have to worry about any fences. They're on the line where ways of doing things meet, and they reap the benefits. Of course, it could have been just the reverse, too, and I'm sure that in some places there are those who have to tend their wire in all directions. We're both lucky, though, in our way. We share the north wall. I've got a lot of river on my property as well, and there's no fence like a fast deep river."

"Now I know," Sanderson said. "You can take over from here. Maybe I'll send you a bill."

"You can send it if you'd like. Doesn't mean that I'll pay it though."

"Don't worry about it," Sanderson said as he got on his horse. Although Sanderson appeared to be in no mood to talk, Cameron suspected that Sanderson regarded him as a gentle adversary, and Cameron believed that there was never a better means for a man to make a friend than in a fight of little consequence.

"OUR eastern fence is mended, all but the last easy six," Cameron announced to his wife at dinner that night.

"How so?" she asked.

"Sanderson did it. He thought it was his."

"Did he put in much wire?"

"Plenty. I haven't seen it all, but he replaced it, just as I do—not only where it's broken but where you can tell it's going to break."

"You ought to give him back what we've gained."

"He didn't have to put it there."

"I've heard that they're having a hard time," his wife said. "Why don't you bring him some wire, and some beef, since they probably can't afford to slaughter one of their own animals."

"I suppose I could do that. He seems like a nice fellow. There's probably a lot he can learn from me."

"He may not think of it in quite that way," Mrs. Cameron said.

"I don't see why he shouldn't. Our family has been here more than half a century—he arrived a few months ago. It shows. He spent four days fixing a fence that didn't belong to him. But all right. When I go there," he asked, "do you want to come with me?"

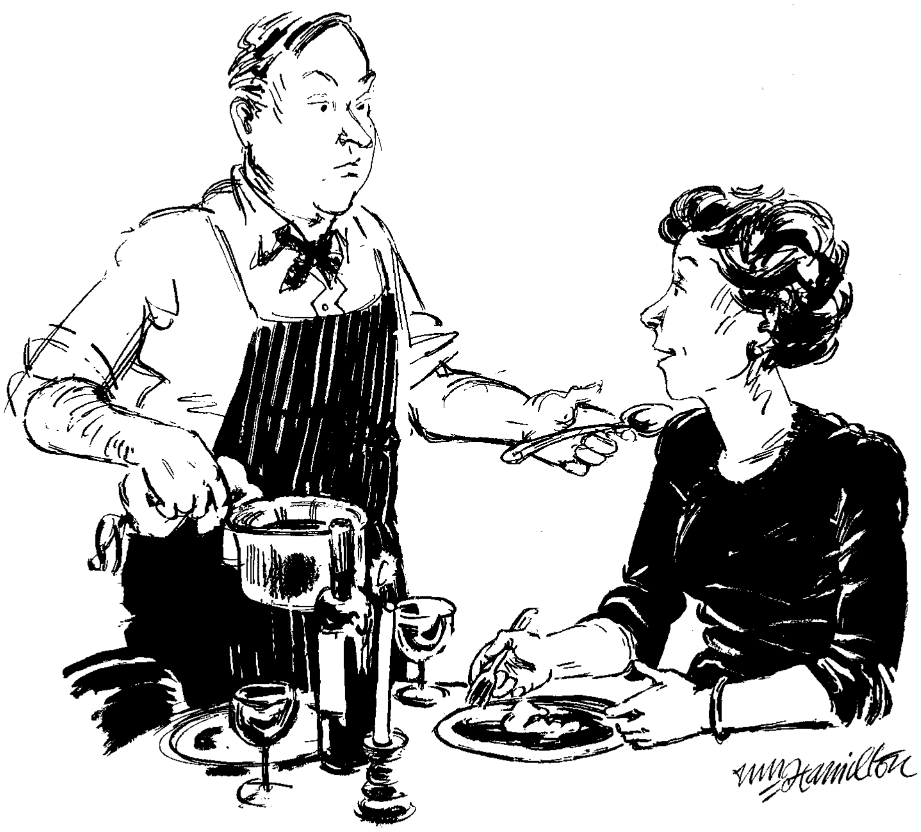
"No. But tell me about Sanderson's wife. If she seems nice, then I'll ride over, too."

The next day, Cameron found himself in front of Sanderson's house, screaming "Hallo!" to no avail. Though a rich volume of smoke issued from the chimney, no one answered. They were away and had left far too big a fire burning unattended, or they wanted nothing to do with him. And he had ridden twenty miles, carrying heavy coils of wire and another big package, and to go visiting had put on his best riding boots and a new Black Watch shirt.

He decided to leave the wire on the porch and the meat just inside, away from raccoons and bears. He wanted to write a note, and thought that they might have a pen or pencil somewhere near the door. He wouldn't have to go all the way in.

He took the leather off the coils of wire and carried them up onto the porch. When he stepped into the shade, he realized that on his way over he had been pleasantly sunburned by the June sun and the snowfields. "Hallo!" he said, rapping at the door. When there was no answer, he opened the latch and looked in.

The fire was blazing. A large iron kettle hung over the flames, and was just beginning to steam. There must be someone here, he thought. And then, as his eyes fully adjusted to the light and he looked about the room, he saw that there was.



*"Remember, total honesty between us was your idea. I hate it."*

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SANDERSON'S wife, her left hand clasped against her chest in fright, stared at him from across a wooden table. She was wearing only a slip, of a gray metallic sheen and of a pearly salmon color. To have been polite, Cameron should have turned away. To have been wise, he might have left for good.

But he couldn't take his eyes off her. "I called and called," he said. "Didn't you hear me?"

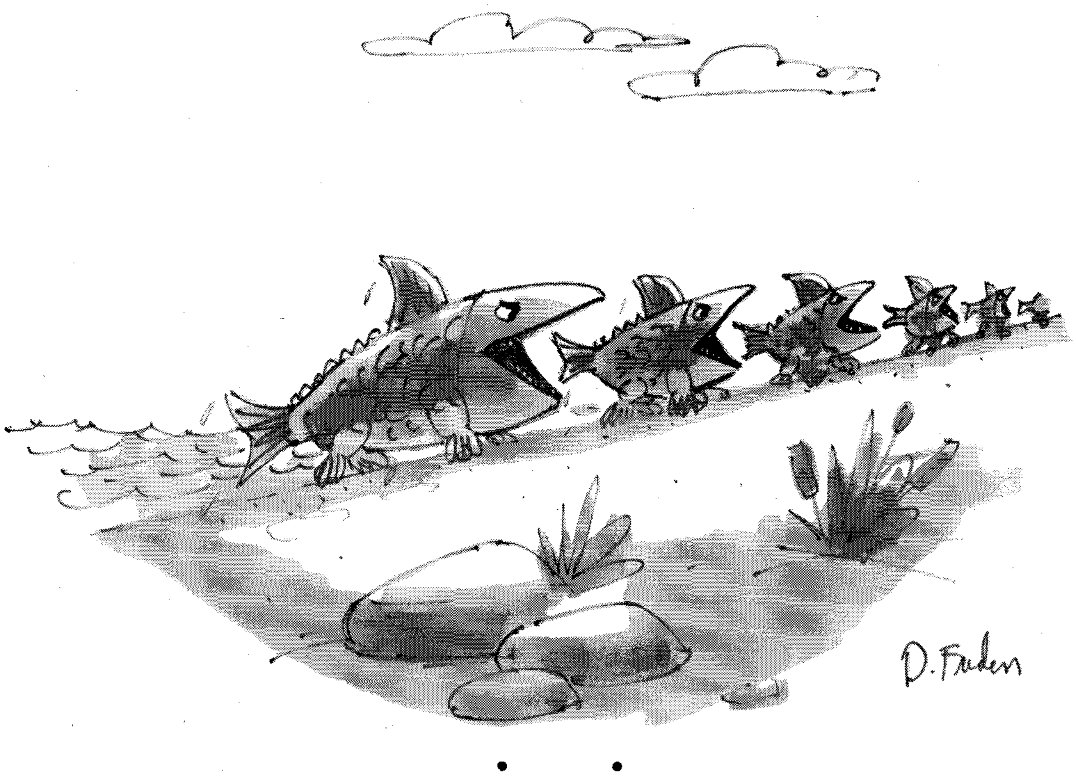
Then, as if to establish his credentials, he pointed at the coils of wire on the porch and held up the large package of steak. "I'm your neighbor. I've brought your husband some wire and some beef. I wanted to leave a note, but I didn't have a pen, so I just stepped inside . . ."

As he waited for an answer, he was free to look at her. She remained motionless, her right hand gripping the side of the bowl with the golden rim. Just her arms, hands, and fingers were enough to mark her as a beauty. Her eyes were lucid and green, and the thick soft hair that was piled atop her head and fell about her face in long wisps and exquisitely curling locks was a matte red so rich and subdued that it made him giddy. And her complexion, which showed, too, on her shoulders and chest, was a cross between mottled red and ivory. Cameron's paralysis was not lessened by her gorgeous expression of surprise, by her silver and gold rings, and by a light gold neck chain splayed across the lace trim of the slip.

She motioned for him to go outside. He moved back and looked at the bowl, trying to remember its smallest detail, down to the curl of the letters, for he wanted to be able to recall the scene with the power to renew it. Then he went out onto the porch, shut the door behind him, and stepped into the sunlight.

He wished that when she joined him in the daylight she would be ugly, and that the way she had struck him as so beautiful would prove to have been an illusion of the soft dim light—this for the sake of his lovely wife, whom he loved and did not want to wish to abandon, and because he knew that he was not suitable for Mrs. Sanderson. He imagined that a man suited to her would have to be many ranks above him, though Sanderson, it seemed, was not.

Since he could never have her, he would have to hate her for it. Even had she and he been unmarried, having her would have been out of the question. But, then, what about Sanderson? He was not a god. Perhaps she was as beautiful as she appeared to be only to Cameron. Perhaps, given time, she would leave her husband. Or,



given more time, he would die. Perhaps, Cameron thought, on the ride over the snowfields in the strong sun he had been too rapturous. Then he remembered her face.

Having lost this debate with himself, he stamped his foot against the boards, sorry that he had ever seen her, bitter about the imbalance that the sight of her made clear to him, and angry that he now felt low when just that morning he had ridden across the high meadows, in sight of a snowy line of peaks to the north, feeling that there was no place higher that he or anyone else would want to go. As he was turning to leave, she walked onto the porch, in an old-fashioned flowered dress, and made Cameron wish for Sanderson to come galloping in and distract him from the lacerating and untouchable beauty that was even finer in the daylight than it had been in the dim interior of the house, for in the house there had not been any of the blue glacial light that seemed to lift her off the earth and make her smile something not of this world.

She carried pencils and paper. "I don't need that," Cameron said. "I was going to leave a message if no one was in. But you're in, you see."

She shook her head to say no, smiled, and pointed to herself.

She's crazy, he thought.

Then she raised a hand perfectly adorned in rings, and tapped her left ear. When next she put her index finger across her lips twice in succession, he understood.

"You can't hear," he said, already moving his lips more deliberately, so that she might understand.

She nodded.

"You can't talk."

She sat down on the step in the sunlight and made room for him to follow. "I can talk," she wrote on the pad, in a firm but delicate hand, "but they say it doesn't come out very well, so I prefer to write."

"Do you talk to your husband?" he asked.

"Yes," she wrote. "Only to him—and to my parents, who are in Scotland. I also talk to the animals, since I am told they sound even worse than I do." She smiled. "Please," she continued, as he drank in every movement of her hands and eyes, "don't mention this to anyone. In all of Canada, you are the only one who knows."

"Why?" he asked.

"I am ashamed," she wrote. She indicated emphasis and nuance with the pen (by writing very fast or very slow; by bearing down hard; by returning to underline or circle; and by drawing the letters one way or another, to look shaky, flat, tired, or animated) and with her facial expressions.

"There's nothing to be ashamed of," he told her.

"That may be so," she wrote quickly, "but long experience has shown me that it's best this way. I have always preferred to keep to myself."

"But what if you have to go into Invermere? They'll know then."

"I've been there only once. If we have to, we go to Calgary to shop. It's bigger, and no one knows us there."

"Calgary is a long way off," he said.

"Invermere is small," she wrote back.

"Well, I won't dispute that," he answered.

"Are you married?" she wrote.

"Yes."

"Then," she put down, "please don't tell even your wife. If I could hear and talk like everyone else, I would talk no end to other women, and I suspect that I'm not unusual in that desire, except that I don't get to realize it."

"She wanted to visit," Cameron said. "When the pass is open, it's not that far on a good horse. Would you enjoy that?"

"No" was the written answer. "Or, rather, yes. But, again, my experience tells me that it would not be a good idea."

Cameron took a chance. "Because of me?" he asked bluntly, wondering if she knew the effect of her beauty.

Evidently, she did, for she nodded, and then, as if for emphasis, wrote, "Yes."

"Isn't that a lot to presume?" He was bluffing. It wasn't anything at all to presume, but he thought she might become interested in him if she imagined that he, of all men, could not see or did not care about her beauty.

"Experience," she wrote.

Because Cameron looked dejected, she added, "If you feel distraught, don't worry. It will pass."

"I don't think it will."

"Don't be silly." Her hand flew across the pad. "A man doesn't have his head turned forever. After all, you don't know me."

"And if I did?"

"I won't demean myself. But I do tend to draw men to me very strongly at first, only to see them drop away much relieved and delighted to go."

He wished that he had been more circumspect. But to have been so might have been a far greater fault. It was not the first time he had been defeated by great desire, and he felt completely inadequate, dismissed, and rejected. He left abruptly, because he was sure that she wanted him to go, because he wanted so much to stay, because, quite simply, he loved her.

He never remembered much about the feverish and unhappy ride home, or how many times he had dismounted to pace back and forth in agony and puzzlement. He did, of course, resolve never to see her again. And he was a man of strong and tenacious resolution.

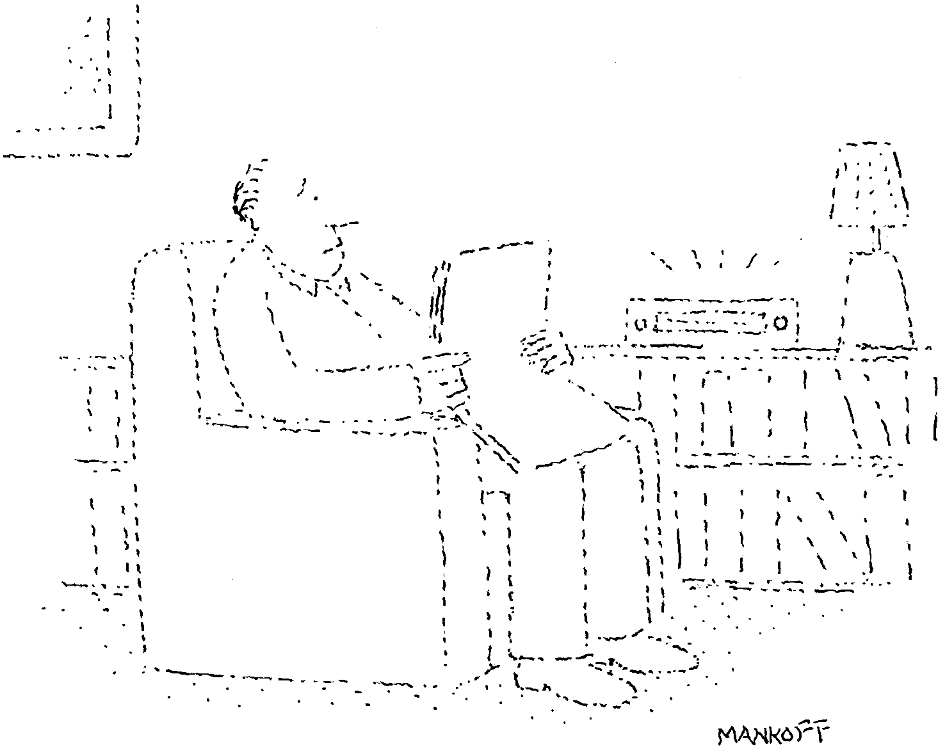
LATE in the afternoon, Cameron came to the meadows that led to the high wall. The meadows stretched for a mile, and were dotted with stands of small pine that grew sheltered from the wind in depressions and hollows. At almost nine thousand feet, the horse moved slowly and breathed hard, and his rider found himself in a trance of sparkling altitude. The sky was flawless and still as Cameron inspected the last portion of his fence. Progressing slowly upward, he was sure that there would be no breaks. Where the final meadow began to rise steeply to the wall, he was going to check the fence from a distance, and turn around without actually making a ceremonial finish at the cliff itself—in touching it the way a swimmer touches the wall of a pool before he will credit himself with a lap. But he saw from the base of the meadow that a long portion of the fence was down. The wire was shining in the sunlight, spread in every direction on the field. The posts had been pushed over, snapped at the base, and scattered. With luck, if he had enough wire, and could salvage enough, and work fast enough, he might repair it by dark, and then ride home by starlight on trails that he could take blind.

He cantered over to the damage. He knew from the tracks that a grizzly bear had done it—or perhaps two, while the cubs watched. Either they had been too big to get through the baffles, which were untouched, or they had just wanted the high meadow to be completely open. Because the splinters were moist and the leaves of the moss compressed, he knew that it had happened while he was just a few miles away thinking placidly about his good luck. The bears themselves might be gone, or they might be taking a nap somewhere amidst the sunny boulders. Removing his rifle from its scabbard, he worked the bolt to put a bullet in the chamber, and leaned the weapon against a rock. It was not that he expected the bears to lie in ambush for him but, rather, that in working hard he might not notice them until his horse panicked.

They had pulled down sixteen stakes and broken eleven at the base, rendering them unusable. The wire was severed in two dozen places. Only a bear could have done that, even with the low-grade light steel that he had always used on the high meadows. His coil of wire was greatly diminished after the repairs he had made on the way up. If he had enough, it would be just enough, and still it would be hard to do it right. The splicing would be weak—no tripled windings—and he would have to use fewer posts, spacing them farther apart than usual. But the fence might hold, especially if the bears were on their way to some distant, higher paradise in the north. He set to work.

First, he rode a mile and a half back into the timber. Although he could have used the meadow's little pines for posts, at that altitude they took forever to grow, and destroying them might have turned the upper pasture into a rutted and barren hillside when the rains washed the thin layer of soil off its base of rock and scree. In the timber, hidden from the world by distance, height, and the perfect maze and soft green baffling of a thousand thick pines, he used his axe to cut and trim half a dozen small trees. He was a very strong man, he had used an axe nearly every day of his life from the time he was a small child, and the axe he used was the best available, sharpened with a soft stone and oil, and kept, like some kind of strange one-legged falcon, in a leather hood. The trees went down in a stroke: they might as well have been celery. And he trimmed them of their branches with several sweeps close to the trunk. After a series of hatchetlike blows at the narrowing end, he had a sharp fence post soaked with its own resin as if it had been designed for placement in wet ground.

He tied the posts up in two bundles and dragged them out of the woods. Then he slung them over his saddle and walked the horse back to the break. If the break had occurred



*"Three tones will follow. Then there will be some buzzing noises, a woman giggling, and the incomparable Louis Armstrong singing 'I'll be glad when you're dead, you rascal you.' The woman giggling marks the correct time."*

## THE MONK'S INSOMNIA

The monastery is quiet; Seconal
drifts down upon it from the moon.
I can see the lights
of the city I came from,
can remember how a boy sets out
like something thrown from the furnace
of a star. In the conflagration of memory
my people sit on green benches in the park,
terrified, evil, broken by love—
to sit with them inside that invisible fire
of hours day after day while the shadow of the milk
billboard crawled across the street
seemed impossible, but how
was it different from here,
where they have one day they play over
and over as if they think
it is our favorite, and we stay
for our natural lives,
a phrase that conjures up the sun's
dark ash adrift after ten billion years
of unconsolable burning? Brother Thomas's
schoolgirl obsession with the cheap
doings of TV starlets breaks
everybody's heart, and the yellow sap
of one particular race of cactus grows
tragic for the fascination in which
it imprisons Brother Toby—I can't witness
his slavering and relating how it can be changed
into some unprecedented kind of plastic—
and the monastery
refuses to say where it is taking us.
At night we hear the trainers from the base
down there, and see them blotting out the stars,
and I stand on the hill and listen, bone-white with desire.
It was love that set me on the journey,
love that called me home. But it's the terror
of being just one person—one chance, one set of days—
that keeps me absolutely still tonight and makes me listen
intently to those young men above us
flying in their airplanes in the dark.

—DENIS JOHNSON

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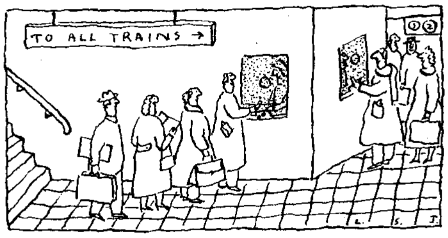
sooner, steers might have passed through, though it was early in the season for steers to have reached the high pastures. But even then it would hardly have mattered. Sanderson would have pushed them back over, and he would have done the same for Sanderson's animals, with nothing said between them. In the twelve years since he thought one day that he had found a friend in Sanderson, he had seen him only half a dozen times along the fence or in Invermere, where Mrs. Sanderson had been forgotten and it was generally assumed that Sanderson lived alone.

Mrs. Cameron's warm invitation, a week in the mail even though the lands adjoined, was never answered. Now that his children were old enough to ride by themselves wherever they wanted, Cameron feared that they might ride east on some adventure and discover the great secret of his life. But, being young, they would not have been able to see her in the way that he had seen her. Perhaps no one did, although she had implied that at least some had; and she had known immediately that, as she put it, his head had been turned. Perhaps she had had children, had aged, and lost her beauty. He wished that she had, but knew that no such thing could ever happen to her. That her features had, accidentally, been fine and unusual had little bearing on the woman herself. If she had lost the accidental beauty of her form, it would only have served to accentuate the substance that form had been privileged to convey.

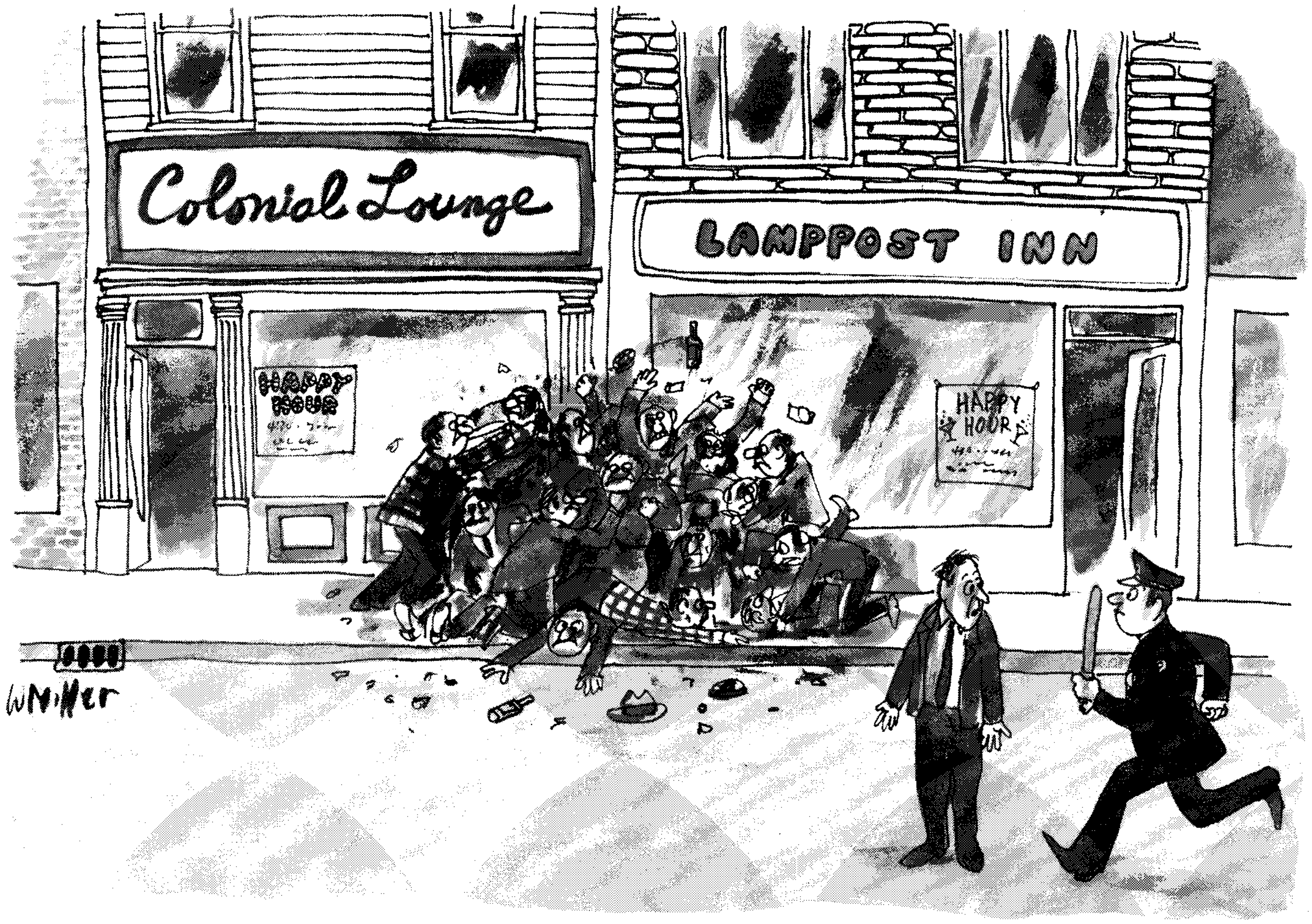
One of the things that hurt him most in his speculations east was the possibility that she had died or gone away, and that, without his knowledge, his life had been rendered meaningless. And he didn't know her name, which was difficult to bear in light of the way that he loved her.

After several years, he did not think of her very often. By the time England was again at war (this time he was too old), it seemed almost as if he had forgotten her. After all, his wife, too, was a beauty, with a softness that Mrs. Sanderson did not have, and the luck of a pretty face and a graceful body. But she was not as deeply faulted as Mrs. Sanderson, or quite as radiant. Anyway, it had been the fault—the deafness and the mistaken, unnecessary shame—that had driven deep into Cameron's heart.

As the years went by, he put her more and more out of his mind. But in the end time was immaterial. Suddenly, in the midst of a false peace, he would dream of her, and for weeks thereafter be wounded by intense desire. Then the desire would slowly fade, and he would continue getting older, waiting for the next potent and surprising reawakening. Were it not for this, he would have been a happy man. Perhaps he was a happy man even so.



THE posts had to be placed in rocky soil, and it was not easy to sink them. He was like the soldier he had never been, breathing hard and evenly, sweating, taken up by his love of the work, for only work could conduct away his unfortunate passion. Because of the new spacing, four or five new holes had to be made, and a similar number of broken pieces extracted from the ground. Some were easy, some not easy at all. How fine the task, though, of building back this fence, with all his strength, discipline, and experience. It was for the sake of the lovely woman he had married, for the



*"It all started over who has the happiest hour."*

• •

children they had had, for Sanderson, for Mrs. Sanderson, and for himself—though he couldn't see exactly how it was to his benefit unless it were purely a matter of honor.

He pounded in the posts, until they flattened against the underlying sheet of rock. His strokes with the heel of the axe were perfect. Each downward blow married solidly with the post-head; and the timing, too, was perfect.

The second and last time he had seen her had been in Vancouver during the war. The disarray of the cattle market had brought him to the coast seeking a better price for his beef. He never got it, and he never found out what she had been doing there, apart from bowling on the green, in a formal white suit, in the company of a lot of pretty old ladies who took the game very seriously.

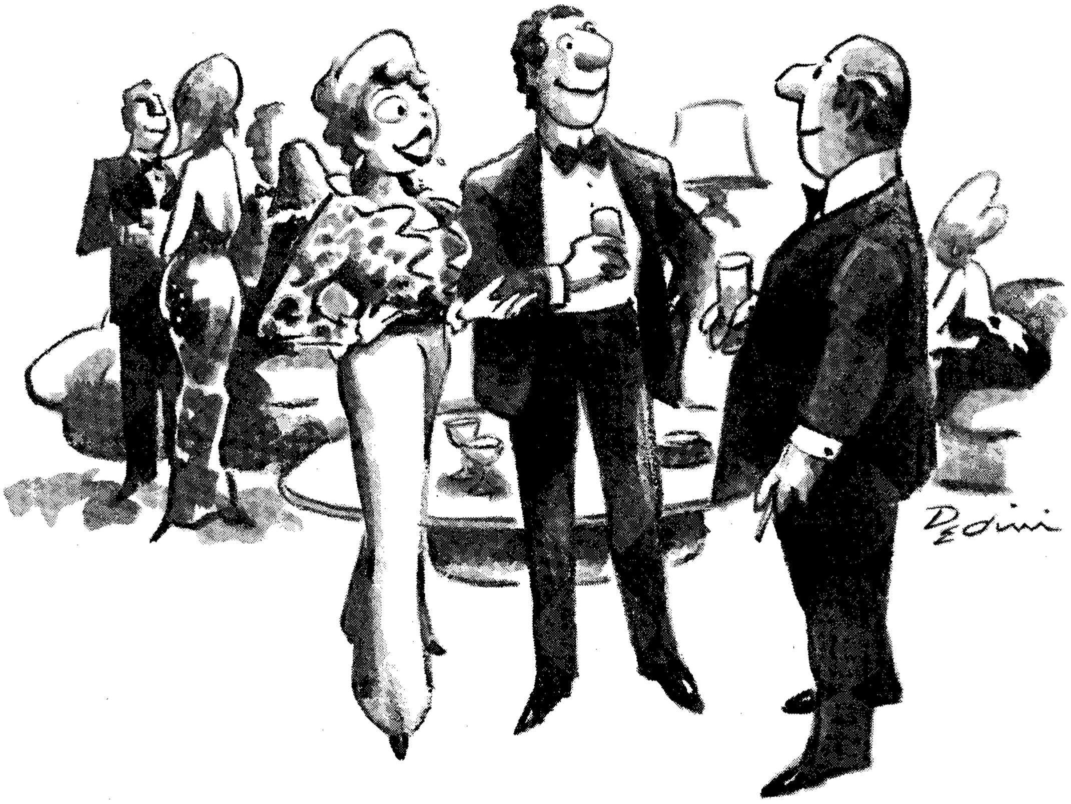
He was resting in Stanley Park, on the peninsula, at midday, watching the old ladies at their game, when she appeared and took her turn. A full ten minutes passed before he was able to believe that it was actually she, and then to summon the courage to rise. But when he did approach her, it was easy. He almost floated across the bowling green, hypnotized, pushing the carefully placed shots all to hell with his feet and making a flock of enemies.

She recognized him immediately, and when she turned to face him her expression was reminiscent of those days when strong sunshine and deep shadow alternate in silent breathtaking contrast, and the joy and sadness that swept across her face told him that he was not the only one to have spent the years in longing and perplexity.

They stood in the center of the green, oblivious of a growing stream of reprimands—she because she could not hear them, and he because he was enthralled. The old ladies were incensed: not only had their game been spoiled but they had been ignored. So they returned the fire and resumed play, paying no attention to the two wickets who stood, apparently insensate, staring at one another in the middle of the contest. Balls began to whiz about like shrapnel.

They didn't notice; they could *not* look away. With no words spoken, all custom was shattered as he put his hands on either side of her white waistband, touching her gently. She extended her arms, and they found themselves in a subdued embrace, still apart, an embrace suitable for a crowded Vancouver bowling green. But everything was said, at last, and in the silence that she had always known.

A ship full of men who looked at the city hard, knowing that they might not ever be back, began a series of powerful whistle blasts as it coasted through the inlet on its way to the war at sea. This, the deep steam whistle, was the one thing she could hear, or, rather, feel—a symphony for her, the one precious rumbling sound of the world. It pushed through her chest and took her by surprise, moving her by its suddenness and beauty. She held



*"Fred, meet Ted Keaton. Ted has stopped looking for work."*

• •

up one of her hands and spread her fingers to see them vibrate, as the air itself was shaken from its sleep. He had told her that he loved her, and admitted it finally and forever to himself. At least he had done that. And though she hardly knew him, she knew him enough, standing on the Vancouver bowling green, to cry.

AFTER the posts were up, Cameron began to string the wire. Not only had it been broken but he himself was obliged to cut it in the stringing, and to replace rusted lengths that likely would not stand being stretched onto a new arrangement of posts and baffles. The skill with which he wielded the splicing tool was something of which he did not think to be proud. But he had the sure facility of a fisherman mending his nets, or a woman years at the loom, and there was no tentativeness in his movements, which seemed to pull his hands forward as quickly as they would follow.

As he worked, his thoughts turned to Mrs. Sanderson. There were undoubtedly things in the mountains to make up for a love that was unfulfilled. When his tongue was tied, when he could not act, or in the punishment of forever parting, he had discovered flawless compensation. And if the discipline that kept him from her had not been so sweet in itself he would long ago have jumped his horse over the fence and ridden down to the house at the base of the thin column of smoke. But having what he desired was not important, for the mountains would remember, and, once, in Vancouver, he had been lucky.

When he finished, the sun was red and gold, sitting on a sharp and distant ridge. The new wire looked like lines of silver and platinum, and the pine posts were solid and black. A pool of melted water had formed in the middle of a patch of snow about a hundred feet from the fence. Cameron took off his clothes, walked across the snow, and threw himself in. The water was even colder than he had expected, but, wanting to get clean, he thrust his head under and rolled himself over. The pain of doing such a thing was pleasant, for, afterward, when he rose slick and sparkling from the ice water, he was warm and relaxed, and he could reflect pleasurably upon the half a minute or so of breathless cold when his discipline had kept him under and served him well. After he had dressed, he threw the saddle on his horse, cinched it up, and put back the bit. When his tools were gathered and tied on, and the rifle chamber emptied, he mounted. The wind was clean and cool.

He walked the horse from the first splice to the last, and swept his eyes over each new post and each component twisting of the wire, up to the rock wall itself. Then he veered across the meadow and wound down through patches of snow now blood-red with sunset. Several hundred yards east of the fence, he reined the horse around to face what he had done. It was a good piece of work, and undoubtedly it would hold. The wires now glowed like molten metal.

He was not a stupid man. He knew what he was about to do, he knew very well, and he finally felt a deep brotherhood with young Charles S. R. Reed, who had gone to Passchendaele of his own accord, and who, in his lack of wisdom, had perhaps been wise.

Cameron realized that the horse would want to canter, and that he would have to kick him into a gallop. As they crossed the quiltwork of snow and grass, the horse would begin to tense for the jump, and his rider would have to let out the reins. They would take the fence quite easily.

Whatever he did, his heart would be half broken. But to be alive, perhaps, was to have a heart half broken and half newborn. That was what Reed had risked at Passchendaele, for he had not gone to war except to come back to love.

LIKE the soldier he had never been, Cameron spurred his horse toward the ranks of glowing wire. They took the fence. They cleared it by at least two feet, and left it behind in the sunset, a very sad thing.

—MARK HELPRIN

•

The need for carrying objects forced them to stand and walk erect rather than remain on four feet. From this elementary bipedalism, Dr. Fisher hypothesizes an evolution in which sex became the element that insured the survival of the species.—*Book review in the Pittsburgh Press.*

And the birth of the shopping bag.

# REFLECTIONS

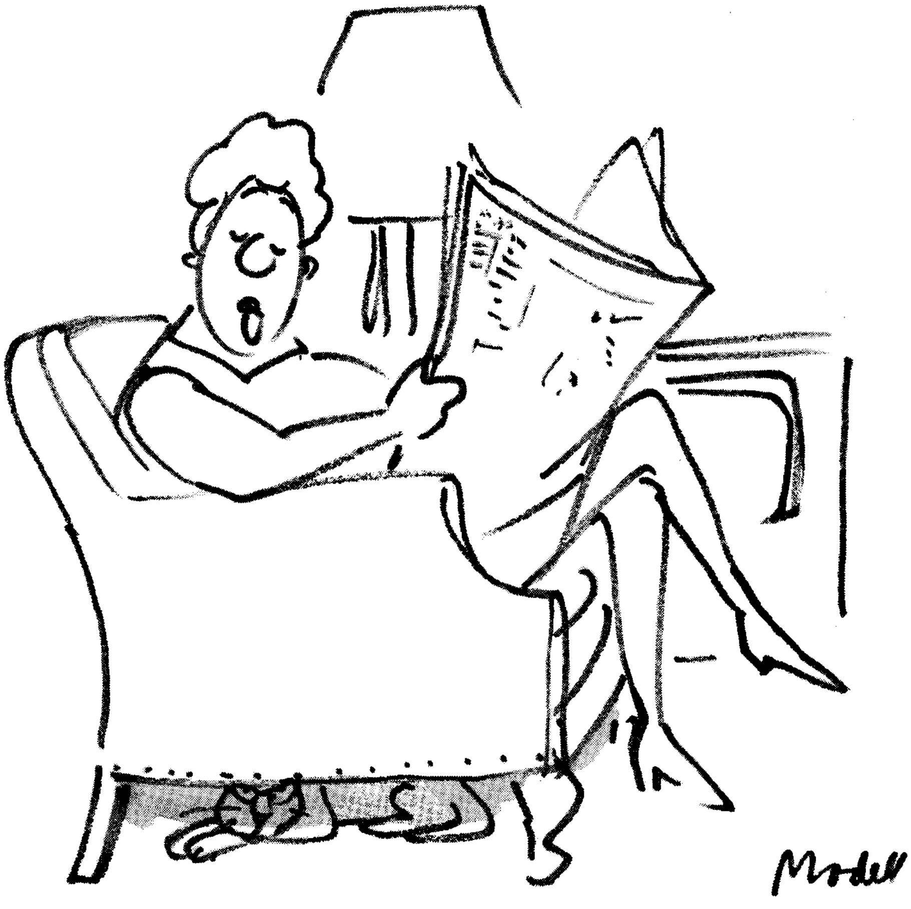
## JOURNAL OF THE LONGEST WAR—I

IT has been two weeks since General Ariel (Arik) Sharon launched his offensive and began this war, at eleven o'clock on the morning of Sunday, June 6, 1982. For me, the war started sixteen hours earlier, when my oldest son, Daniel, was called to serve. I drove to his house, on Burla Street, in Tel Aviv, so I could accompany him to the staging area. Before setting off, we stopped to pick up a member of his unit who lives nearby. When it came time for my son to say farewell to his family, he and his wife went into the bedroom and remained there behind closed doors for two or three minutes. She is of the third generation from a kibbutz, not used to the easy and spontaneous show of emotion of those of us of Latin origin. After two years in that same kibbutz, my son blushed when my wife kissed him and when she nudged him to kiss his wife and two-year-old son yet one more time. He blushed even more when I got out of the car at his staging point, embraced him, and kissed him.

Israelis are proud of their coolness in hard times. They are mistaken. They inflict on themselves an unnecessary burden, which weighs heavily on their psyche, on their spiritual conflicts, on their morale. There is only one way to grasp the full magnitude of their emotions: you must see them sing. See them more than hear them. They always sing. Alone on the streets, they hum their songs. Everything that is born and grows here in Israel has a song: the triumphs and the defeats, the past and the future, a new crop in a distant colony in the Negev Desert, and a sunset seen from a hill that nobody has come to visit for pleasure in two thousand years. Each Saturday, somewhere in the country, neighbors gather to sing. Each time, they sing in a different place—on the grassy edge of a pond, on the haystacks of an agricultural community, in the plaza of a small developing city. Each Saturday, the spectacle is shown on television. It is moving to watch those faces—particularly the old ones—when they close their eyes and, smiling, let themselves be carried away by the melody. The image I always had of old Jews, before I moved to Israel from my native Argentina, was of lament and prayer. It is strange to see old men with unbuttoned shirts and with skin bronzed by the sun, who are almost happy, I would say—if happiness can be attributed to Israelis. Shortly after I came here to live, in 1979, I was talking to the writer Amos Oz in Hulda, his kibbutz, and he asked about my plans. I replied that I wanted to be happy—something I had never known. He remarked that human beings do not need to be happy, nor can they be. Only an Israeli can say this with such ease, such coolness—and at the same time be young, beautiful, and struggling happily for the future. Like Amos Oz. In the Army, there are hundreds of small groups that sing to the strumming of a guitar. At times, a flute joins in. As a kind of extra touch, a popular television program shows these soldiers singing the songs of thirty, forty, or fifty years ago, and shows the youthful faces of today, with their long hair, some with beards, superimposed on other youthful faces, clean-shaven and with short hair—the faces of those who created and inspired those tunes and lyrics. Israelis can be enraptured by their songs, drunk with them; and this is the only time you can see Israelis relaxed, outgoing, sentimental—dreamers all. I would not, however, go so far as to say they are happy.

THE Israelis don't actually feel they are in a war when the Air Force bombs Arab bases. All the planes always—almost always—come back. Only when the infantry takes part do they admit that they are at war. Not at once, of course, but within a few days every Israeli knows someone who has been called to arms. At first, it is always easier to think of an "operation." But after General Sharon became our Minister of Defense, in August of last year, it became difficult to believe that he would be satisfied with anything less than a war.

After our close and distant relatives have been mobilized, we are comforted by the new calls to duty. We believe that every soldier who goes to the front safeguards the lives of those already there. Perhaps this is why Israelis exchange news without making any comment. Such is the war in daily life. The florist's son was called up; he



"All right, come out and we'll talk about it."

*"I've been living a lie, Selma. I'm really five feet seven."*

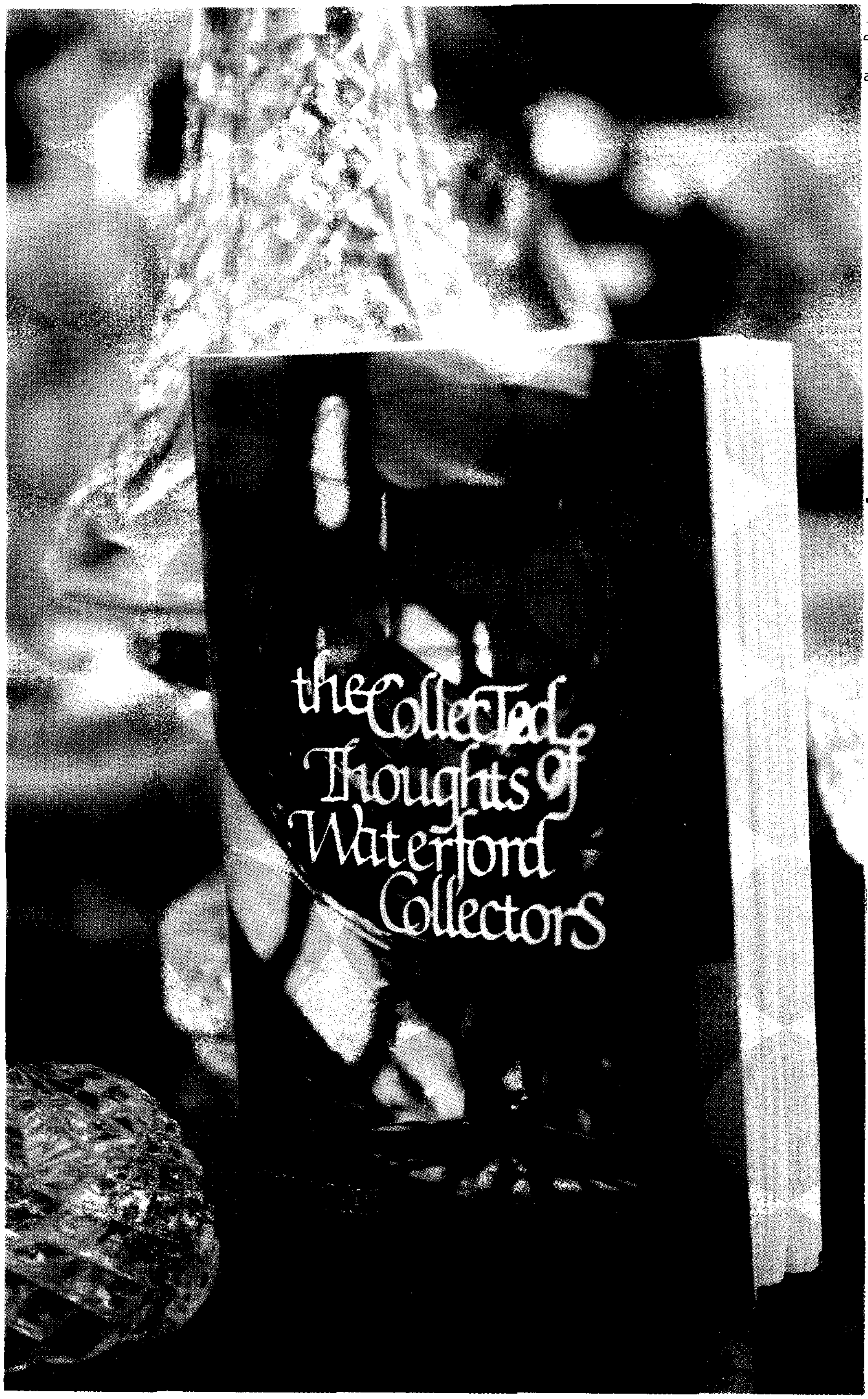
• •

is a paratrooper. The florist knows that paratroopers are always on the front line. The two sons of the delicatessen owner were called up. They are reservists, and perhaps won't go to the front. Also mobilized were the son and the son-in-law of the dry cleaner, a survivor of the Holocaust. Many faces are missing. I cannot tell which ones they are, even though in three years of living in the Neve Avivim neighborhood I saw them as part of the daily street scene. Israelis allow themselves only two expressions. One is of encouragement: "Everything will turn out all right." The other is of solace: "It would be worse in Argentina," or "In South Africa, you'd have no future," or "In Turkey, Jewish life is vanishing."

It was this way in all the previous wars, that is. But now there is a sign of disquiet in the air, caused by the figure of Sharon. There are mixed emotions about the General, a certain ambivalence. Without him, perhaps, there might have been no war; but now that we are at war it is best for Sharon, a great soldier, to be in charge. We prefer no war at all, but it is better to win. Since there is no choice, the only possible activity is to listen to the news. Sharon is everywhere. Around him, Israelis veer either toward pessimism or toward optimism, and wait in more or less anguish. In no other war has morale relied so much on each citizen's individual relationship with a single personality. I can still see him at his command post on the southern front after the Six-Day War. It must have been in 1969. A friend took me to visit Sharon at Beersheba headquarters. He was corpulent, imposing. In his office, he stood before a huge map of the Sinai Peninsula and, with a pointer, spent an hour explaining the campaign that had carried Israeli troops to the Suez Canal, in the west, and to Sharm-el-Sheik, in the south. As he talked, he became excited. My ignorance of military matters did not faze him, and he replied to each of my political questions in terms of military strategy. It appeared that for Sharon any political contradiction could be resolved by the proper military move. Recalling that interview now, I think about the expression on his face as he pointed to stretches of territory and made predictions. It reflected more pleasure than passion, more sensuality than satisfaction, more dogma than talent. Still, how can he be denied talent, passion, satisfaction? But I felt that the forces that moved him lay elsewhere, and were accessible only to him. His relationship with military geography was almost lascivious. Napoleon would have loved him before a battle, supported him during the battle, but chopped off his head afterward. It is strange that a marshal of Bonaparte can have a career in a democratic army, in an army conceived by young socialist settlers in a state that has strict civilian controls.

IN the first months of 1982, we all knew that there would be an invasion of Lebanon, and that its ostensible purpose would be to eliminate the Palestinian strongholds in southern Lebanon. During this time, no political commentator, no important political leader failed to discuss the pros and the cons in public. In addition to a steady flow of news reports from Washington, Paris, and London counselling Israel to stay out of Lebanon, the three former chiefs of staff of the Israeli Army who now sit in the parliament—Yitzhak Rabin, Haim Bar-Lev, and Mordechai Gur—expressed a certain fear and at different times remarked that although an invasion of Lebanon might strike a blow against Palestinian terrorism, it would not resolve the Palestinian problem. There were few difficulties in Galilee, the area along the northern border with Lebanon; the villages there were more quiet than they had been for years.

Why couldn't war be avoided? None of the rational explanations I have heard satisfy me. But I have reached a conclusion that, though it doesn't settle the problem, at least helps me: when an army is convinced of victory, its capacity for transmitting this conviction is overwhelming—nothing can stop it—and even the most peaceful people are tempted by the possibility of winning. When you look into the faces of the mothers, particularly those who have lost sons in this war, the most striking expression is one of astonishment. Death is always astonishing; nevertheless, in



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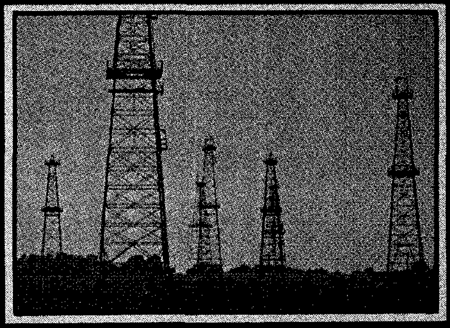

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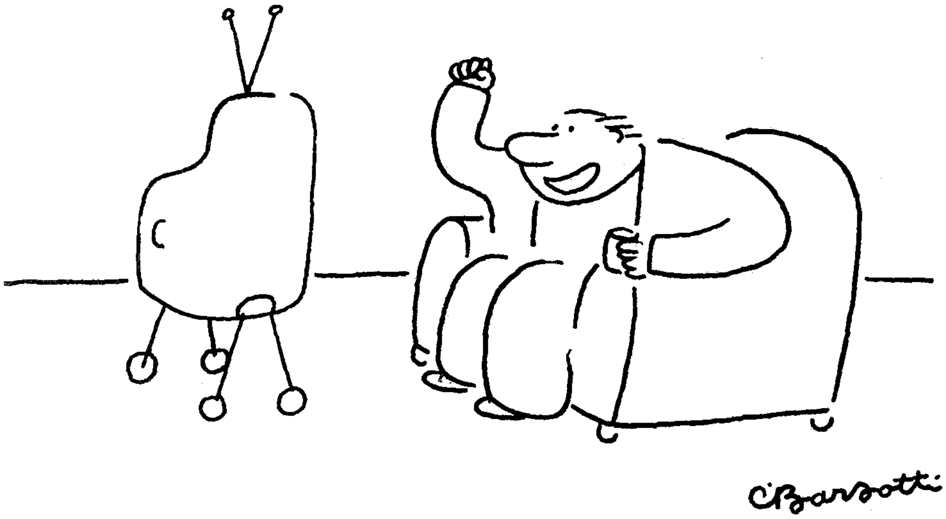

*"Go, go, go, Winnipeg or Saskatchewan or whoever the hell you are!"*

• •

war it is inevitable. Perhaps the source of the astonishment is that one's own death—and the death of a son is one's own—is inconceivable, unthinkable. And yet it is odd that for a mother, even if she accepts the war in its fullest meaning, the death of a son remains unthinkable.

The opening of the war was not particularly hard. The first day, we were dulled by the news, the second by the victories; the third, we were certain that the operation could last only a few hours more. On the fourth day, we tried to extract from the news and from conversations some indication of what was actually happening. Until that time, for us, the Israelis, the Lebanese children were not dead, the Lebanese homes not reduced to rubble. Our consciences were clean, and did not have to assume any burdens.

Every Jew carries within him some old or recent scar from an inflicted humiliation. Heroism is a daily need, and in those first days it came in bundles. But afterward one had to decide whether those burning ruins of Lebanese towns had anything to do with heroism or whether they were pictures of a war that demonstrated what Jews would be incapable of doing. A man walks among those ruins carrying in his arms a child of ten. A group of men, women, and children with their arms raised are under guard, and the expression on their faces, what their eyes say, is easily understood by almost any Jew. Yet we are forbidden to equate today's victims with yesterday's, for if this were permitted the almost unavoidable conclusion would be that yesterday's crimes are today's.

It was around the fourth day that the guilt began. The war started officially on Sunday, June 6th, and the guilt probably began, unofficially, on Thursday, June 10th. The first to understand the peril that this entailed was Menachem Begin. In his numerous public appearances—almost daily, in fact—he strove to place Israel's attacks and raids within the vast context of military horror. If the Israelis had bombed Tyre, what about Coventry? If they had attacked Sidon from the air and the sea, what about Dresden? If some political leaders insisted on seeking a political settlement for the Middle East, why not invoke the ghost of Chamberlain and the ignominy of Munich? Finally, if by chance the cautious Israeli television network let slip some footage and the screen showed a dead Lebanese child, the Prime Minister could speak of the one and a half million Jewish children sent to the ovens by the Nazis, and, as a last resort, of the pathetic memory of his own family. At first, Begin's critics believe he lapses into these absurdities because he lacks information, because he is ignorant of history. They assert that the comparisons are not apt, and that the new facts are cited out of context. When we talk here, in low voices, the way one talks in a war, it seems to me that people don't yet want to acknowledge that Begin's acts are neither those of a statesman who plans his responses nor those of an irresponsible cynic. He is an intuitive politician, who is in perfect harmony with the mood of his natural audience: the majority of Israeli voters.

A characteristic of Israel is that our postwar debates begin almost simultaneously with the first shots of the wars. Two weeks after the invasion of Lebanon, we are already deeply submerged in the convulsions of one of those debates. It is true that each of the previous "postwars" had its own characteristics, but they followed the same general pattern: the themes of controversy were the cost of the war, the skill of the war leadership, the political and military achievements, the economic recovery, the care of the wounded and the mutilated, the despair over the dead. In the Lebanon war, the familiar pattern was broken, and Begin perceived this at once. For the first time, the Israelis were thinking about what they had done to another people. They were feeling guilt, even shame. Never before had these reactions been seen among the average men and women. Perhaps it can even be said that never before, at least in the last two thousand years, had the Jew had occasion to feel guilty and ashamed of collective damage inflicted on others. Throughout the Diaspora, he was always the victim. His previous wars were wars of defense against aggression, and the acts of Jewish terrorism against Arabs were sporadic—the work of small groups that were rejected and disdained by almost all the population. Even in the worst of cases, war had been preventive. Now, for the first time, it was not a response to provocation. The understanding of this fact after only four days of fighting, when there were no doubts about the magnitude of the victory and so the fears had vanished, was perhaps the first symptom of the uneasiness that gripped some sectors of the country.

Israelis must be the most alert people in the world. Here wars can be unexpected but not unusual. They form part of what in Israel is called normality. Each detail of daily life, each gesture by a politician, each new word by an official is weighed, measured, and added to the anxiety of the individual citizen. The fact that it was the state of Israel which had launched the war in Lebanon could not go unnoticed. There was no immediate negative outburst: wars can be launched for just causes—for ample reasons. But even then, and for the first time, some Israelis were arguing with themselves and discussing with others whether or not the cause of an Israeli war was just. It wasn't easy to consider this. All the conversations I had with Israelis other than leaders, experts,

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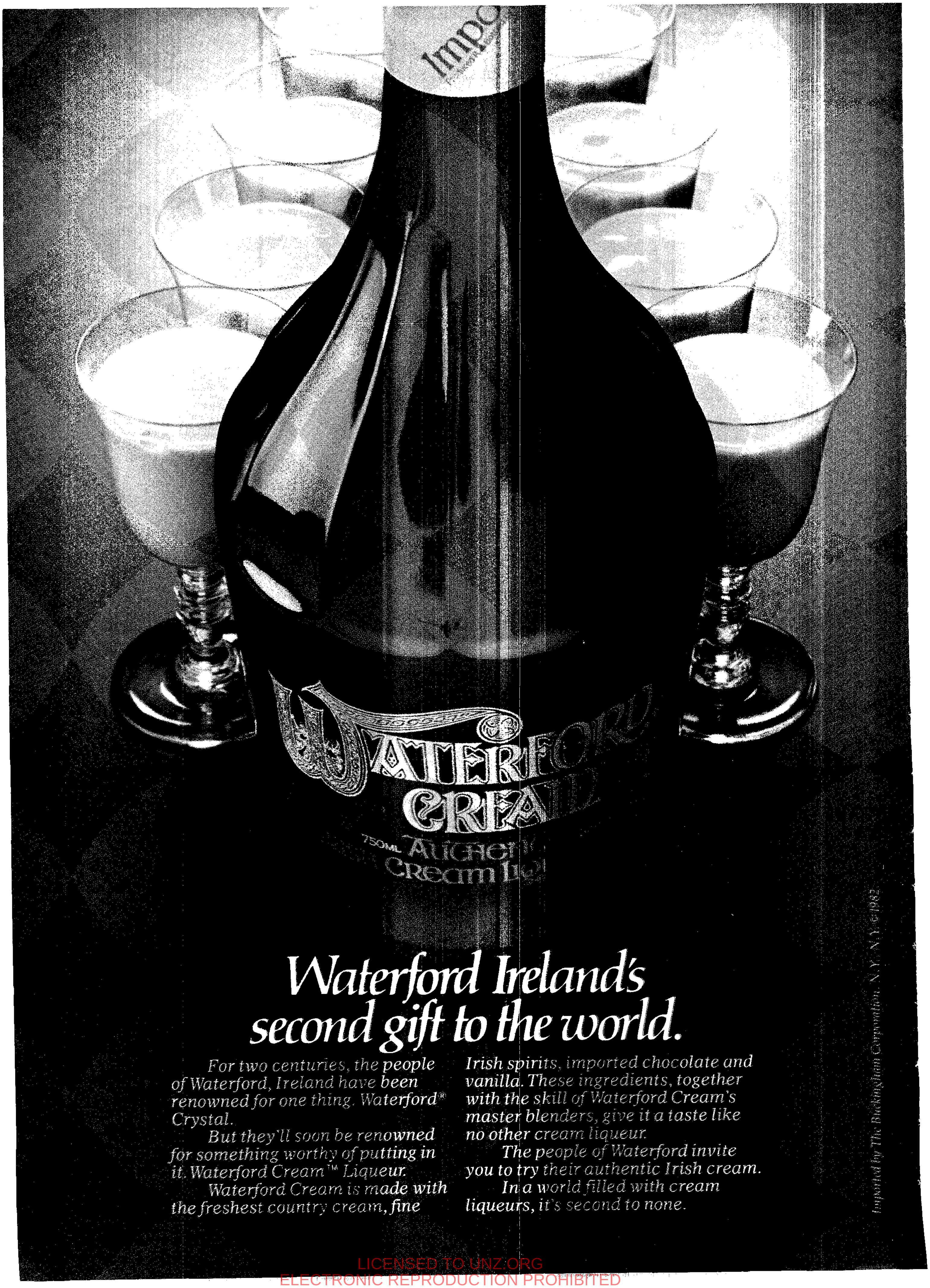

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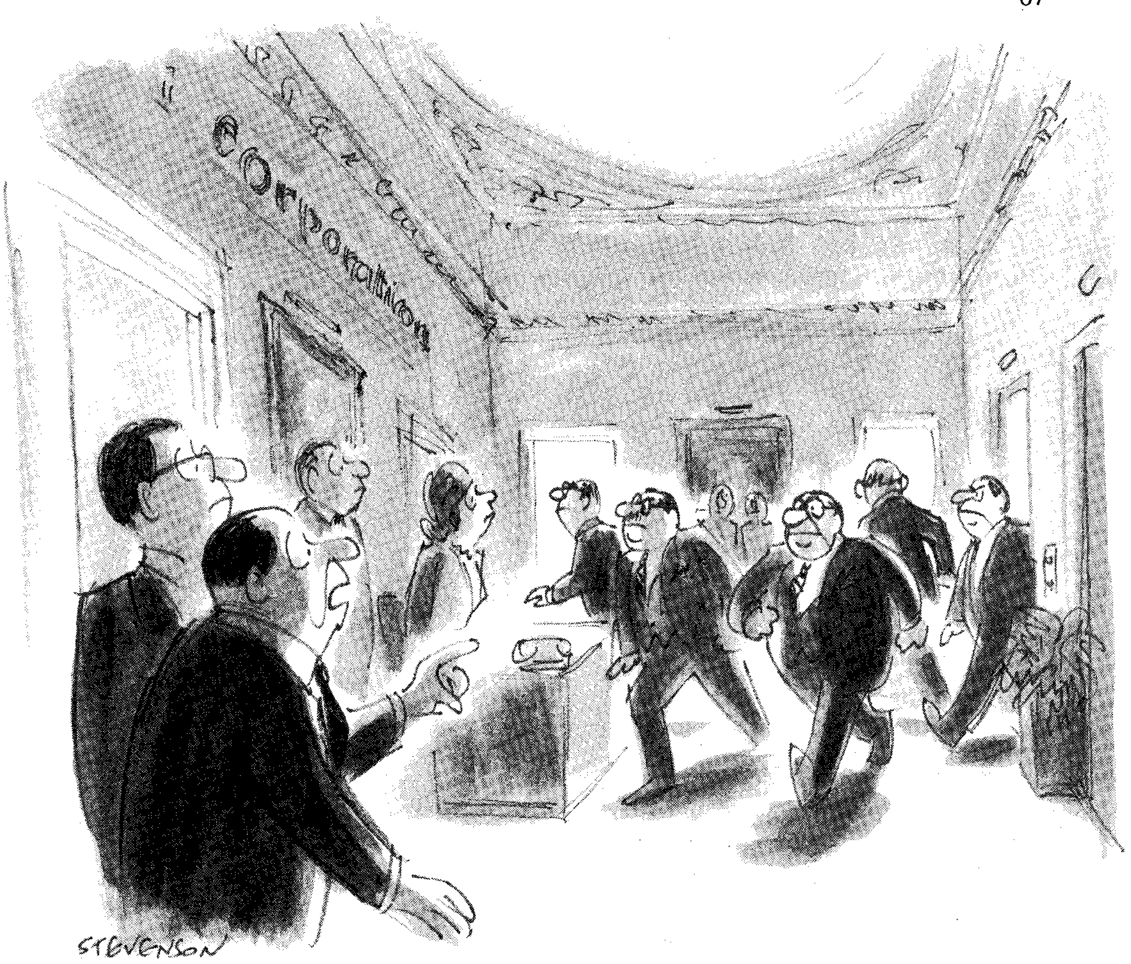


*"Hey, isn't that B. Humphrey Wade, president and chairman of Elroy Industrials? Oh, my God! It's a takeover!"*

• •

academics, or fellow-journalists ended with commiserations and sorrowful consolation:

"How can I think of anything besides the three in my family who are in Lebanon? I want them back soon, so we need to win quickly. There isn't a family who doesn't have someone in the war. And you, Timerman?"

"My oldest son."

"Where?"

"He was called the first day. I went with him to the staging area. They were headed north."

"Now do you understand?"

But only a few days later the sensation of victory was total, the comfortable sensation of security inevitable. Emotions and intellectual concerns flowed spontaneously.

Israel is a country of interwoven remembrances. For each Ashkenazic family, the images of the bombed Lebanese cities were similar to what they had seen in Europe during the Second World War, as were the women waiting in line for water or for the distribution of food from military trucks, and the mothers and children searching the rubble of their shattered homes. Even the smiling Lebanese welcoming the columns of Israeli tanks brought back memories.

Israel is a small country. The population is small. All of us, absolutely all, learn quickly what happens to anyone. On the tenth day of the invasion, a few soldiers began to return from the front. A soldier receives a twenty-four-hour liberty pass. If he is stationed within Israel, even at an advanced frontier post, all he need do is stand on the side of a road and someone will pick him up. In two or three hours, half a day at the most, he will be home. If he is serving in Lebanon, a military vehicle will drop him at a border point—Rosh Hanikra or Metulla—and then he is in Israel and on his way home. Among those first soldiers who returned, there was neither guilt nor shame. Still, I found them different from soldiers on leave from other Israeli wars. They seemed stunned. Veterans of the 1967 Six-Day War and the 1973 Yom Kippur War knew that the Israelis had always waged a clean fight. The rookies were aware of this, because they had heard it from fathers, who had fought in those wars, and they had studied them during military training. Now, for the first time, cities were being devastated and many civilians were being killed. The soldiers came back stricken with awe. They had seen it all but did not know what it meant. When they talked about what they had witnessed, they seemed to be projecting a movie. Oddly, they neither asked questions nor sought any meaning. A twenty-four-hour leave isn't much when six or eight hours are invested in the round trip. Therefore, many things wrapped in much emotion are skimmed over quickly, and then the soldiers must return to the front. But the civilians who remained at home after the visits of relatives and friends in the service began to feel the weight of their brief encounters with those who had witnessed something so strange.

While these first visits were taking place, there were other accounts. Some of the dozens of young Israeli reporters who had rushed into Lebanon—almost at the same time as the armored columns—came back. They got in the cars they had left parked in Metulla, and drove from there to Tel Aviv, a two- or three-hour ride, or to Jerusalem, three or four hours away—the two cities where most journalists live and work. Some returned for twenty-four hours, others for forty-eight, and still others for good. But, though they did not write about it or comment on it on radio or television, they brought with them something completely new: the smell of unburied bodies.

The odor of death itself is not new to Israelis. Thousands of soldiers killed in the wars of the last thirty-five years rotted while awaiting burial. But the smell of women and children in streets and homes is different. The reporters said they could not get rid of it. And very soon, at family reunions, at receptions, while waiting for the children to come out of the kindergartens, in the lines as they waited their turn at the banks, the middle class of Israel started to discuss the smell. They even began to make analogies, some of them outlandish. In the neighborhood around Tel Aviv University are some private clubs consisting of a swimming pool, three or four tennis courts, a small green space, and a bar, and on Saturdays, naturally, they fill up. Flies swarm all over the clubs. Hanging from trees are special traps—large glass containers where the flies, attracted by a chemical, accumulate. The odor is foul. By the second Saturday of the invasion, the smell was being called "the odor of Lebanon's dead." The cedars of Lebanon had been replaced by the dead of Lebanon.

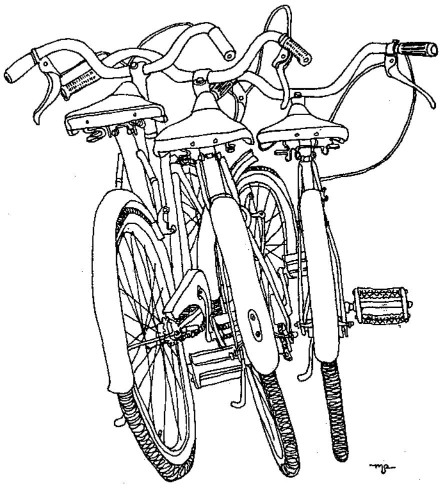
The reporters brought back something else. Using binoculars, they had witnessed from different vantage points the systematic bombing and shelling of Tyre, Sidon, and Damur. This, too, was a first. Israeli Air Force bombs, along with artillery and Navy barrages, were demolishing cities. The reporters had never seen such a thing before, had never believed it possible; but they soon discovered that it was the normal and natural result of a war in which you have an enormous military advantage. They thought about it all, and theirs were the first thoughts that began to circulate among the Israeli people. Those who had not wanted to read or listen to the warnings about Lebanon from a small and isolated Israeli minority—a minority that had been overwhelmed by the collective euphoria—now asked themselves whether it was possible that the Jews had done such things.

To anybody who doesn't live in Israel, this seems a simplistic question. But here it is a painful problem. It erodes something that is invaluable if one is to survive—that is, the moral idea that Jews have of themselves. The Israelis can put up with the notion that some of their soldiers are tempted by the opportunity for plunder which comes to a victorious army—and this subject was the beginning of reflections on the war, of discussion by small groups, of furtive glances between friends. The Israelis can accept the possibility that an individual soldier may be driven to acts of extreme violence. All the soldiers know the humiliation and torture that await them if they become prisoners of the Arabs. But never before had the Israelis transgressed certain moral limits. Day after day, it seems, the moral edifice that was unstintingly maintained for thirty-four years of national independence is being undermined.

With painstaking honesty, the Israelis have examined the role that the Jews fulfilled in Europe, and continue to fulfill today in certain regions of the world—the role of victim. Yet, despite this philosophical framework, the Israelis never traded on the Jewish blood spilled in Europe. Strict moral limits were kept, because, as a popular saying puts it, "we cannot do to others what was done to us." There were also limits on hypocrisy. The use of the role of victim was prudent, almost humble, sober, and dignified. Many Israelis feel offended by the way the Holocaust is exploited by Jews in the West. They even feel ashamed that the Holocaust has become a civil religion for Jews in the United States.

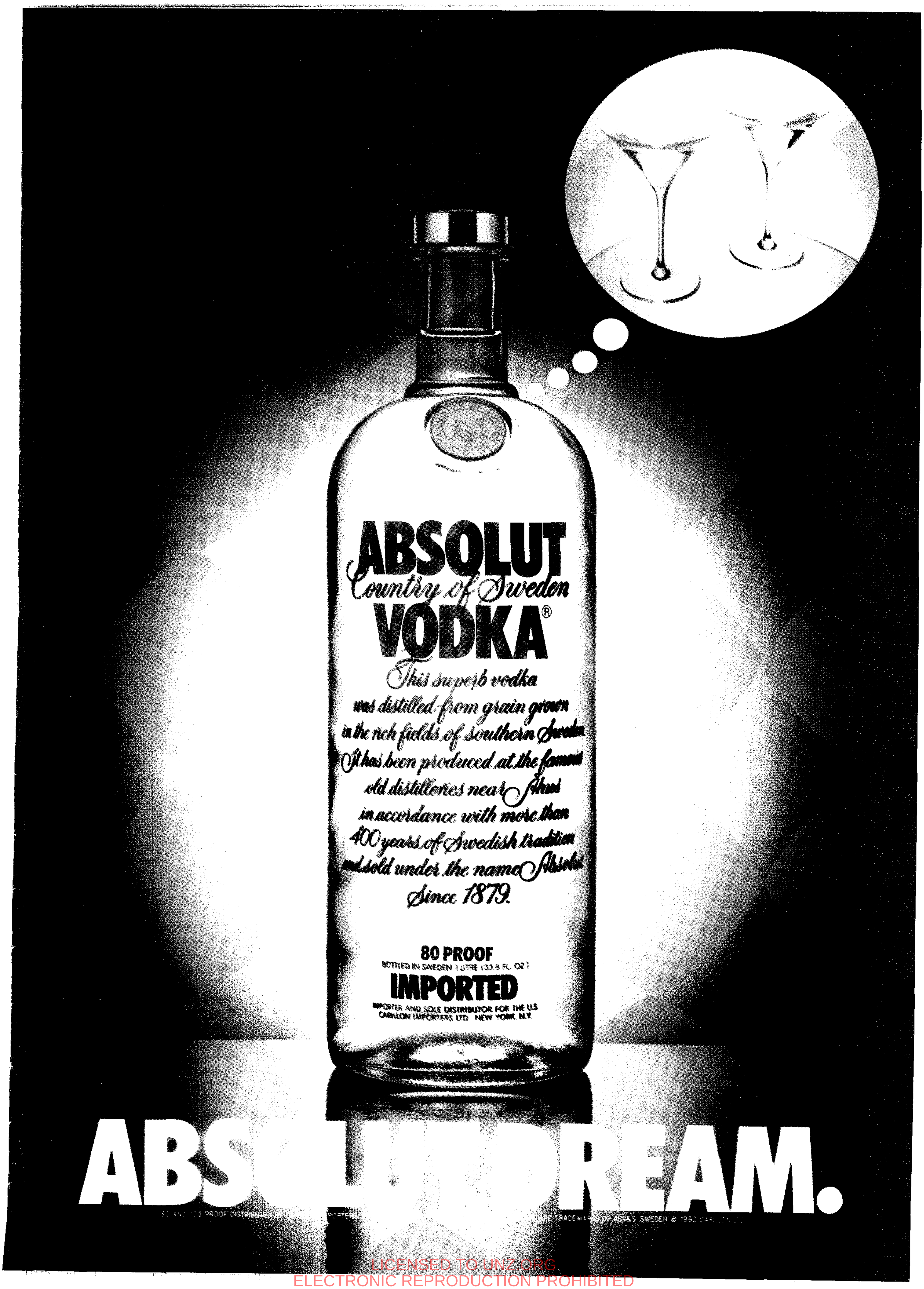
This entire structure of moral principles and intellectual honesty is being affected by the government's claims about the war. The Israeli is proud of the efficiency of his Army, of the courage of his soldiers, of the spirit of sacrifice of his officers. But he is careful in his use of epithets and bravado. He knows that he has been fighting against an organization that—despite the vast arsenal of weapons at its disposal—did not have any true military experience and lacked planes and warships. The average soldier on his first leave was astonished to see how his heroism was being used when he himself had not yet digested the scenes of civil destruction he had helped to bring about in Lebanon. If such men did not come back already ashamed, this use of them provoked the first glimmers of guilt and unease.

The government attempted from the beginning to expand the limits of the territory that the Israeli felt he had the right to occupy as the historic victim of hatred and violence. But in these attempts the Israeli is finding confirmation that what he considered his rights as a victim have been stretched too far. With all this, his identity has suffered a true shock, and now, out of necessity, he must rethink his very self. When the government insists, as if it were a new policy, that Israelis do not bow in silence when they are attacked, they understand that this is not the real point. After all, Israelis know that they never once bowed to aggression in the hundred years of active Jewish colonization of Israel. It is clear that the government is actually announcing another kind of change, and they think then of Lebanese women and children buried under the rubble of Tyre and Sidon, and of the odor that clings to them. It is also clear that Israelis don't want to assume the new identity that is being proposed for them. But they don't yet have a distinct idea of how to avoid it.



They throw themselves into drives for aid to Lebanon: chocolates for Lebanese children; clothing, building materials, fresh foods. As best they can, they channel their emotions into this endeavor until a new salvo of challenges surges from the ranks commanded by the Prime Minister: the Israelis are doing in Lebanon what the Czechs did not dare do in 1938, which was to face up to Hitler's panzer divisions. After such a pronouncement, lucid debate is a hard task. Slowly, in one conversation after another (and sometimes all Israel seems one huge chain of dialogues), we have to try to remember that crisis forty-four years behind us. Only then does it become evident that the Palestinians in Lebanon had no panzer divisions, and that the columns of tanks were Israeli; that in 1938 England and France denied the Czechs planes, but the United States has generously provided planes to Israel, along with communications systems, artillery, missiles, rifles, ammunition, the cannon on the Merkava tanks, and broad diplomatic support. Would the Jews have fought if they had been abandoned like the Czechs? It's a painful question, and Israelis would have been happier if Begin had never raised it.

The Israeli knows that he is unbeatable in the Middle East. He doesn't fear for his security now. He fears more for his moral health and mental balance, and that is why he needs peace in the region. He doesn't want to be forced to kill again in the way he has killed civilians in Lebanon, and he doesn't want to think of a time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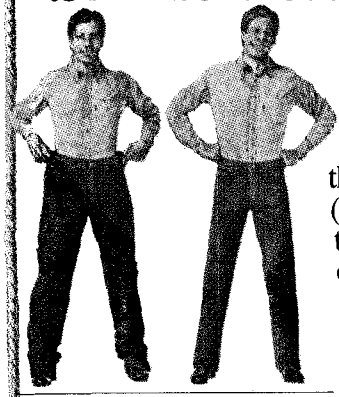

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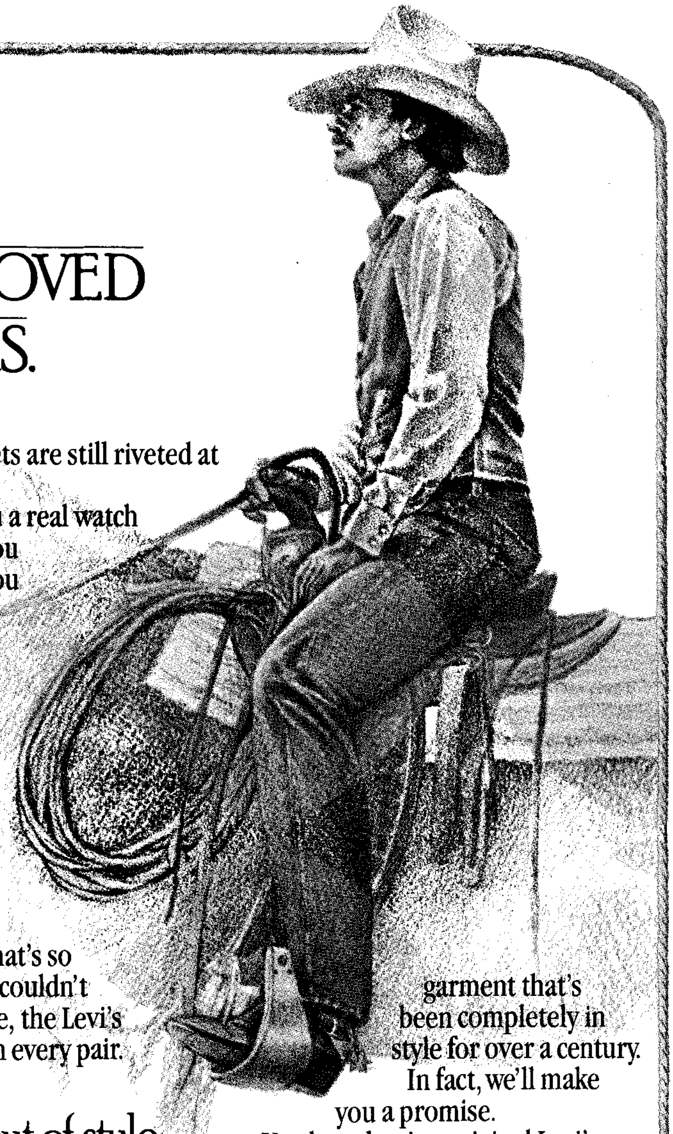

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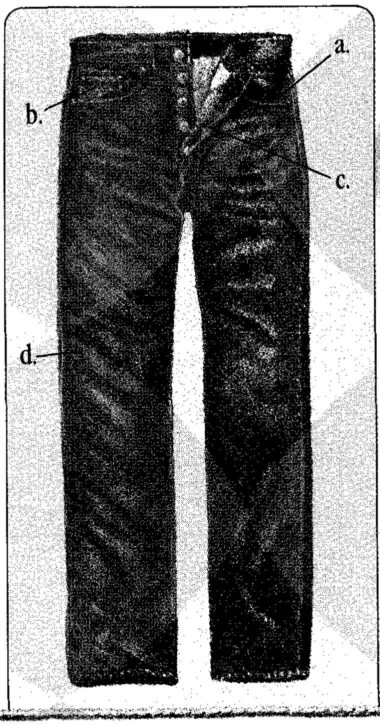

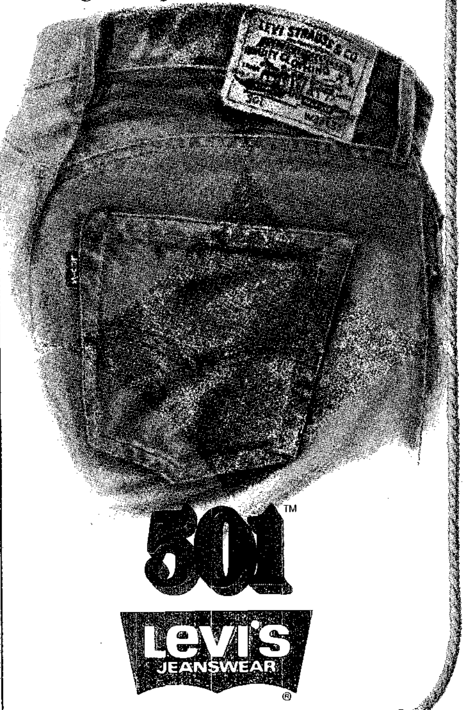

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when he must win the next war.

IT is the third week of the war. I walk in the park with my grandson, and a neighbor asks me his age. I tell him.

"Two? Surely his turn will come with the '99 war."

It is precisely for the preservation of their moral health that Israelis hurl themselves into aid for Lebanon. It is possible that we will see a new phenomenon of collective solidarity, with Israeli volunteers working to rebuild Lebanon's cities. In the occupied West Bank territories, one already finds Israeli youths showing up weekly to work on the rebuilding of homes that have been blown up by order of the Defense Ministry. Usually, these youths come from farming kibbutzim. One can even imagine that the reconstruction of Lebanon could be accomplished faster than anyone had predicted, because of the Israeli popular will to take part in it. Or, rather, because of their need to do so.

*"... And so it was, and so it was to be what it was to have been, and had what it was to have had, had it had what it was to be what it had to have been ..."*

• •

Yes, the guilt had its beginning after the war was under way. For the first time, an Israeli newspaper destroyed the myth that every victorious army wants to believe: that it is beloved by the people it has invaded. Avraham Rabinovich, a Jerusalem *Post* correspondent, wrote, "The Christians are undoubtedly happy the Israelis are there, but they will undoubtedly be even happier when they no longer have to be there."

In the first week of the war, Israeli television correspondents interviewing soldiers elicited descriptions of battles, and greetings for the fighting men's families. But on the second Saturday a group of soldiers reacted with painful irony. They were shock troops, and when they were asked how far they expected to advance they replied, "Well, there's a vandalized synagogue in Ankara, so we will surely get there. Also there are Katyushas [rockets] in Moscow, so we will have to go to take them out."

Another soldier interrupted, saying, "Don't talk so much on television. Think of the dead boys."

And, finally, a nineteen-year-old soldier in the Golani Brigade, the famous and invincible Golani, remarked, "The war—what is war? Only destruction and death."

Soon I will go to Lebanon. I still want to believe that we did right. All of us are at the front—not only Sharon. I still want to believe that this is the war not of a victorious general but of the entire people of Israel.

IN this third week of the war, the heat has surpassed normal levels. The summer has just begun, but Israeli faces show the typical fatigue of August. Tel Aviv's beaches are jammed with bathers—almost all of them Israelis. Tourists seem to have vanished, and we still don't know whether it is because of the war or because of the criticism of Israel, which is gaining wide expression in the countries of the usual visitors—the Western European nations and the United States. The public swimming pools are also filled with bathers, because the school term has ended. But one can observe these scenes of refreshing normality only by going to the beaches and the pools. Israel's bathers do not appear on the television news—only those enjoying the Mediterranean much farther north, basking on the sands of the Bay of Juniye, a Christian area north of Beirut. Tel Aviv's bathers would be a negative example—proof that the war effort and the sacrifice of the soldiers are not shared by all Israelis. The bathers of Juniye are a positive example, for they prove that the invasion has not caused any serious trouble for decent, worthy Lebanese who proclaim their enthusiasm for the Israeli occupiers.

Soldiers overwhelmed by the struggle are shown on television. Also seen is the enormous energy invested in accompanying them, helping them, supporting their morale, and maintaining their ties to distant families. And listed on the screen each day are the names of those killed in action, with their ages, their youthful ages. But to realize that this war is not a common cause, assumed by everyone in this country of solidarity, it is enough to go to the beaches and to submit to the riotous night life of Tel Aviv. On television, the beautiful daughters of Lebanese bankers are sunbathing at Juniye, waiting for it all to pass, waiting for this minuscule episode to be absorbed into Lebanon's history—just one more incident. But to see the bombed cities, the uprooted lives, you've got to go there and look for yourself. In either case, you must go to the streets: in Tel Aviv and Jerusalem; in Tyre and Sidon.

Is it possible that the human heart will not stop beating but can endure, in a single day, the televised sunbathers of Juniye and the faces of Tyre's inhabitants going through their burned, destroyed, and disembowelled streets? Yes, our hearts are doing it; and nobody has yet died of anguish. Also, every day we can see the Israeli dead, televised, and, the next moment, bathers along the coast. In our delirium, our view of the world is becoming unreal, and it is the delirium that gives us our only sense of security. For if the insanity should end we would have to think clearly about what has happened, and then perhaps our world would collapse.

IT is Monday, June 28th, the beginning of the fourth week of the war, and some forebodings are beginning to materialize and to fit the reality. The things that never should have happened in Israel have perhaps happened. The ideas that should never have been applied to Israel can perhaps be applied. This morning, I received permission to visit Tyre and Sidon, and assuredly I will absorb with intensity, like a good Israeli citizen, the fact that war brings inevitable destruction and that this one will serve to avoid even greater disasters. This very morning, the twenty-third of the war, Hirsh Goodman, the Jerusalem *Post's* military correspondent, reports a dialogue from the front:

> Three Israeli military correspondents were surrounded by officers and men of four top fighting units, who accused them of covering up the truth, of lying to the public, of not reporting on the real mood at the front and of being lackeys of the defense minister.
>
> We were accused by the overwhelming majority of men—including senior officers—of allowing this war to grow out of all proportion to the original goals, by mindlessly repeating official explanations we all knew were false.

Israelis have painfully begun to understand that something unusual is happening, but never in the history of the state have the hypocrisy of a government and the cynicism of a high military chief been exposed with such clarity during wartime. Many things are occurring for the first time. For the first time, Israel has mounted a screen of provocation to justify a war. For the first time, Israel has shelled towns and cities on a large scale: Tyre, Sidon, Beirut. For the first time, military spokesmen have lied. For the first time, the Israeli press has joined them in their successful mission of lying to the public. For the first time, officers and men have not known the objective of the campaign. For the first time, the actual damage inflicted on the invaded country has been hidden, and so has the number of deaths. For the first time, reservists on leave from the front have demonstrated on the streets of Jerusalem because they consider themselves betrayed. For the first time, jokes about an Israeli war circulate openly.

A soldier tells reporters, according to the Jerusalem *Post,* that the brigade's fool—that fool found in every unit—asked in which direction he should aim the cannons, because every time we opened fire the Army spokesman announced that the enemy had fired on us. Another joke, typical of an occupation army: An officer training soldiers to fire into the air when they have trouble with civilians warns, "But not into the air of their lungs."

For the first time, it seems that an absurd situation, a sort of drama of the absurd, is being played out in the entire country, in every group, in every family, and in the heart of every individual. During previous wars, the questions were postponed. The wars were short. The questions did not challenge the permanent values of the state, which were clearly unaffected and remained immutable. But this war is long and confused, and now, for the first time, the questions asked during the fighting pose the possibility that the moral and institutional foundations of the state have been affected.

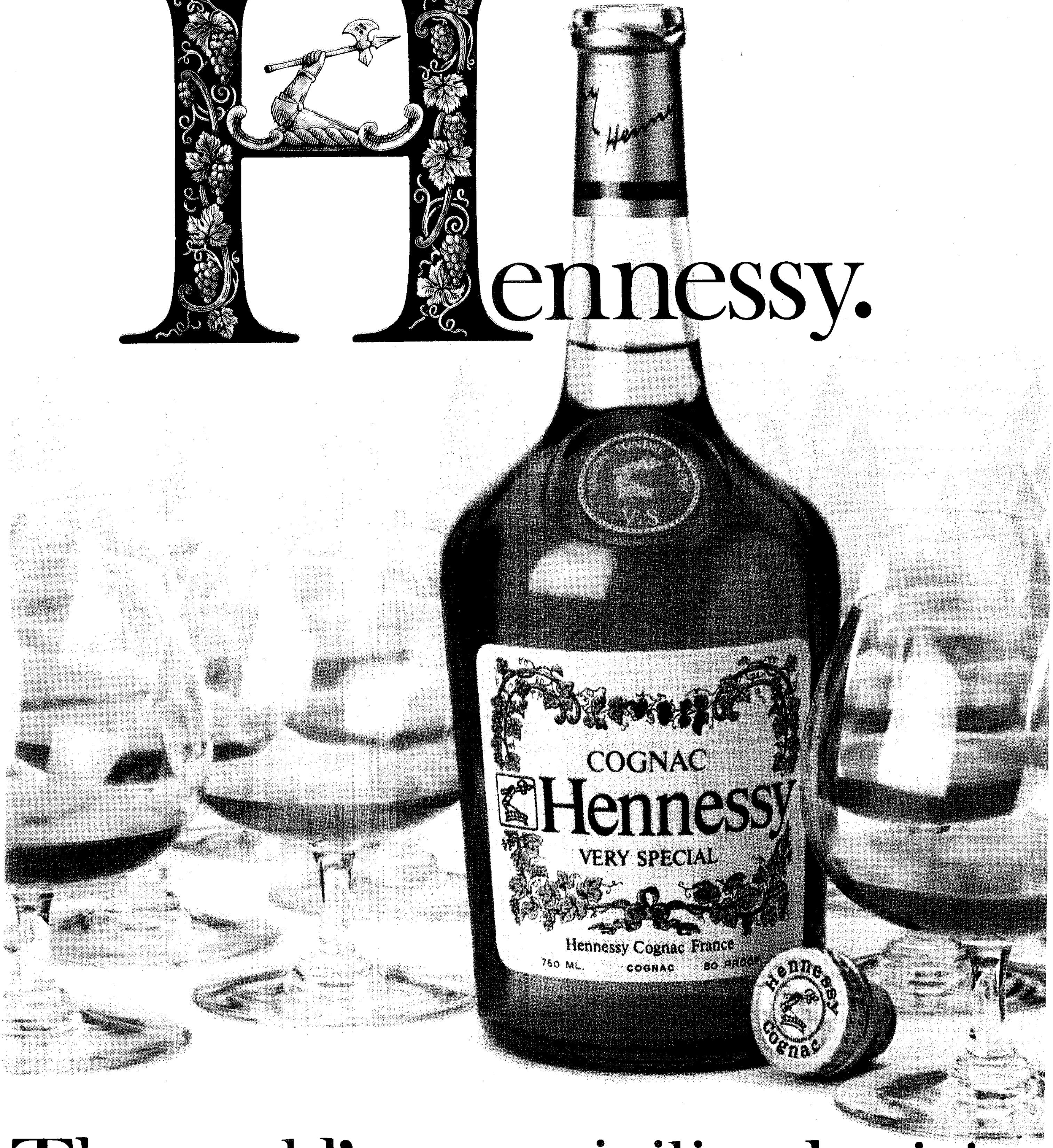
The long list of firsts has many of us jumping from one argument to the next, from one comparison to another, for we are trying to preserve something of our credibility, of our moral tradition, of our justifications, which were accepted from us because of our condition as victims of other men, of nations, and of the world at large for an extended stretch of history. We are uneasy, because we cannot continue to deceive ourselves, and when we stop deceiving ourselves we begin to feel shame—a strange and unreal sensation for a Jew, this conception of the self as a victimizer.

In the Washington *Post,* the columnist Richard Cohen enumerates the lies told in the past weeks by the Israeli government and its high officials: Begin's statement, after the offensive began, that "we did not invade any country;" the claim that the invasion, for which preparations had been under way for months, was in response to the attempted assassination of the Israeli ambassador in London; the declaration that Israel would go only twenty-five miles into Lebanon; the promise not to attack West Beirut. It's a good list. We Israeli journalists should have written Cohen's column, which argues that Israel was once "a worthy cause," and concludes, "Its word meant something. Now that is less and less the case. The moral standing of Israel has been eroded not only by its actions but also by its words. The invasion of Lebanon cost it dearly. What it won in territory it lost in credibility. It is no longer believed. No amount of territory can make up for that."

When certain critics accuse us of being Nazis, they do General Sharon a service. Truly, we are not Nazis, so the accusation serves Sharon by permitting him to discredit the accusers and to reclaim his innocence. Yet we are not innocent. On this day in the fourth week of the war, when I am about to cross the border into Lebanon, we not only perceive that we have lost our innocence but begin to have an idea of the magnitude of what we have done in the last three weeks.

I AM in the dining room of Kibbutz Gesher Haziv, on the Mediterranean, a few kilometres from the border. It is seven in the morning. This is a typical kibbutz mess hall, clean and neat, and the friendly attendants ob-

# Hennessy.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serve with interest and intelligence the dozens of journalists waiting to be taken to Lebanon by Israeli reserve officers.

The savor of old things remains. My generation was brought up with the conviction that the kibbutz and its way of life represented the moral tradition of the Jewish people and also the political conscience that would lead them to become a normal people in a democratic state. Being in a kibbutz even for a few moments allows us to feel the umbilical cord that unites us with the pioneers who forged the nation. In past wars, the proportion of youth from the kibbutzim among fallen soldiers has been close to twenty per cent, even though these settlements make up only three per cent of Israel's total population. Early reports indicate that this war will not be different. A majority of these youths are against the war. But only when the government decides to terminate the occupation of Lebanon and they can return to their kibbutzim will we know whether this is the last time they will accept military discipline without question, or whether Israeli youths will begin to use the strategy of the United States movement against the Vietnam War. A great deal will depend on the political wisdom of the Palestinian leaders—on whether they abandon the strategy of rejection of the existence of Israel and the tactic of terrorism, and adopt political means.

We're still living in total confusion, and can't see clearly what we will do, how we will react. The mother of one soldier who was killed at Beaufort Castle in the first days of the war asks herself whether she did right to bring up her son in a spirit of patriotism that led him to obey General Sharon's orders blindly and to die for them. Perhaps if she had taught him to hate the promoters of military magic her son would still be alive. The mother of another soldier asks herself whether she did right to instill in him pacifist convictions. He was assigned to the occupied territories, but he refused to serve in an occupation army. He spent two months in a military prison, then was let go and discharged. Afterward, he found it impossible to start a normal life in a country where young men are required to present their military-service record to obtain employment. He left Israel, and it's hardly possible he will return: he has been rendered a wandering Jew because of a turn of history that the founding fathers did not foresee.

Each time I gaze on the fields of a kibbutz, I automatically think how in the past it was a desert. The fields of the kibbutz are beautiful, the gardens rich with flowers. The men and women who pass by radiate the possibility of a pleasant country, of an honest humankind. Yet what they show can't be true; or, if it is true, then it has neither power nor influence. How is it possible that this country—with its kibbutzim, its political parties, its pluralist press, its active and distinguished academic life, its parliamentary democracy—could not stop a war when the preparations for it were known to all, when the need for it was never demonstrated, and when the reasons for it were made up outside the context of reality?

Was this question the principal surprise, the pathetic innovation brought by this war to Israeli society? Here's a kind of confirmation: the defenses set up patiently and with great effort over so many years did not protect us from our internal madness, because they kept us obsessed with the madness of others, of those outside. We believed ourselves indestructible, because we were watching only the madmen outside our frontiers and remained defenseless against our own madmen.

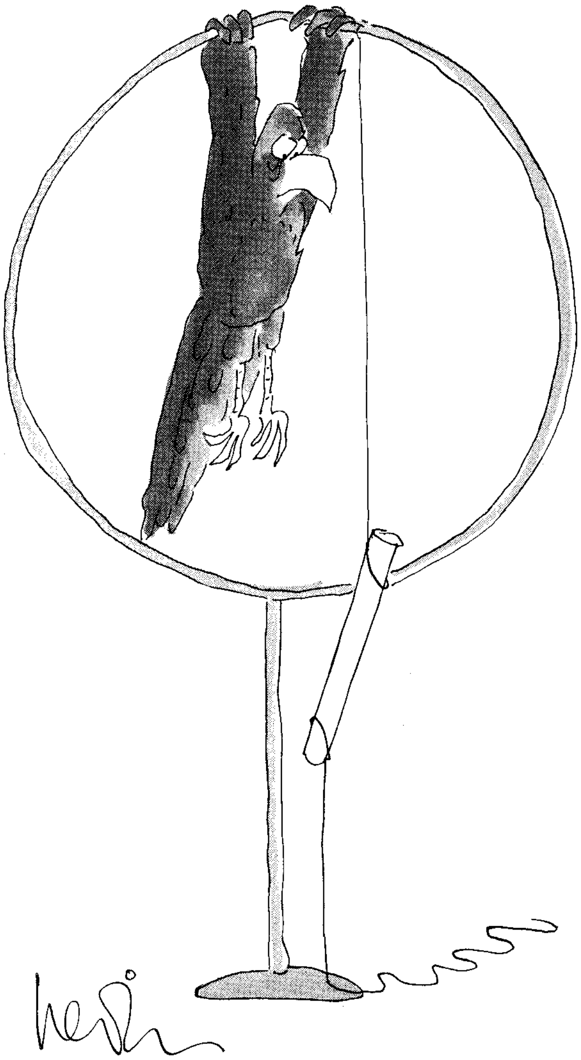
The officer taking me and two reporters to Tyre and Sidon knows his job as a reporter's escort. Genially, he leads us through the rubble of two towns, though not for an instant do we come close to the human drama that has taken place. We can look, but it is impossible to see. To see, we should go into the jails and hospitals, we should talk to mothers seeking sons lost when the Israeli Air Force dropped its bombs, and we should sift through the rubble and touch carbonized bones.

Twice, I try. Going past a prisoner camp, I ask whether we can speak with the women who are waiting outside for hours in the hope of learning something, though they aren't sure that what they seek is there. (I remember how during my imprisonment by the junta in Argentina my wife, my son Hector, and my rabbi went to police stations in Buenos Aires to find a hint of my whereabouts.) But to talk to prisoners or their families requires a permit. I don't have one, and, of course, it must be applied for elsewhere.

I inquire whether I can walk alone in the marketplace.

No, it is too dangerous: perhaps mines or an assault.

One last recourse remains. To look, to look and understand the meaning of what I observe, to understand and put to use all I have learned from reading and experience. War burst into my life for the first time, as it did into the lives of my entire generation, with Erich Maria Remarque's "All Quiet on the Western Front," which is about the First World War—the Great War, as it was called in those days. I don't believe I have been spared any of this century's horrors since then. Is this enough to enable me to converse with the ruins of Tyre and Sidon and receive



their silent testimony, which reaches me in torrents, uncensored and ruthless?

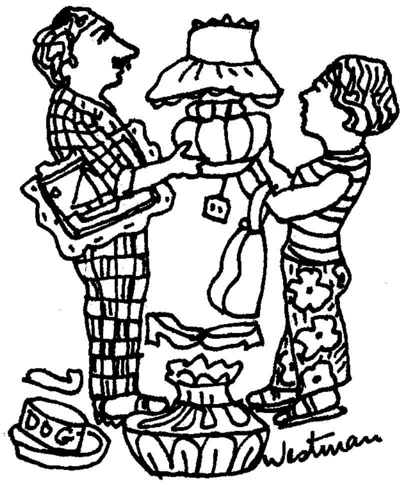
In the implacable sun, the blackened ruins smoke no more, but the dust and the wind weld them into a sticky mass. When an edifice is demolished, does someone remain imprisoned beneath that mound? I am mesmerized by the rubble of this edifice that was Tyre. It has been three weeks since our Army was here. If anybody came here searching for somebody else, he is already gone. In these ruins there must be pianos, pots and pans, pictures of family members who went to America, school notebooks, hand-embroidered curtains, watches. Inside, underneath, must be daily routine. If I could encompass all this in a single formula, it would be easier. A magic sentence that would say everything: "War is inexorable," "War is ruthless," "The war was unavoidable," "It was a question of them or us." But resignation is impossible. Those of us who have been in Israel without running any risk and who watched how General Sharon was preparing for war—the script as well as the dialectic—cannot accept the ruins of Tyre. Not the explanations of the Palestinians' stored weapons or of their training camps or of the terrorists who threatened us can justify this destruction. I try to follow the logic of my companions and compare danger with danger, threat with threat, death with death, and still I cannot understand why we have done this to Tyre. I even let myself go with the stream of their incredible arithmetic, and add up the number of homes destroyed, remembering that since we passed the border into Lebanon I have not seen a single house that did not show some war damage. Remembering what I observed only three days before the outbreak of war, when I travelled through northern Galilee, I add and subtract, I multiply and divide, and I compare; but still I cannot arrive at anything that would give an Israeli citizen the right to be standing here, secure, protected by his own Army and observing what his Army wrought.

The arithmetic is repugnant. The imagination is more generous; it allows a certain pity and a degree of confession, and, above all, it permits me to express my solidarity with those who once lived there. This is belated and stupid, but it is all I have this dusty morning as I attempt to recreate the awful human adventure that began here twenty-two days ago, as I defend myself from the statistics that pretend to prove beyond a shadow of doubt that the crimes were inevitable, the assassins efficient, the madmen patriots, and the destroyers of Tyre humane.

Some buildings have crumbled, forming a kind of mountain. The bomb craters are still there. Other buildings have lost their innards, and only their blackened walls remain standing. Still others are only partly destroyed, and the remains are once again inhabited.

Upon arriving in Tyre, our group expanded. Now we consist of two cars, five reporters, and two military escorts. A *Time* photographer and a German reporter have joined us. Sometimes the escort is increased to five officers. I don't believe we run any risk, but they insist we do. I am not permitted to speak to people picked by chance, much less speak to people alone. I prefer not to talk to those they bring to me. When they insist, I converse with them in French, knowing that the escorts can speak only Arabic or English. Naturally, it's impossible to have any sort of deep conversation. The escorts ask us to use English, so that everybody can understand.

Those of us who have been in prison know how to speak with our eyes so that we can be understood when we are forced to talk in the presence of the guards. Consequently, I know that what a cordial and pleasant Lebanese is saying is contradicted by what is expressed in his eyes. His English is clumsy, his phrases are stereotyped. Whoever has been a prisoner or been forced to surrender knows how degrading a moment like this can be. I understand the serene dignity of his gaze, and I recognize his proud personality. So I tell him what one prisoner tells another when they share oppressive circumstances: I wish him luck, lots of luck, and I ask him to have faith, lots of faith. I say this in a few French words—a signal of respect for his cultural tradition—and I hope that he understands I'm paying homage to his identity. Of course, I wish that I could say much more, but we prisoners know that it is dangerous to compromise anyone who remains in custody. We know, too, that even listening can be dangerous. So I bow my head a little when I shake his hand: "*Adieu, mon cher monsieur.*" I wish to ask his forgiveness.



Yes, from some windows they greet us with shouts of "*Shalom!*"—in Hebrew. Passersby also say "*Shalom.*" The first time, I reply. Perhaps they do it because every human being must adapt himself to circumstances; the rest is a vacuum, and the vacuum is permanent fear. Through the ages, how many times have people learned the language of the conquerors, imitated their gestures, and tried to divine their intentions, their moods? How many times must the Jews have done this? But I am the occupier, and I can't stand it any longer. I don't respond to greetings. I don't fraternize with those I have subdued by force.

I recall when the first news films of the Italian invasion of Ethiopia began to be shown in the movie houses of Buenos Aires, in 1935. Then came those from Spain. Then came more and more war newsreels, and now I am here and I think I have never understood the meaning of war. Without talking to any of the victims but trying only to imagine how the dead were killed, one can make out the outlines of the terrifying abyss into which they were hurled. This is what I try to do in Tyre and Sidon as I gaze on these ancient cities, reduced to ruins in a couple of weeks. There is no answer to my question, but the least I can do is to render them the homage of my anguish in the places where they suffered so much. Summoning all I can remember about human beings, I try to imagine how they attempted to survive the night bright with fires—to imagine their tears and their cries. I look up at high windows that seem like empty eye sockets, and I try to conceive of the faces of the mothers as they hurled their children from burning homes. Perhaps they ran down those now vanished stairs, or did they cover themselves with blankets and mattresses? I try to think what I would have done if I had been in one of those burned-out rooms. I pick one, to one side, whose curtains miracu-

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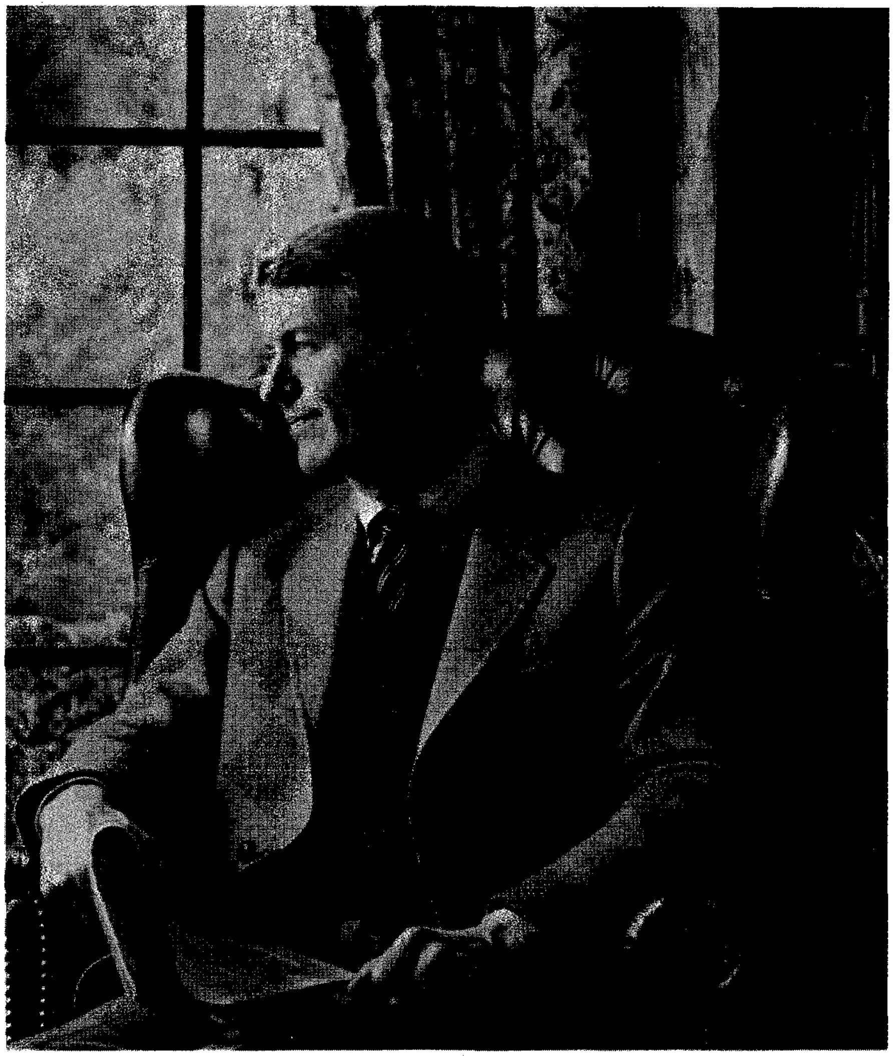
# Country Traditionals by Pendleton. Because one great tradition deserves another.



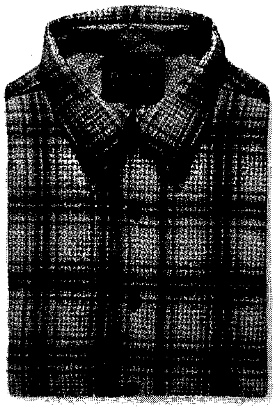
The tradition started in the Pacific Northwest, at the turn of the century.

A pioneer family began weaving blankets, robes and shawls in Pendleton, Oregon. Many designs were inspired by the motifs of the nearby Nez Perce Indian Nation.

The products were of exceptional quality, and their comfort, strength and durability were such that their reputation spread throughout the West.

And so the tradition of excellence began.

Soon, the company branched out into making fine clothing fabrics of pure virgin wool. Fabrics the company cut and sewed into shirts that loggers, ranchers and sportsmen of the region could wear a lifetime.



Each shirt was "warranted to be a Pendleton," and the tradition grew.

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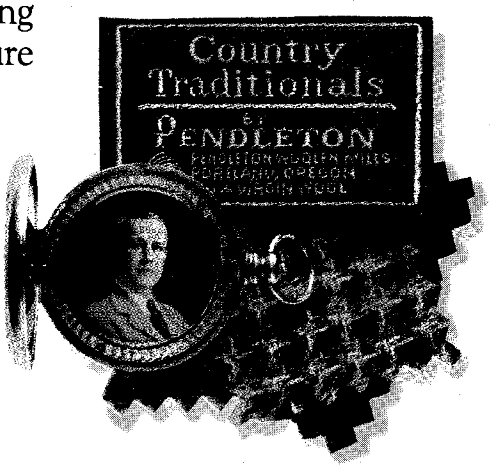
It takes a great tradition to start another great tradition. And the Pendleton tradition lives on, in Country Traditionals by Pendleton.

We invite your inspection, at fine retail stores.



lously remain, and I'm there with my family. We must decide quickly whether to flee together or break up, and how to break up, and where we are to go.

The Chilean poet Pablo Neruda once visited Machu Picchu, the dead city in Peru. Walking through the silent stone streets, gazing through the dead windows into rooms in which nobody had lived for hundreds of years, he tried to imagine the intertwined lives of the vanished dwellers, their work and their loves. "Stone upon stone," he wrote. "Man, where was he?"

A building in ruins, the heap of rubble that was once a building, the shattered street that was once littered with fruit peels, windows once gay with flowers need their people. Among the ruins of Tyre and Sidon I need a man, so that I can reach a definite understanding. Not the man who survived and was trying to adapt himself to the occupation, or the one who kept, if only in his eyes, the keys to his humiliation and to his dignity. Walking through these ruins, I lack the man who lived in them. I search, like Neruda in Machu Picchu, for the dead man, the imprisoned man, the man who is still fleeing.

Everywhere, shredded power lines dangle uselessly from posts. For three weeks, there has been no electric power. Those dangling cables repeating themselves endlessly provide a picture of such desolation and rupture that our escort interrupts the tour and drives us to the power company, where we are assured that they are working hard to restore everything to normal.

The magic words "Everything is returning to normal" are repeated time and again during the seven hours we spend in Tyre and Sidon. Today, the banks have reopened. Proudly, we are taken to visit two. Soon there will be electricity; with electricity there will be running water. The fruit and vegetable markets are already back to normal. My escort tells me that Israeli merchants offered to reorganize them but that the Lebanese showed they could do it themselves.

We can't help noting the impressive display of Israeli military might. Camp after camp, supply and communication bases, engineering and information posts, field hospitals, and columns of tanks moving endlessly along with mammoth artillery trucks. I ask my guides, "Can anyone in the Middle East oppose, or even present any opposition to, the Israeli armed forces?"

"Nobody," one replies. "From a military viewpoint, we can seize all the Arab capitals."

If nobody can stop us, that means that nobody can threaten us. If Galilee was quiet for nearly a year, until our attack on Lebanon, I ask in simple and banal terms, in the least politicized way possible, what are we doing in Lebanon? If we have such a powerful Army, why couldn't we do what we wanted without destroying cities and killing large numbers of civilians?

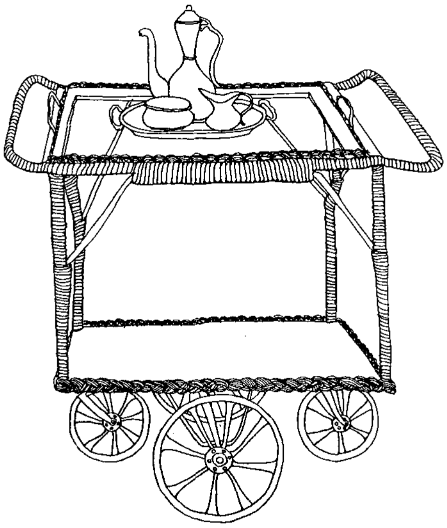
They aren't allowed to answer political questions.

I don't persist. We return to the normality theme. But it is obvious that even when the cities are rebuilt—something that will take many more years than to reopen a bank, a market, or a power plant—the return to normality will be no easy task. It means also developing a culture, structuring a society. And even these do not fulfill the needs of normality, for the real prospect for Lebanon is that it will become a protectorate of Israel, which will control the ambitions and rivalries of Lebanon's armed factions and hold the country under the yoke of a Pax Hebraica. Even if the Palestine Liberation Organization is crushed, all the groups that have kept Lebanon in a state of turmoil since 1958 will remain. It makes no sense to blame the P.L.O.

These are subjects that it is impossible to talk about in Lebanon while one is on a visit guided by Israeli Army officers.

We return to Israel, to the border post at Rosh Hanikra, on a lovely mountain road beside the Mediterranean, which rumbles below. The road is narrow and has been badly damaged by the heavy military traffic.

My escort is relaxed. The visit went off without any important incident. Those in the military who deal with the foreign press are obsessed with the presumed conspiracy against Israel by the mass media. When a Norwegian photographer placed some Lebanese children on top of some ruins in Tyre, my escort took a photograph of them all, so that later he could prove that it was a staged picture. Yet the fact remains that Tyre is in ruins, whether or not children stand on the rubble.



It all went off quietly. He is a Reserve officer, and his civilian life is ever present in his remarks. He tells us that we must build a superhighway to replace the road we're travelling on, and that it could carry hundreds of thousands of Israeli tourists to Lebanon. Commerce will flourish.

I don't want to keep pricking him with my comments. Would Israelis actually go to Lebanon, where, even if the P.L.O. is withdrawn, something like five hundred thousand Palestinians will remain? Despite occupying the West Bank for fifteen years, Israelis can enter this territory only on armed patrol. How will commerce flourish in Lebanon? Jews are streaming from Galilee to the West Bank, which has become the focal point for development investments in business. What kind of normality can there be when nearly three and a half million Jews are prepared to turn nearly two million Palestinians into second-class citizens, with all the cultural, social, and economic degradation this means?

I return to my home in Tel Aviv and do what all Israelis do after a trip. I telephone relatives and friends. At the beginning of the fourth week of the war, two questions are persistently repeated: "How long will this last?" and "Haven't we taken enough territory?"

I recall one of the answers offered by the military: We could not reveal the objectives of the invasion, because we would have tipped off the enemy. Having seen in part how the Israeli Army seized in a few days all the territory it wanted to, I ask myself whether there really was an enemy barring the way, and, if someone was barring it, whether in military terms he can really be called an enemy.

WHEN I weigh the events of Sunday, July 4th, the start of the second month of the war, I try to stand aside from the confusion created by the avalanche of contradictory news. I prefer to list developments that either surprise or please me, and to see whether in them I can find the cogency I cannot find in official declarations.

Last night, I took part in a meeting in Tel Aviv called by the Peace Now movement. We were a hundred thousand Israeli citizens ready to withdraw that very day from Lebanon and negotiate that very day with the Palestinians, regardless of who represented them, for the establishment of an independent sovereign state on the West Bank. Someone remarked that almost all of us there were Ashkenazim, from Europe and the West. I'm not impressed by the observation, nor do I feel guilty because the poorest sector of the Jewish population—the Sephardim, who are native to the Middle East—is against us and chants worshipfully, "Begin, King of Israel." I have seen their counterparts in Argentina solidly behind Perón even when the Leader was drowning them in alienation and in an economic crisis that created the conditions for their repression by ensuing military dictatorships. Their loyalty to hypnotic and seemingly invincible leaders guarantees neither the rationality nor the health of a political situation.

Jorge Luis Borges, when he was persecuted by Perónists, used to say sarcastically that "democracy is the abuse of statistics." Naturally, I don't agree with him, and perhaps Borges doesn't really agree with himself. But not even statistics are devoid of morality—they cannot ignore morality. It is entirely possible that the turnout of a hundred thousand Israelis under the banners of Peace Now will not modify the decisions of the Begin government, or have much influence on developments. But it offers proof of the upheaval and rejection that the invasion has provoked in a significant sector of the Israeli people. It also offers confirmation that the policy of turning the People's Army into a State Army will meet serious opposition.

I went to the meeting with my two-year-old grandson on my shoulders. Over the loudspeaker was read the message of a father whose son will not make him a grandfather, because he fell in Lebanon—a few days before a nephew fell, and only a few years after other relatives died in one of the other wars. How many years remain for me to try to stop the war that the State Army will send my grandson to fight?

Because today is a Sunday, when the Begin Cabinet usually meets, news is circulating through all the media. But in general the news is manipulated. I prefer to seize on a report that will surely have greater historical meaning—a report by a journalist, Yosef Goell, in the Jerusalem *Post*. He points out that because of military censorship and the policy followed by the Israel Broadcasting Authority the Israeli public is not fully aware of the magnitude of the physical destruction of Lebanese cities and of the number of Lebanese and Palestinian civilian victims. He adds, "It is crucial that, as a nation that has been involved in five wars with the Arab enemy and one that has realistic, though regrettable, prospects of engaging in a number of future wars, we come to grips with the moral questions raised by those casualties."

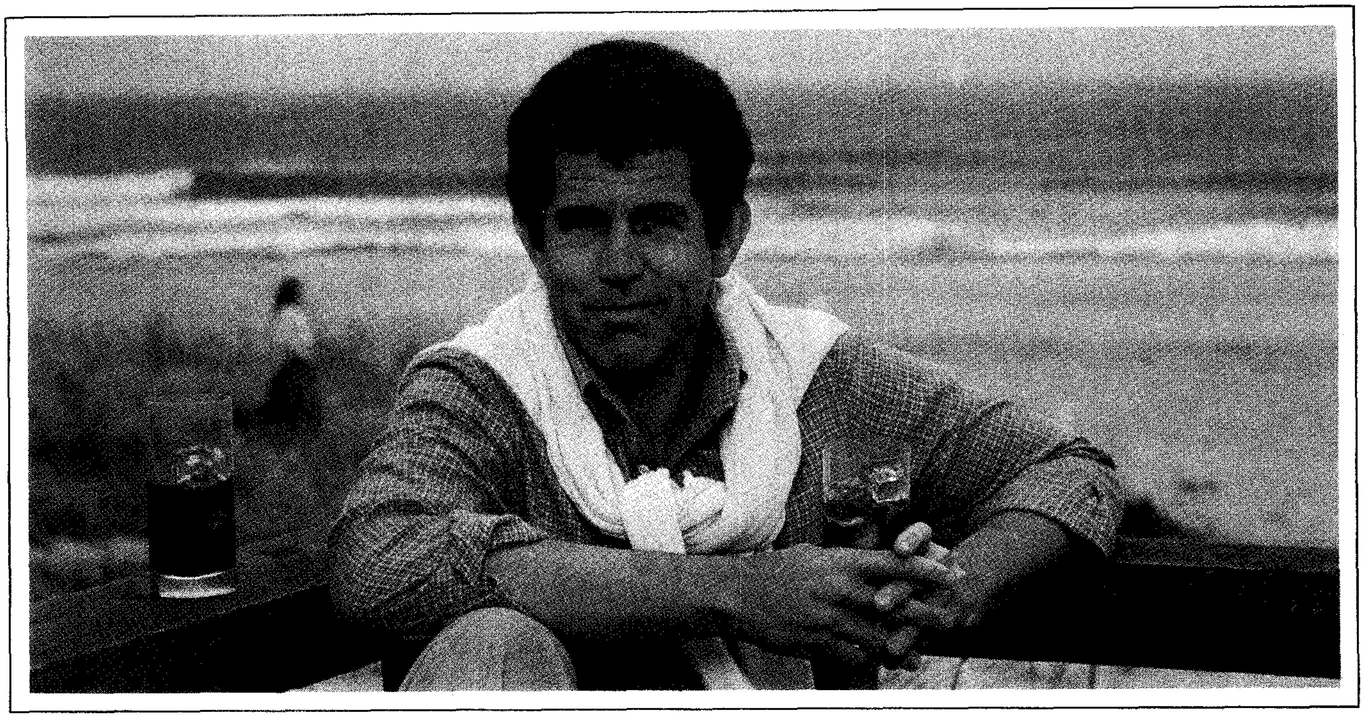
I don't believe I'm wrong in saying that ninety per cent of the debate in Israel over the war revolves around political or strategic issues. Yet it is depressing that a people that has suffered so much does not start with moral considerations—or, at least, does not start to consider immoral, if not the war itself, then the coverup of the pain and destruction that the war has inflicted on others. In the debates, the others—those who have taken the different side in the war—don't seem to exist, and so, of course, have no relevance, at least to the matter of the sufferings we are to blame for.

Some old-timers want to wait until the soldiers and officers return from the war to begin the debate, because there will be no censorship to curtail their talk. It would be heartening if the soldiers should participate, because it would expand the base of support for the process launched by the Peace Now rally in Tel Aviv's main square, where the painter Yigal Tumarkin paraded holding an anti-Sharon placard saying, "Arik, Butcher of Lebanon; Arik, Prince of Jordan; Arik, King of Israel." The Defense Minister was shown crowned with a broom dripping red paint.

Maybe the return of the combatants will become a significant political event. Yosef Goell's report points out a totally new phenomenon:

> As the war in Lebanon approaches its second month, the growing division in public opinion at home can no longer be hidden.
>
> The argument that public criticism of the conduct of the war and of its rationale should be muted as much as possible while men are dying at the front is a powerful and valid one. But it is difficult to sustain such an argument as time goes on.
>
> The corollary—that such criticism at home tends to undermine morale at the front—would be equally valid were it not for the distinct impression that the criticism and uneasiness that surfaced this week were often the result of reports brought back by many soldiers returning home from the front on their first leave.
>
> In a way, one could claim that the criticism and confusion seeping back from the front are largely responsible for the undermining of morale at home, rather than vice versa.

Not only is this the first time that such a thing has occurred in Israel but it isn't happening without trouble. The charges of lack of patriotism are broadcast carelessly, or wildly, by government spokesmen. There is also a suggestion that every war is followed by a public debate in which the former soldiers participate, and that if today's debate is erupting before the war's end it is only because the war has been long—longer than usual. Knowing the discipline of Israeli soldiers and citizens, this is difficult to believe. What has been felt on the home front, almost since the first day, is the magnitude and character of the deceit to which the country has been subjected. The people feel misled by what has been said about the bounds of its security, which is in fact greater than official announcements have asserted. They also feel deceived because only now, in the course of the ongoing debate, are they becoming conscious of the political options concerning the Palestinian problem. As for the soldier, he has simply concluded that he is engaged in a war different from the one that was spelled out by his officers before he went into combat—and it is impossible to find a similar event in the history of Israel. Beyond that, he is convinced that he caused needless destruction of lives and cities. Frustration interwoven with shame has grad-



# Tony Roberts talks about his first time.

ROBERTS: It was exactly seven years, eleven months, two weeks and five days ago, at 7:00 PM on Fire Island.

*INTERVIEWER: You remember the exact moment?!*

ROBERTS: Of course. A man never forgets his first time.

*INTERVIEWER: It must have been quite an experience. You must tell me about it.*

ROBERTS: I was at a beach party comparing tan lines, when an exotic woman in a red sarong sauntered over in my direction. I immediately noticed that she had the best tan on the beach.

*INTERVIEWER: Go on.*

ROBERTS: She looked me straight in the eye and said, "Campari?"

"I'm sorry," I replied, "I don't speak Italian."

"Neither do I," she said. I was so embarrassed.

*INTERVIEWER: I can see why!*

ROBERTS: Anyway, she handed me a Campari and orange juice, and sipped a Campari and soda herself. Then I understood.

*INTERVIEWER: How was it?*

ROBERTS: At first I thought it was bitter. Then I realized it was sweet, too. I guess bittersweet is the only way to describe it.

*INTERVIEWER: Was she amused?*

ROBERTS: Very. She said, "You'll acquire a taste for it, Tony. Most men do."

She was right. My second time was much better. And now I like to have it as often as I can.

*INTERVIEWER: Did you ever see the young woman again?*

ROBERTS: No, but I keep hoping I will. I've enjoyed it so many ways since my first time... now I could teach her a thing or two.

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ually provoked a state of anger, which, though it doesn't explode, prevents him from remaining totally silent.

A statement on the Lebanon invasion which was made in Paris on July 2nd by three Jews is buried in the Jerusalem *Post* in a dispatch on Yasir Arafat—in which the Palestinian terrorist leader refers to it. It is a curious way to report a statement issued by Pierre Mendès-France, a former Prime Minister of France; Philip Klutznick, former chairman of the Conference of Presidents of Major American Jewish Organizations and Secretary of Commerce in the Carter Administration; and Nahum Goldmann, the president of the World Zionist Organization and of the World Jewish Congress. I sense that the Begin government's attempt to hide their words from the Israeli people will boomerang. The public is being subjected to a disinformation campaign, but the public isn't badly informed, it isn't badly oriented. In two or three days, the importance of the statement will be grasped. Mendès-France, Klutznick, and Goldmann say:

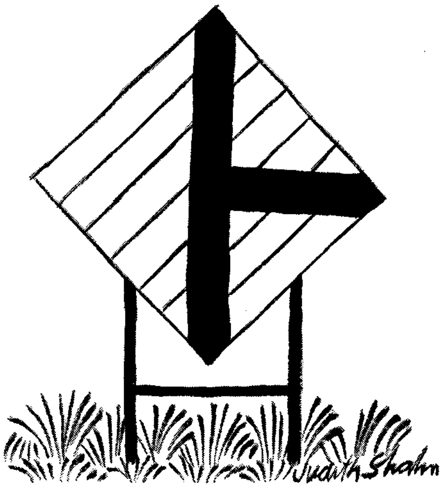
> Peace need not be made between friends, but between enemies who have struggled and suffered. Our sense of Jewish history and the moral imperatives of this moment require us to insist that the time is urgent for mutual recognition between Israel and the Palestinian people. There must be a stop to the sterile debate whereby the Arab world challenges the existence of Israel and Jews challenge the political legitimacy of the Palestinian right for independence. . . .
>
> The war in Lebanon must stop. Israel must lift the siege of Beirut in order to facilitate negotiations with the P.L.O. leading to a political settlement. Mutual recognition must be vigorously pursued. And there should be negotiations with the aim of achieving coexistence between the Israeli and Palestinian peoples based on self-determination.

In Israel, people are intoxicated by slogans, repeated dozens of times daily, that strive to justify our actions by referring to our past sufferings. It is more than painful to hear how the Holocaust is being used to explain the invasion of Lebanon. One of the current jokes in Israel is that we have no more blood left in our veins, because Begin has spilled it all in his speeches.

The three Jews in Paris were not carried away by the military victory. Yet at the same time the Prime Minister remarks in a jocular tone that one of these days he'll visit Beirut. I believe the future of the Israeli and Palestinian peoples is spelled out better in the proposal of Mendès-France, Klutznick, and Goldmann than in Begin's omnipotent jests.

I note these things because they get to the heart of the matter. They will have a greater influence on our lives than the interminable negotiations to decide Beirut's fate—they and the letters that soldiers send from the front, the pressure they exert on their families. Almost all the letters that reach a kibbutz of Latin Americans of my generation speak of confusion, disquiet, and unhappiness, and they ask relatives to organize to put an end to the war. Some letters, and even petitions signed by groups of soldiers, reach the newspapers. Thus we enter the second month of the war, and it is already completely evident that military success does not necessarily mean a political victory. One can foresee a great political defeat for the Begin government, which will find expression in a vast popular outpouring for a solution to the Palestinian problem. But we will have to wait for this until the drunken spree wears off and we do the accounting of what was gained in this war. Even those Israelis who believe that all criticism of the government on the Palestinian issue weakens the Jewish people in general now find solace in the conviction that a political solution is inevitable.

It is possible that we are living crucial moments in the history of the Middle East. Yet for the cycle to end without more death and desolation the two peoples who are playing out their destiny here must learn not to fool themselves and not to let themselves be fooled. The Israeli people will fool themselves if they begin to believe—or let themselves be led to believe—that the political solution will be a result of the horrors provoked by the invasion. Before the war, there was enough margin to work out a political solution. A lot of patience and a lot of honesty would have been required, but it was feasible. To say that every war has a positive aspect and that in this case it is the growing realization that in the Middle East there is no military solution—to say such a thing is an obscenity when one thinks of Lebanon's cities, of the dead, of the mutilated; in brief, of the consequences we'll have to live with for years.



When, in 1970, King Hussein killed thousands of Palestinians in Jordan, just as General Sharon is killing them in Lebanon, he thought that the Palestinian issue had been locked away for a long time. He was mistaken. It rebounded, with greater force than ever, and, unhappily for the rest of us, the Palestinians still clung to their old errors. They were convinced that there was a military solution to *their* plight. Both Israelis and Palestinians have paid a high price indeed for believing in military solutions.

It is possible that the Palestinian people are only in an embryonic stage of their historical development and for this reason cannot achieve a political understanding of the Middle East. Unable to work out for themselves a relationship between their newfound identity and the regional context within which it must exist, they chose the easy way of terrorism. It was the simplest of ways: hijack a plane and celebrate the event as if it were the victory of Waterloo; seize an Israeli school, murder a few children, and announce it as if it were the taking of the French fleets by Lord Nelson. But this strategy of terror did not advance the Palestinian cause. It did not blunt the Israeli hard-liners; if anything, it strengthened them. Similarly, terrorist strategy failed in Argentina, Chile, Brazil, Spain, West Germany, Italy, and Uruguay even before the terrorists were savagely repressed.

That the Palestinians have not drawn any sensible conclusions from their own experience, or that of others, is a failure of their academic allies in the West as much as of themselves. These supporters institutionalized the political ignorance of the Palestinians, raising the P.L.O. to the category of a national-liberation movement, despite its internal chaos, its lack of a coherent program, its terrorist practices, its stupid brutality, and its negation of history. They seized upon the idea of the historical inevitability of a Palestinian state—an idea shared by all progressive people. But the day, month, and year of the inevitable depended on the sacrifice of one, two, or three generations. The principal task of the academics should have been to confront Palestinian terrorism with a clear and convincing picture of the political reality, not in order to save lives and property in Israel—whose existence they never quite accepted—but at least for the sake of saving Palestinian lives. Hiding from the Palestinian people the true relationship of forces in the region was a veritable act of suicide—conveniently, however, of other people's suicide. Had their supporters worked with the moderates among the Palestinians and in the Arab world within the bounds of a political strategy, had they understood—as it was their obligation to understand—that President Anwar Sadat was an ally, they could have forced the creation of a Palestinian state despite the obstructiveness of Israeli reactionary groups.

And now, betraying their duty as academics, they resort to the magic of symbols that don't serve to mark a course, or to instill guilt feelings in General Sharon, or to alter the relationship of forces in the Middle East. To speak of a Palestinian genocide, of a Palestinian Holocaust, to compare Beirut with Stalingrad or with the Warsaw Ghetto will move no one. Jews know what genocide is, and a Holocaust, and a Nazi. We don't need—nobody needs—to resort to truculent comparisons to arouse desperate feelings about the victims of Lebanon, the innocent deaths brought about by the Begin government.

All those who approached the Palestinians betrayed them. The democratic political leaders of Western Europe betrayed them when they induced the P.L.O. to feel that it and they formed part of the same institutional constellation, without warning the P.L.O. that the idea of a secular Palestinian state in which Jews would be a minority was simply the product of a dream, that history does not go back to such a point. When the Western Europeans heard the P.L.O. talk of a "Zionist entity," they did not respond with an explanation of the meaning and power of Israel. They did not warn the P.L.O. against dreaming of the liquidation of a state whose power these politicians knew only too well. They allowed the P.L.O. to avoid the issue with ambivalent insinuations that not even the good will with which some of us in Israel heard them could convince us that the P.L.O. would accept anything less than the destruction of our country.

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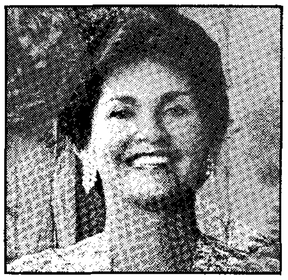

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In an article published in Paris the second week of the invasion, the French writer François Wahl said, "The European left, for its peace of mind, acts as if the Palestinians were ready to accept a state next to Israel—'and if they have not yet announced it, it is because Israel itself does not recognize them.' Anyone who has kept company with them knows only too well that this is untrue. Except in some instances, as a cover for propaganda needs, they have never accepted the Jewish state."

One of the wisest Palestinians—Elias Freij, Mayor of Bethlehem, on the West Bank—told a French newspaperwoman during President Mitterrand's visit last March that the P.L.O. needed to recognize Israel at once, without any conditions whatever. The European politicians had the same information as Elias Freij, and greater experience. Why did they go along with the P.L.O.'s political babble?

Each "political" triumph of the P.L.O. that was marked by the establishment of a delegation in a Western country was actually one more push toward the abyss into which it fell. Each P.L.O. diplomatic triumph in the United Nations was one more way of alienating the Palestinians from reality. The expression of "solidarity" by dozens of Third World countries actually, in its simplicity, raised a new ring of solitude around the Palestinians. The Third World cannot help them. It can't help itself. It doesn't even exist. But the Palestinians were given top billing in the rhetoric that makes people believe in the Third World's power.

Twenty-one days after the invasion, the Arab foreign ministers held a summit meeting in Tunisia. The P.L.O. presented a petition of its demands for support to its Arab League brothers. The Arab League was another betrayer of the Palestinians, giving them a sense of power and security. Yet it was clear to the rest of the world that there were too many unresolved problems in the region, and that the Palestinian sideshow allowed countries that needed to consolidate their position a chance to gain time. The huge sums of money given to the P.L.O. by some Arab countries inspired the belief that the Palestinians had unlimited opportunities to acquire weapons and ammunition. The Palestinians brought joy to the arms industry, but none of their friends explained that with respect to the other requirements of a modern war they were back in the Middle

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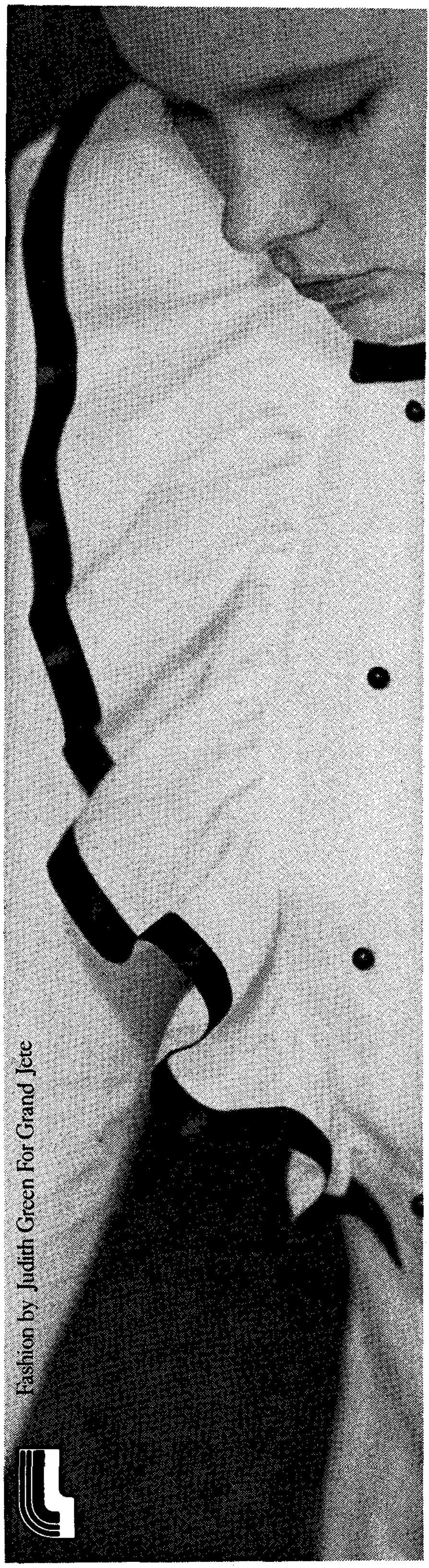
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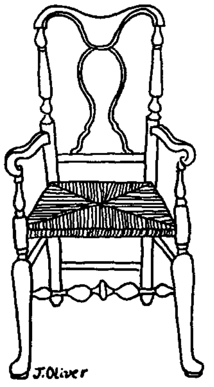
Ages—that Israel had reached a degree of military sophistication never before seen in the Middle East.

The Soviets recognized the imbalance of forces. They knew that the acquisition of weapons does not make an army—certainly not against Israel. They did not warn the Palestinians that their problem had no military solution, because for the Soviet Union the Palestinian "rearmament" was its great Middle East opportunity. The Soviet Union poured in surplus weapons, but not enough to turn back a modern army. The Soviet military attachés in the Beirut Embassy kept their boss, Ambassador Aleksandr A. Soldatov, informed, but not the Palestinian military commanders with whom they toasted the triumph of the revolutionary forces. And, in case any Palestinian leader had doubts, the Begin government came to the aid of the Soviet ploy. The government did not let a week go by without denouncing the buildup of Palestinian offensive capacity. United States congressmen were taken to survey Israel's northern border, to be lectured on the route that the P.L.O.'s Soviet tanks would follow in the inevitable invasion of the defenseless Jewish nation.

The Palestinians could not escape this enormous trap, which was embellished with a revolutionary romanticism that had life only in the days of Mao's Long March or of Fidel Castro's Sierra Maestra. The Israelis charged that Beirut was the international center of terrorism, and the Palestinians believed that several hundred dropouts and neurotics and maladjusted imbeciles gathered from some twenty countries added up to a revolutionary vanguard that would lead the way to a bright future. Why should they weigh the facts of reality soberly and why consider the disadvantages of their own relative backwardness if more than one United States scholar considered it a privilege to review the world situation with Arafat, if Indira Gandhi received Arafat in India with pomp? Why not believe in the value of the terrorist strategy if Arafat could address the United Nations like a chief of state, a resplendent gun at his waist?



Outside the window where I'm writing is a small military airfield on the edge of the Mediterranean. I know the significance of those helicopters that each minute head north or return from the north. They go to kill in Beirut or to bring back the wounded. They enrage me. So do the Palestinians, because they were so stupid. Their innumerable friends, who turned them into history's toys, also fill me with fury. And I'm infuriated, too, with us, the Israelis, who by exploiting, oppressing, and victimizing the Palestinians have made the Jewish people lose their moral tradition, their proper place in history.

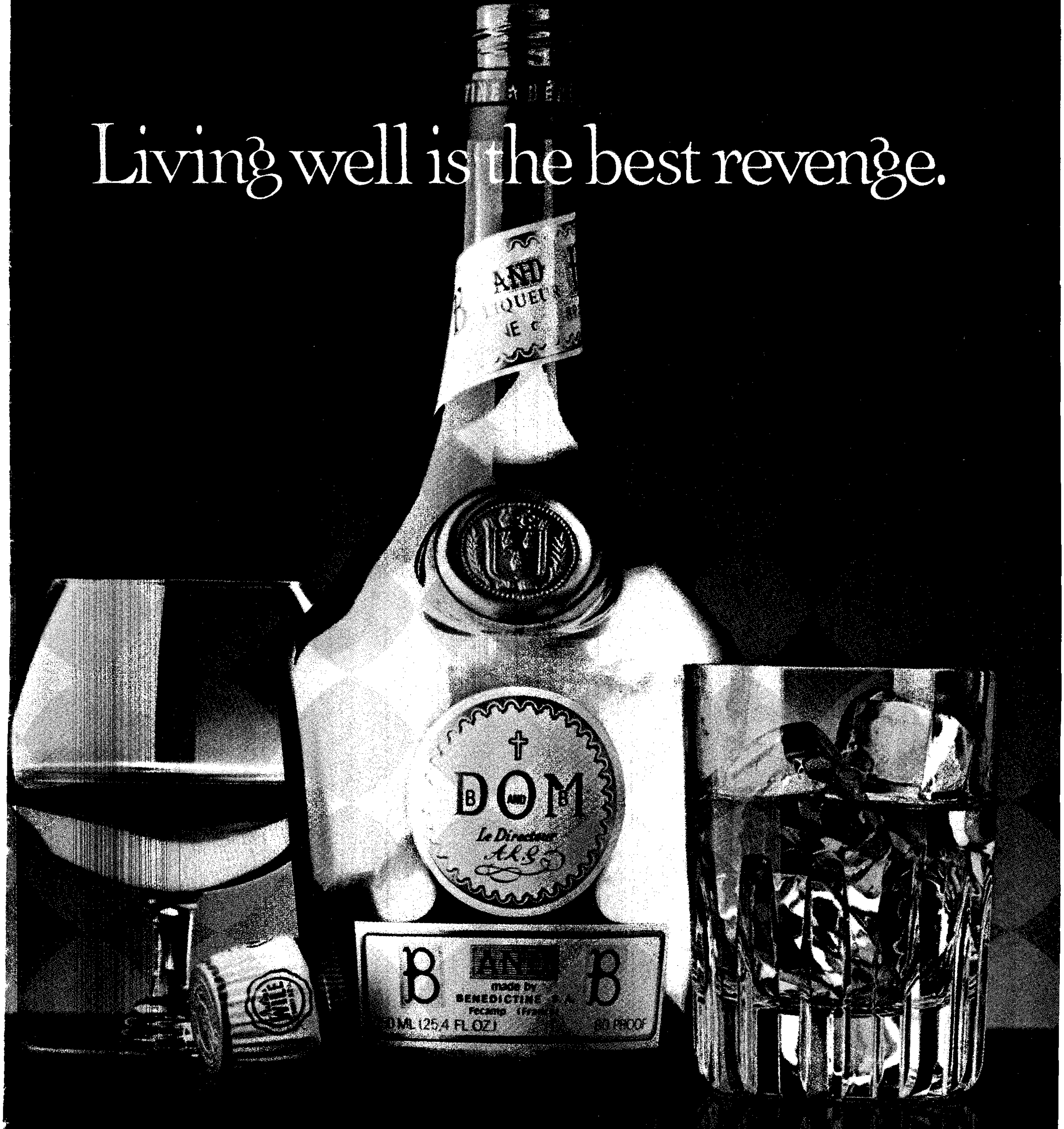
The Israelis . . . But who are we? We, too, were deceived into believing in the nonexistent Palestinian military might. We were deceived into believing in the danger to our cities and colonies in Galilee, where peace reigned for nearly a year before General Sharon broke the truce with the P.L.O.

The government deludes us when it tells us that we are trapped, that Israel is the Jew among nations, that nobody accepts us. It arouses in us the fear it needs in order to make us obey orders and ask no questions. It has never told us of our real power, of our military capacity, of our battlefield superiority. It has terrorized us. When we finally discover our defensive possibilities, it is too late for us to allow ourselves the luxury of a long political debate, because we're involved in a war. We have been as much deceived as the Palestinians.

When we're told that we're encircled, I ask myself if the contrary isn't true—if we are not the ones who have encircled our neighbors. Each time General Sharon cites statistics on the Israeli victims of terrorism, seeking our endorsement for his designs, he fills us with panic. Later, reporters can't confirm his numbers with any responsible source. Trying time and again to find a pretext for seizing Beirut, Sharon announces on television that thirteen hundred and ninety-two Jews have been murdered by the terrorists. He warns us that even a minimal P.L.O. presence in Lebanon is an invitation for more killings of Israelis. The journalist Hanna Semer, editor of the newspaper *Davar*, fails to reach this number even after adding up all the victims of the past fifteen years. But she cannot obtain a clarification from the Minister of Defense.

General Sharon needs our approbation, or at least our passivity, for his

# Living well is the best revenge.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grand geopolitical plans. He resorts to those magic formulas wielded by the military when they disdain civilian control of their actions—to those elixirs that cure everything but only if they are applied without any questions being answered. We are deceived so that Sharon can put Lebanon under our protection, keeping the six hundred thousand Palestinians there as third-class citizens. Annex the West Bank, but let's hold enough Palestinians there for the needs of the Israeli construction industry and for the sweeping of our streets: let's make the West Bank the South Africa of the Middle East.

Perhaps I'm mistaken, and what Sharon needs is neither our approbation nor our passivity. Rather, he must keep the Israeli citizen in fear—and he has accomplished it. He needs our fear—and he has it. Even in our own country, they make the Jew live in fear.

IN the fifth week of the war, I go to a wedding at a synagogue on Ben Yehuda Street, in Tel Aviv. Nobody speaks about the obvious: the small number of young men. Nobody mentions the war. The fatalism of the Israelis is incredible—they accept whatever happens to them without asking themselves who brought it on them or why. Perhaps they will change with the invasion, and the psychological mechanism of passive acceptance will cease to work. If previous wars were events beyond discussion because we were driven to fight, this time we were shoved from behind. It is easier to question the one who gave us the shove (he is one of us and lives in our country) than those we must defeat on the battlefield. Now the Prime Minister points out with some concern that, for the first time in Israel's history, open opposition and criticism are breaking out against a war while it is going on. The government appears to be girding itself for a typical Israeli political debate, in which accusations require no proof and weigh more than ideas or analysis. Israel is a country of great verbal violence. Anybody familiar with the history of Jewish institutions knows the phrases of lament and of accusation that have divided the Jewish people for thousands of years. But it seems to me that more than verbal violence affects Israelis in their debates. It's almost verbal cannibalism. Words must, before demonstrating the rightness of one's own judgment, eradicate

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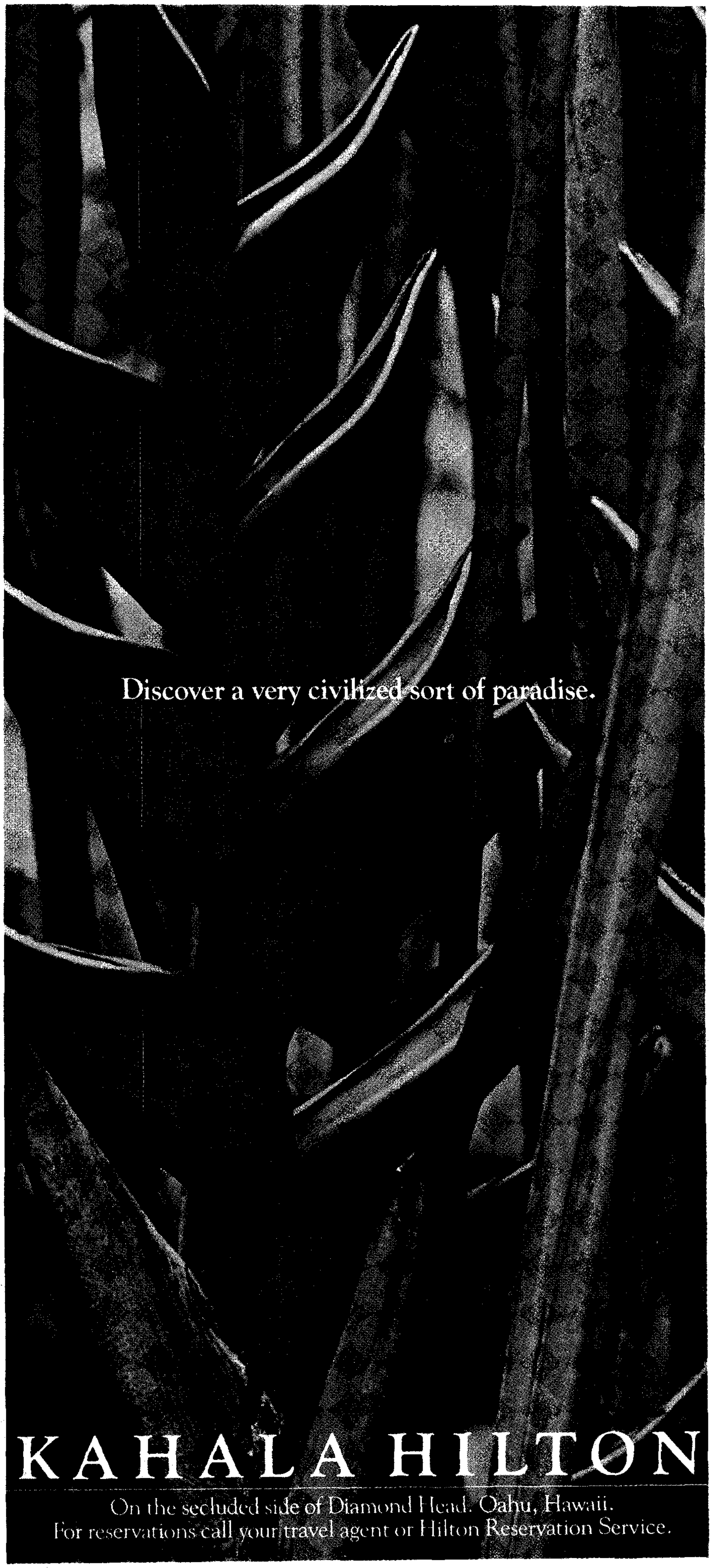

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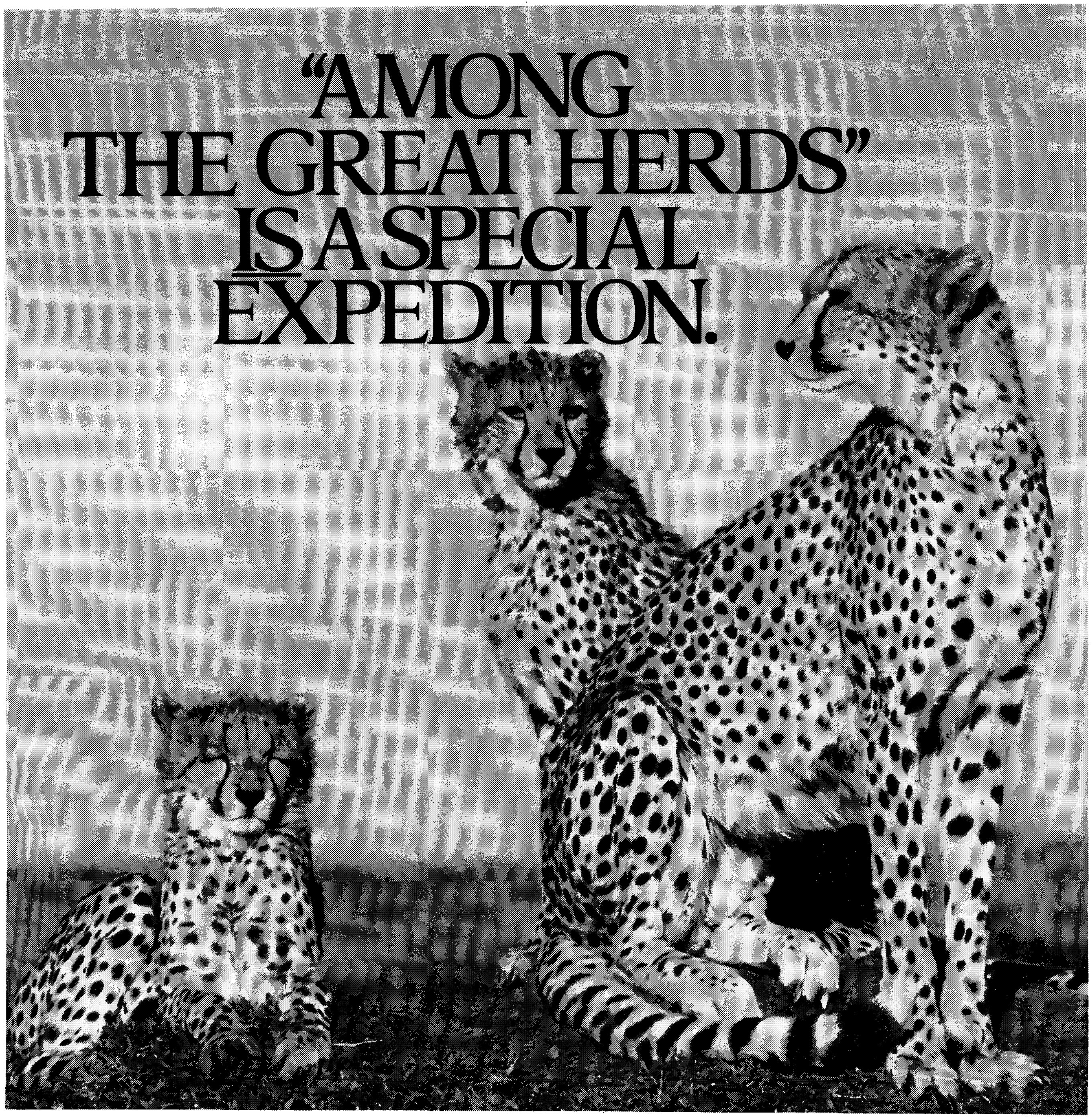
the existence of the opponent, devour him.

WHEN we are reminded of that time before the war, faces, promises, and memories come back, and we become desolate. Yet we must accept that a war is neither the end of the world nor the beginning of another. It is sad—sad even for the dead. In Israel, there is no fleeing from time. Wherever you turn to escape the war, you'll run into a Jewish time. Something past, something present, something future. In the fifth week of the war, trying to flee my obsessions, and even trying to flee from Israel, I meet up with the Jewish boy who lost his father in Buenos Aires in 1935 and whom I bear within myself.

We were poor. I was alone in the room, and in each room in that house lived a Jewish family. In the room were two beds: one for me, the other for my parents. There was also a table, three chairs, a dresser, and a radio. A neighbor woman who had a telephone told me to dress and go to the hospital—to the Jewish hospital, naturally—to see my father. She gave me an orange, which I ate on my way to the subway station, throwing pieces of peel on the street. Along the five hundred metres of Jewish streets I covered, running in stretches, hopping from the curb to the street, stopping before shopwindows, some neighbors spoke to me, others looked at me and sighed. There wasn't much more: a word or a sigh.

Many years later, I often reconstructed the half hour from the moment the neighbor came into the room—through the door that was always open, because there was no window—to the moment I went down the steps of the subway station. From the first instant, I recognized later, I accepted that my father was dead. I examined the meaning of every gesture I made while dressing, while taking the coin for the subway ride which the neighbor gave me—her looks, her strategies. Afterward, in the hospital, came the fears: fear of my father's body, which lay under a sheet in the large common ward, the bed shielded by a screen, and sick people waiting patiently for everything to be over; fear of my mother's despair; fear of the piety of relatives; fear of each face that came near in those days of wake, burial, and mourning. Everything would change, everything was already changing, and I was afraid.

The Jewish welfare association that



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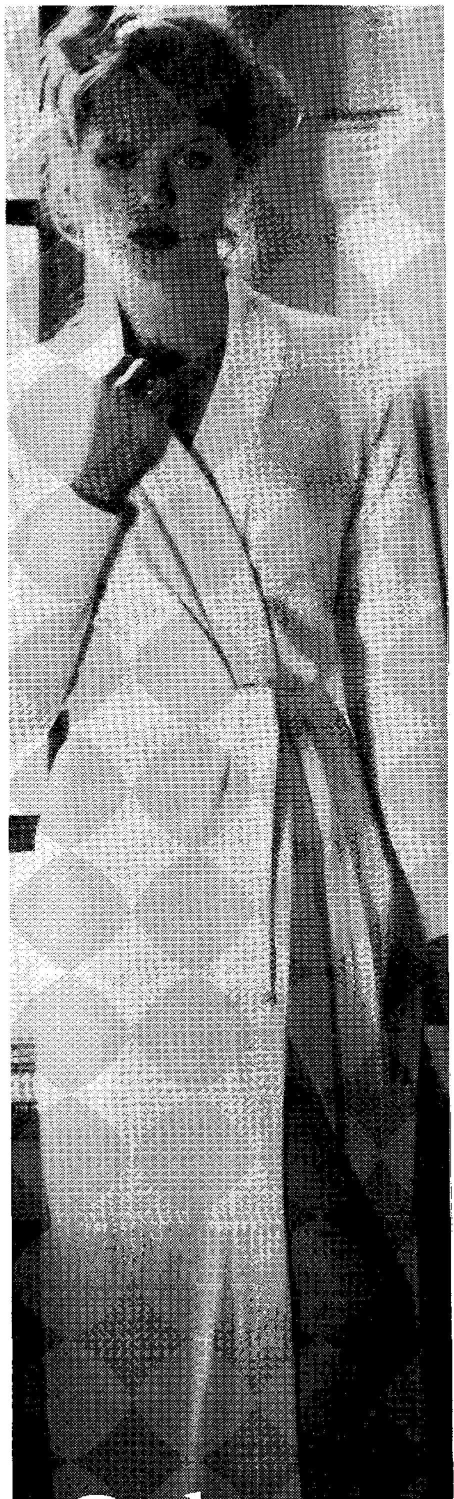

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aided the poor provided me with clothing better than any I had ever possessed before. (My father had always refused assistance, wrapping his misery in a pride sustained by innumerable moral verses and his love for Judaism.) I was entered in a Jewish club and paid no dues. I was given pieces of cake on Jewish holidays, and excursions to enjoy the sun. The boarders in the Jewish orphanage had vacations—real vacations. In the summer, they were consigned to the homes of pious Jews who lived in small cities throughout Argentina. My mother never placed me in the orphanage, but I envied those vacations and I paid close attention to neighborhood stories about orphans who had been adopted by very rich Jews. My mother and I received presents on Rosh Hashanah, Chanukkah, and Pesach, and she was helped to find work. The welfare people paid the installments still owed on the radio, so we could keep it. Many years later, I could reconstruct not only that first half hour of pure pain but the banal and naïve gestures a boy of ten uses to hide his anguish; also the quick disappearance of the fears. I understood, too, why I never felt fear—never any fear—among the Jews, and why among Jews I was filled with a sensation of well-being that often overcame my capacity for analyzing words and actions that could and should have led me to rebel: I was overcome by that lasting experience which was my first encounter with Jewish life, with that daily Jewish effort to survive and help others survive. This spawned a conviction, surely false, that no Jew would lead another Jew to his death.

IT is Friday, July 9th. The operation that became a war should have lasted between forty-eight and seventy-two hours; so far, more than a month has passed. It should have resulted in no more than thirty Israeli dead; so far, nearly three hundred soldiers and officers have been buried, and, in addition, there are dozens of mutilated, hundreds of wounded. Army communiqués today indicate that, one way or another, the war will continue for many months. The length of active military service is extended, and so is the time that reservists will spend on duty. The cost of the war is still difficult to estimate. Nobody knows how the Israeli people will pay for it. There will be new taxes, inflation, a depreciation of wages and salaries.

Within less than a week, the Prime Minister has declared that the war was pushed beyond his initial objectives by events; the Minister of Defense has declared that he had been preparing the invasion of Lebanon since his appointment last August; and the Commander-in-Chief of the Army has declared that the "general framework" of the invasion plans for the war were completed eighteen months ago. Possibly the most dangerous aspect of these three versions of something so shameful as a war is not that two of the three are necessarily false. What must be worrisome, what should cause concern, is that all three must be false: each one of these men was carrying on his own war.

We learn today that the Prime Minister accused the Defense Minister, during a Cabinet meeting, of sabotaging a possible American presence in Beirut that would insure a solution to the P.L.O.'s evacuation. General Sharon's spokesmen have spread the theory that the taking of West Beirut would mean the death of "only" a hundred and fifty Israeli soldiers.

On these terms begin the irritating and tiring disputes among Israelis. If old scenes could be staged anew, the present debates would be shown to be no different from the heated disputes in the back rooms and yards of famous rabbis, one or two centuries ago, over the interpretation of some passage in the holy books. If it is true that the possibility of a small P.L.O. group remaining in Beirut after the evacuation of most of the P.L.O. indeed threatens the security of Israel, then the lives of a hundred and fifty soldiers are a small sacrifice. But what if the threat doesn't exist? Or, if the threat is there, is war the only answer? Or the best one?

The majority of Israelis feel that war is the only or the best solution. The Arabs are partly responsible for this conviction. They proclaimed so many times that the elimination of Israel was feasible that the Israelis came to believe them. Or were the Israelis manipulated by their own government into this belief, which made war the only response? The efficiency of the Israeli Army alone "demonstrated," without any need of weighty argument, that war was the best solution. It's very difficult to persuade someone who is winning at poker to quit the table. The Israelis show the same reluctance. It appears to them that in a war we risk only the stakes

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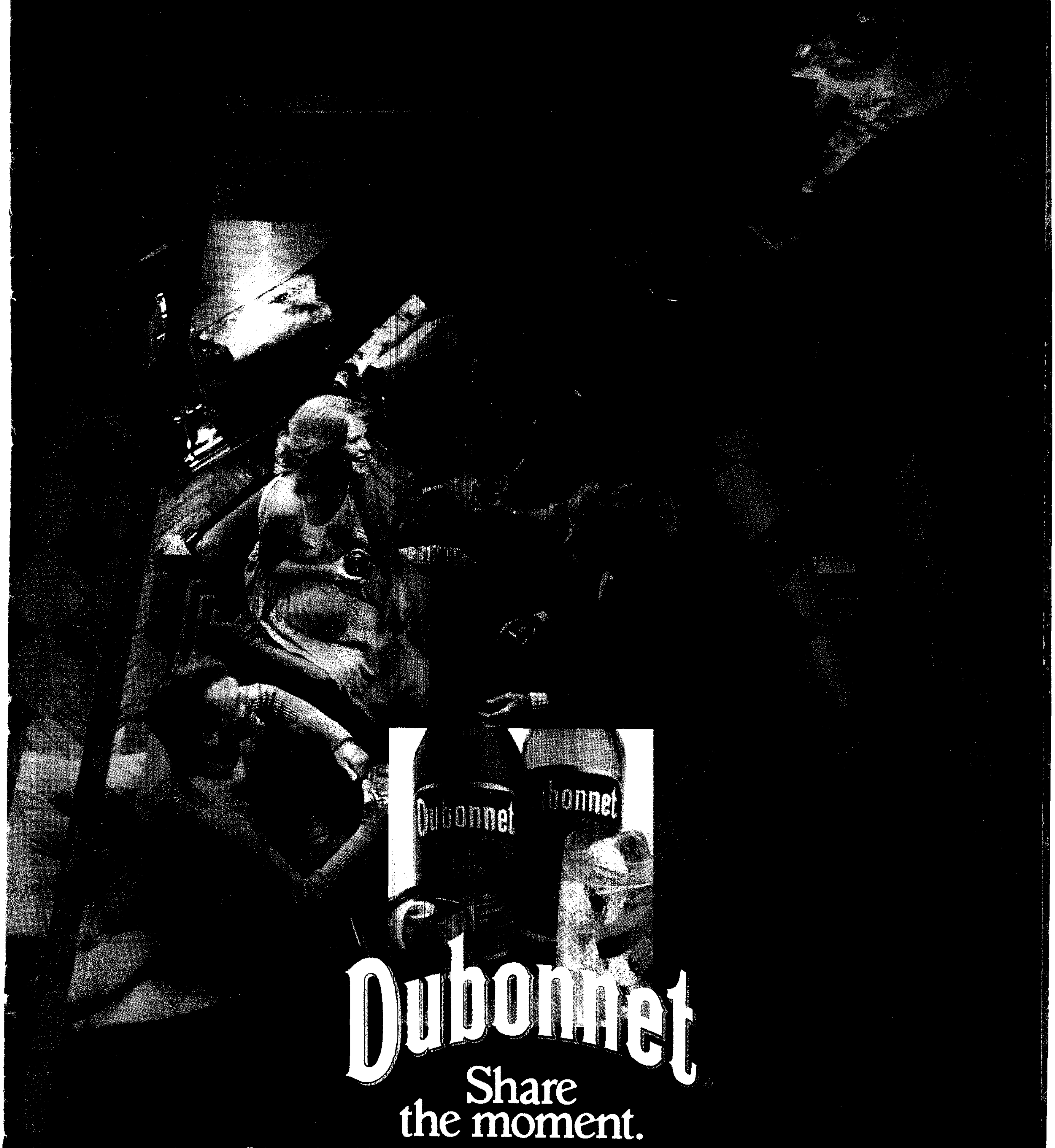

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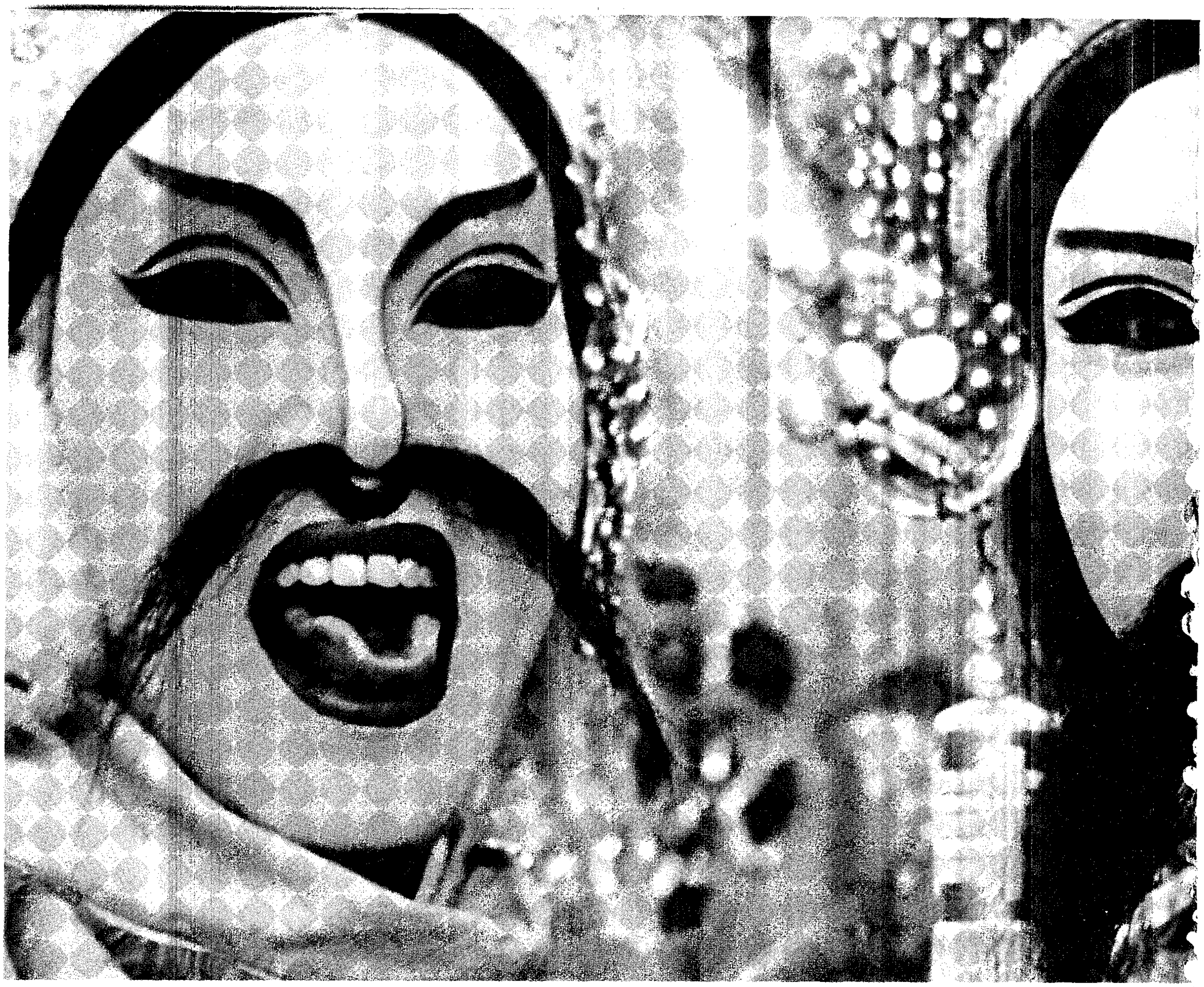

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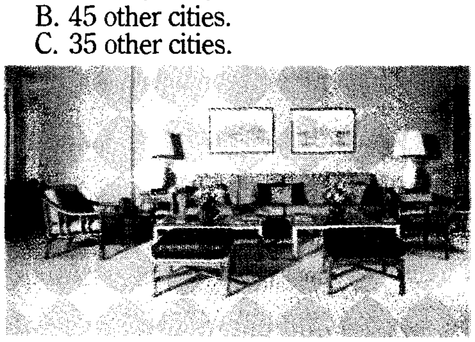

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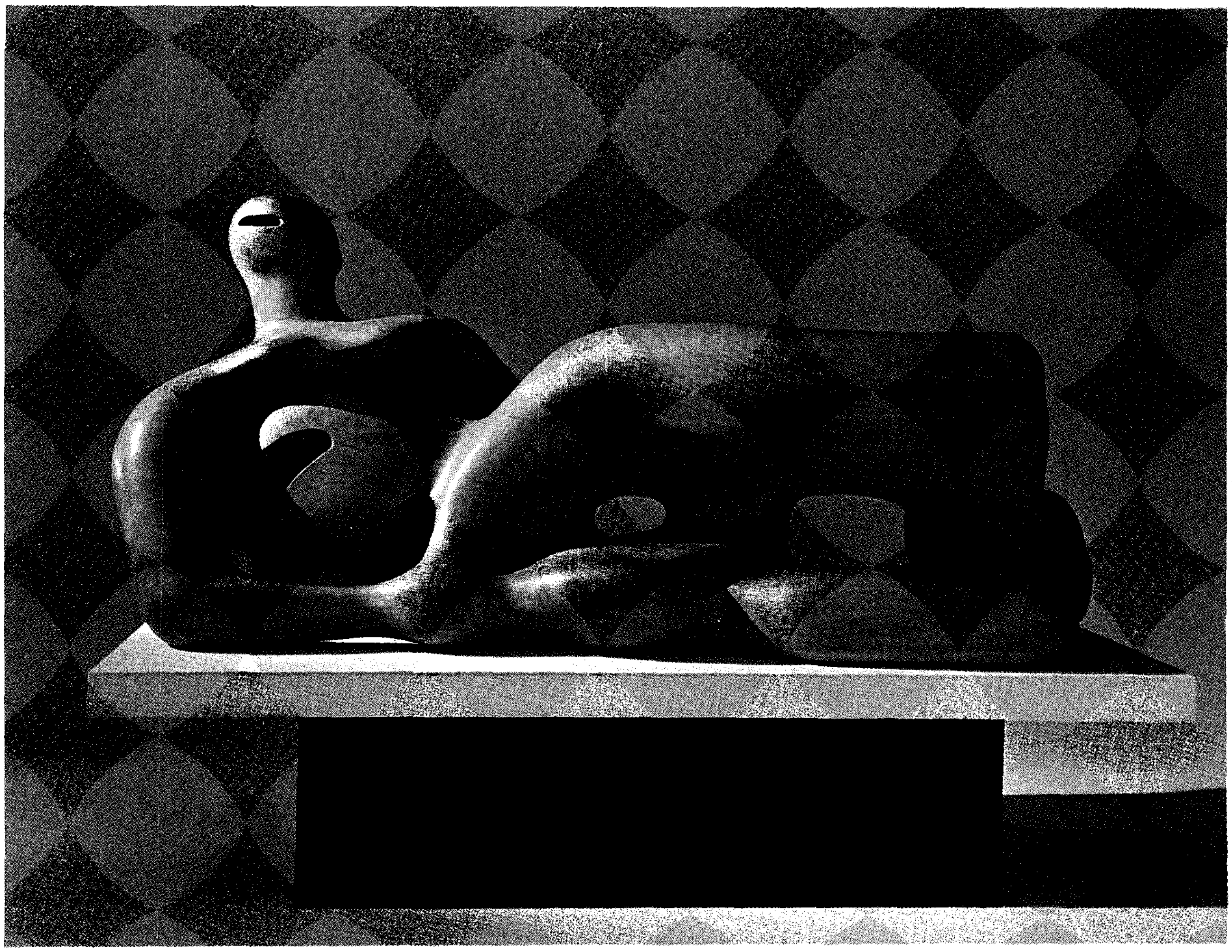
# Moore and Sotheby's



"For me it had great drama with its big heart like a great pumping station," Henry Moore, in 1945, speaking about "Reclining Figure." In 1972, The Cranbrook Academy of Art entrusted Sotheby's with the sale of their entire collection including "Reclining Figure." It sold for a record $260,000. In 1982 Sotheby's again sold "Reclining Figure," realizing $1,265,000, an auction record for sculpture, and for a work by a living artist. Sotheby's sells the finest art and achieves significant prices because it is the international forum for major institutions, serious collectors and dealers. For information about buying or selling fine works of art, contact Sotheby's, 1334 York Avenue at 72nd Street, New York 10021. (212) 472-3400.

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on the table—they don't consider that meanwhile their flanks become exposed.

The family of Boaz Evron, a journalist, has been in Israel for seven generations. Writing in a Tel Aviv newspaper, he reflects on Israel in these times: "The image of this country, in which all the talent is devoted to the battlefield, is of a country that thinks all solutions come from the tank and the bulldozer, and this is the worst thing that can befall our society. This country—is it still ours?" It is ours without a doubt, and that is why we are the ones who must change it. It is true, also without a doubt, that all the talent is dedicated to the battlefield: the brightest and the best endowed are parcelled out among the armed forces and the military industry, and so are the greatest resources.

Still, as the sixth week of the war is about to begin—and it now appears that after the war we will face an extended occupation of Lebanon—the Israeli Army has lost something more important than talent and resources. It lost credibility, the deepest reason for its effectiveness: the conviction of each soldier that nothing about the causes and objectives of a war was hidden from him. This conviction had freed him to devote his energy and imagination to combat. This loss will have severe repercussions for Israeli society, many of them unpredictable. It will undoubtedly alter the people's sense of security: they will no longer consider the Army the only source of security. It is possible that a larger number of people will begin to consider what it might be like to coexist peacefully with a Palestinian state. It is possible that emigration, now undertaken mostly by youths of military-reserve age, will intensify, but it is also possible that the Jewish people will resume their original aims, when their security was guaranteed by a democratic and progressive conception of life. There could be an eruption of the underlying forces and traditions of the Jewish people which gave birth to political Zionism in the last century.

The new prism through which the Army is regarded will also affect family life. Many fathers and mothers will ask themselves questions that before this war were hardly ever raised. One such question, which is heard nowadays throughout the land, reveals this mood: Why don't they demobilize my son? What more do they want from him? It is entirely possible that after the next call to arms fathers and mothers will ask themselves, Why are they taking my son? What will they do with him? As for the soldiers, in the event of a new war they will race to their bases, as always. They will act with the same efficiency. But they will ask their officers more questions than usual, and on the field they will pay more attention to confirming officers' reports and assertions.

In this week of the war, just as during the second week, our Minister of Defense asks us for a little more patience. Our Prime Minister continues to be mentally confined to the Europe of the nineteen-thirties and nineteen-forties. And our mood is more sombre than ever, for now we cannot doubt that we have won a war in Lebanon. We know that no wide choice of opportunities is opening before us. It is clear that we are trapped in Lebanon. Israeli experts believe we will spend next winter there—nine months more, during which we will have to provide food, housing, work, education, and health facilities for millions of people, and prevent the different armed groups from murdering each other. We will find ourselves involved in their fights and in their drama. It will be hard to pretend that each house awaiting reconstruction, each child without food, each frustrated and desolate life is not our responsibility; to pretend that the future deaths are not our fault. We have become stuck to Lebanon, to its Muslims and Christians, to its Palestinians and Lebanese.

I believe that an extended period of living with the Lebanese population will provoke a moral reaction among Israelis. If the border is opened, they will go there to see. If it remains closed, ostensibly for security reasons, we in Israel will still know who dies, who suffers, who is hungry and cold. Nowadays, our best chance for the future is a movement of solidarity with the people in Lebanon—Palestinians and others—and surely it will become a great Israeli civil movement.

EIGHTY-SIX reservists, officers and soldiers, have just returned from Lebanon, some on leave, others discharged. No doubt with weariness still in their bones and horror in their souls, they address a letter to the Prime Minister and to the Minister of Defense. They demand not to be sent to Lebanon again. They demand the withdrawal of all Israeli soldiers from Lebanon. They demand that the next

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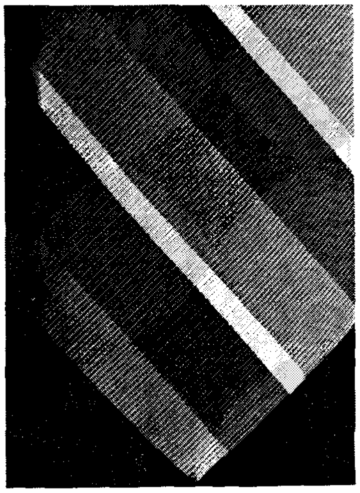

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time they are called to arms they fulfill their military duty only in Israel, "because we have had enough of killing and of being killed without knowing why." They accuse Begin and Sharon of seeking "to impose a 'new order' on the ruins of Lebanon, to shed our blood and the blood of others for the Phalanges." They add, "This is not what we joined the I.D.F. [Israel Defense Forces] for. . . . The war, the lies, and the conquest have no national consensus. Send the soldiers back home."

Outside the Jerusalem building where the Prime Minister has his office, a group of soldiers back from the front maintain a protest watch around the clock. They call for an immediate end to the war and for General Sharon's resignation. Their petition is being signed by other soldiers. Anyone who approaches that heavily guarded Jerusalem building can converse with their spokesman. He's a robust redhead, ten years in the paratroops, a veteran of the toughest battles in the 1973 war and in the Lebanon invasion. He has been wounded only once —four days before, by a group of demonstrators who, incited by the government, tried to dislodge him and his friends. He is studying for his master's degree in history at the Hebrew University, and his wife is studying for a doctorate in psychology. This is what he has to say about the Israeli soldier in this war and this postwar: "So you get your mobilization order, and you do the job as best you can; but then you come back from the war and you are not discharged. You have to fulfill your moral duty to tell the truth about what happened."

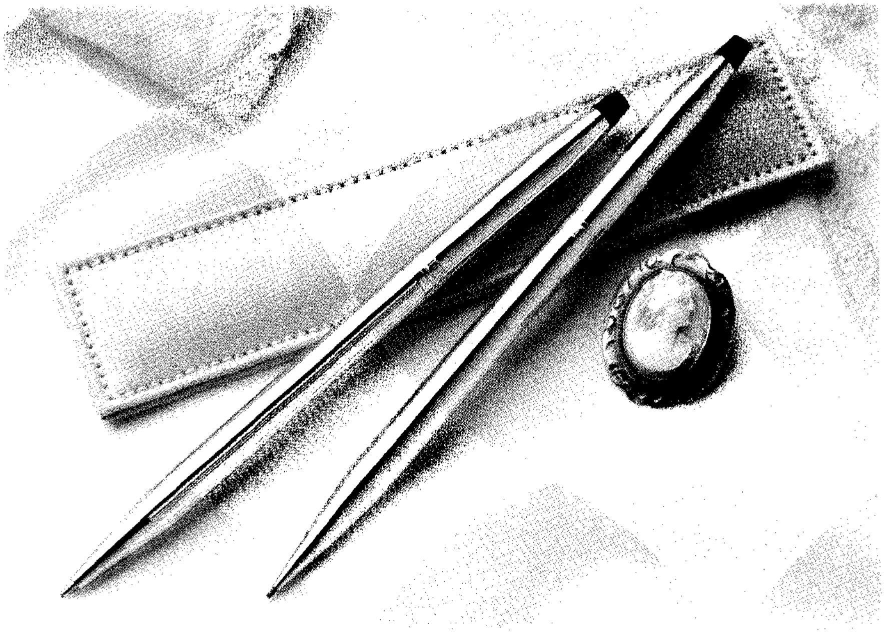
The soldiers who come back with the moral need to oppose the war—how will they go to the next war? They will go, of course, but how?

A group of Israeli academics visit the President to express their concern about the growing breadth and intensity of the debate over the war. They want the debate postponed until after the war. It's incredible that learned men should voluntarily renounce discussion and dissent. In their own fields, they have often confirmed that dissent is the root of all investigation and discovery. It is no less incredible that learned Jews should consider it necessary to clamp one more lock on Israeli society when it is undergoing a crisis. As Jews, they must know that grasping the dimensions of the crisis will do more to resolve it than locking it up inside a spiritual ghetto.

A soldier talks to me about a newspaper photograph showing a paratrooper killed in battle. He seems to be resting, in his helmet and bulletproof vest, and to be about to eat the cherries on a branch clutched in a dead hand. It's not a pleasant picture for the soldier who's talking to me—for more than one reason. He lived on a kibbutz and still has a farmer's reactions. He was in Lebanon, too, and he also rested awhile in a cherry orchard. The cherries were ripening and had to be picked within a couple of weeks. But a unit that halts in a cherry orchard for an hour's rest before advancing—what can it know or remember of how nature yields its fruits, the time this takes, the value of a tree, or even the significance of the face of a farmer? To eat the cherries, soldiers had ripped the branches from the trees and then, as in the picture, sat in the shade with those branches heavy with fruit. The soldier who was talking to me also knew that the lost harvest meant hunger this coming winter, and that the torn trees meant many years of hunger. At the time, I did not think to tell him that when peace comes he could perhaps return to the orchard and help to restore it. The idea might have made him feel better.

It is a fact that everything that has happened in Lebanon redounds on Israel, bit by bit. It emerges in vignettes, like my dialogue with the soldier; in the letters soldiers send their families; in the moral responsibility many soldiers feel for Lebanon's destruction; and in the analyses that many officers make of the Army's operations and the value of the captured weaponry. The operations were excessive—were not justified by the fighting capacity of the Palestinians, which was inflated by the official propaganda. Their weapons were not enough for even a modestly modern army to attack Israel, or to defend itself against an Israeli attack.

Accounting for these facts—studying and understanding them within the context of events—will allow Israelis and non-Israelis to arrive at an objective picture of what Israel is today. The still inadequate knowledge of all that has occurred in Lebanon is not the main impediment to the completion of that picture. The confusion is exaggerated—first, because for this country's government each Israeli act of aggression is justified by the fact that there was once a Holocaust, and, second, because some critics of the government, responding to the same neurotic mechanism, believe that by



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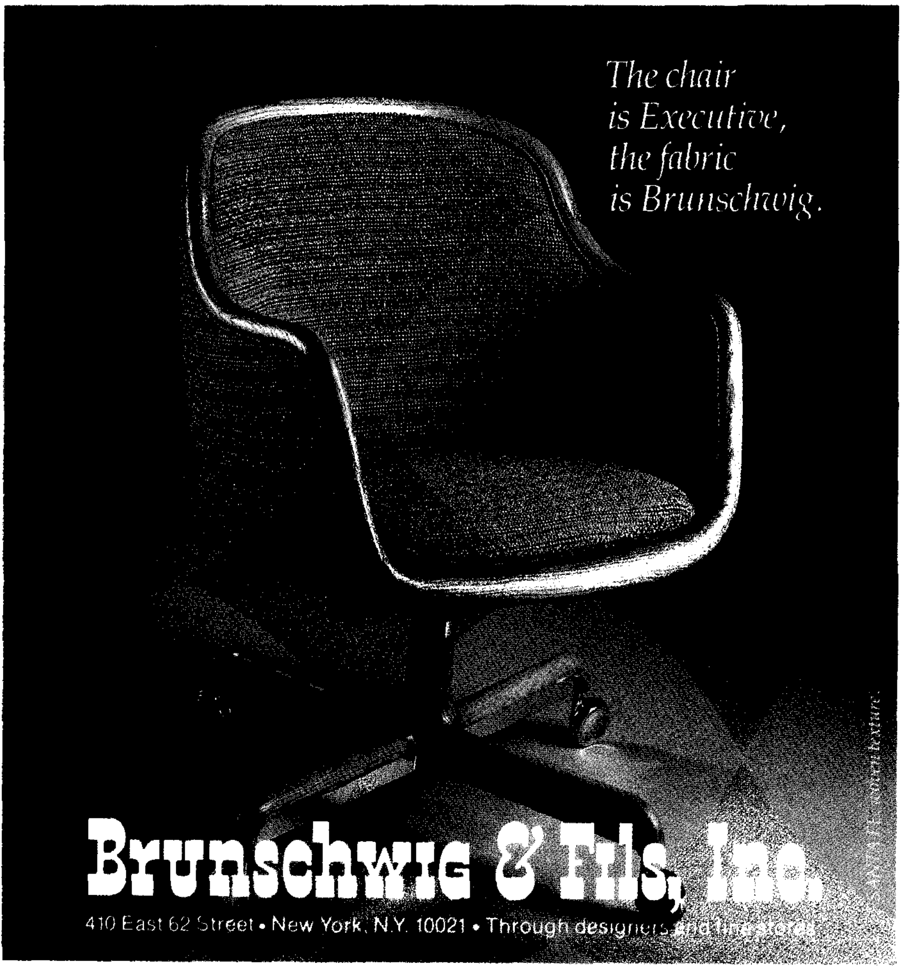
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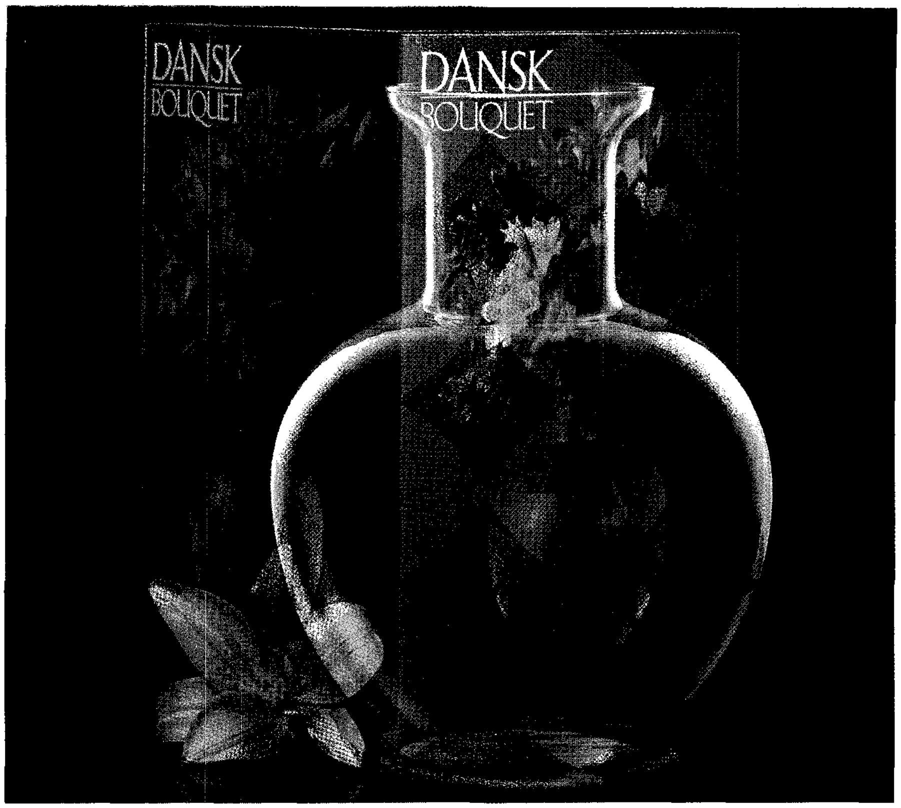

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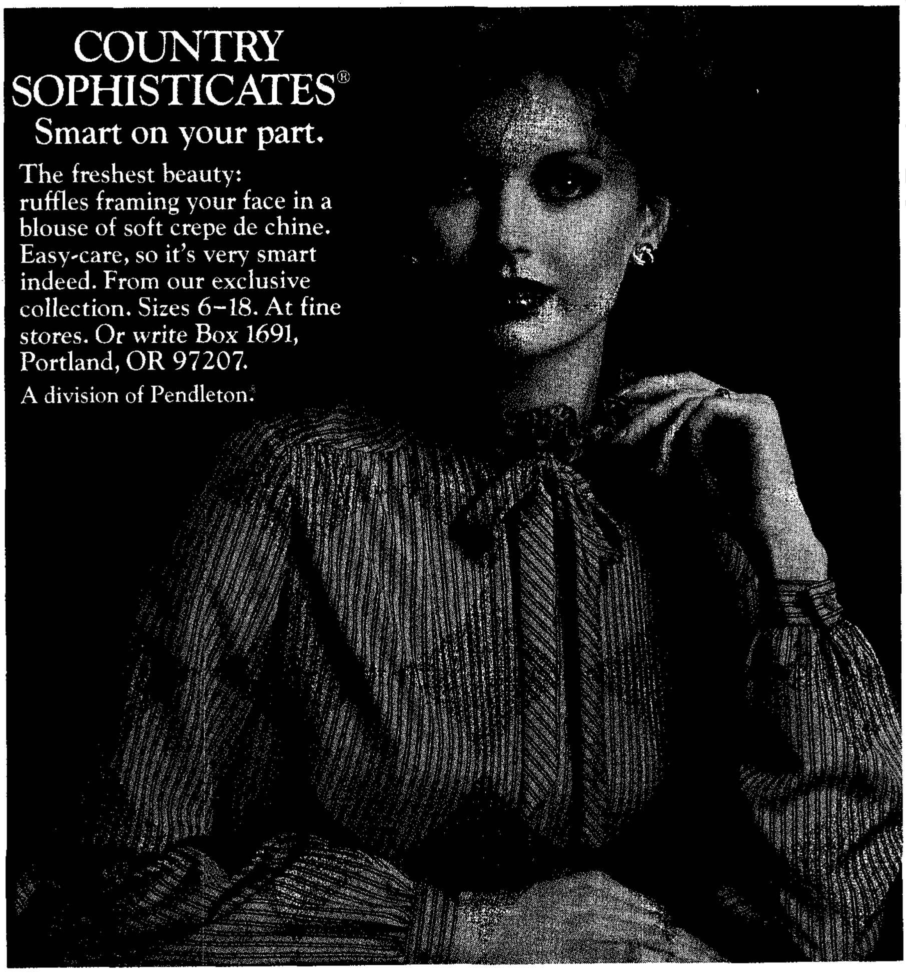
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comparing Israeli actions with those committed by the Nazis the infamy of the invasion of Lebanon becomes more evident.

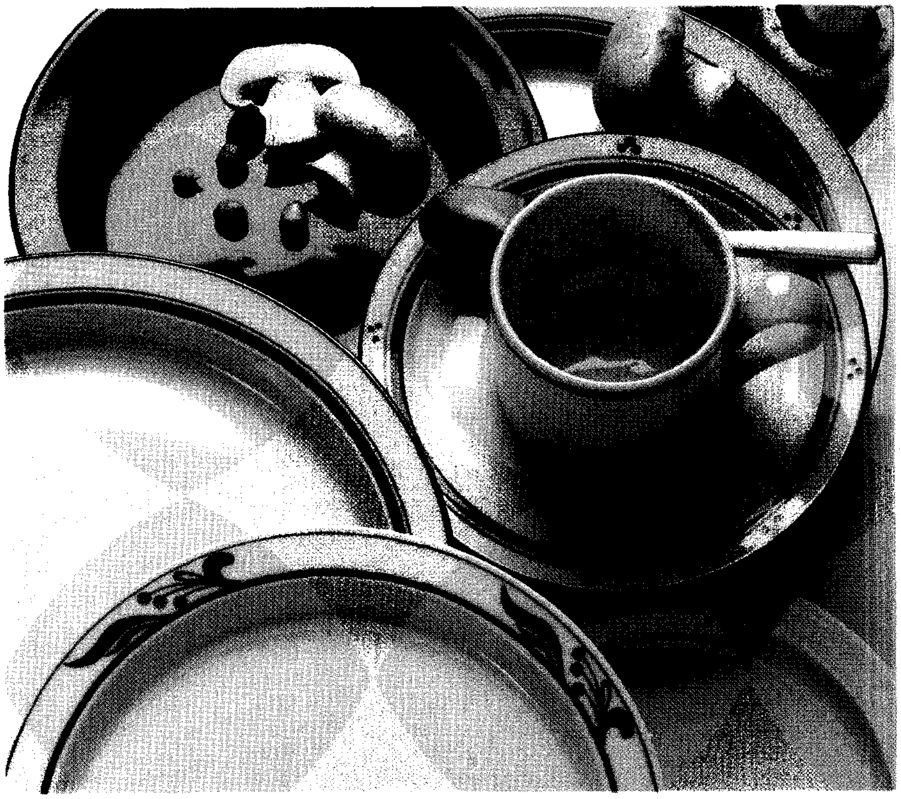
Alain Finkielkraut, a young French philosopher, has just pointed out with precision that the debate holds two perils. One is a retreat into a compulsive defense of Israel, into an obsession with denying every condemnation. The second is the peril of reversing the opinion held about Jews, word for word, to its exact opposite: "Once victims, the Jews have become Nazi executioners." I believe that there is a third peril. If criticism of and accusations against Israel for the invasion are going to be dismissed as expressions of anti-Semitism because they contain verbal images that correspond with Nazi crimes against the Jews, we will become alienated from the world in which we live. Even the anti-Semitic expressions of some critics of Israel's policy do not invalidate the essential facts, nor do they justify our actions in Lebanon. Otherwise, we would have to accept Begin's thesis that every act of aggression against Israelis constitutes a continuation of the Holocaust. Those who speak of the Lebanese genocide, of the Nazi-Israeli invader, are denying any moral content to the Jewish cause: if the Jews are capable of repeating the barbarities of those who victimized them, then they are not real victims. This approach has no credibility. If these critics wish to be believed, they must stick to analyzing and measuring the Israeli aggression against Lebanon for what it is.

Similarly, the application of the same method by some Jewish factions that follow Menachem Begin's lead makes Jews lose credibility as a people and as history. To compare Arafat with Hitler is a perverse and obscene use of the Jewish tragedy. It must make the younger generation believe that it has been presented with an exaggerated and distorted image of Nazism. To use the phrase "Never again"—with which we refer to the Holocaust—as a battle cry against the Palestinians does not make it true that the Palestinians have the ability to exterminate the Jews. The Holocaust must be kept and used in its proper context, so that the contemporary world can establish normal relations with Israel, and vice versa. The Holocaust and the moral content of the Jewish tragedy have suffered a grave degradation in the hands of those who have used them to justify the invasion of Lebanon in particular and Israeli foreign policy in general.

PERHAPS this war will make us more modest, more humble. On July 10th—a Saturday—three hundred discharged soldiers meet in Tel Aviv to organize their opposition to the war. It was an effort to leave their families and participate in the meeting so soon after being at the front. It wasn't easy, either, to get there in a city without transportation because of the Sabbath. Nor do they have much time to devote to these meetings; all must return to their previous routine. Without the slightest pause, they must leap from war to routine. But they think of what they left in Lebanon, and they devote what energy and time they can to demanding that the government put an end to the war at once.

They had returned to find their wives tired, exhausted by the effort of caring alone for the home, and by psychological stress—small children had asked if their fathers were dead. The eyes of their mothers held proof of silent weeping. Some missed their exams and now have to seek new examination dates at the university; others must go back to smiling at shoppers in the store, listening to a passenger in the taxi, understanding the instructions of the boss at the factory. Maybe everything is the same, but for them nothing seems the same. In the tradition of Israeli soldiers, they must visit the families of their comrades killed in combat, and they do so. But they feel betrayed by the government and the Army, and on this Saturday night in Tel Aviv they gather to denounce the conspiracy of silence which has hidden the real objectives of the war and what has happened in Lebanon during the war. The discharged soldiers set up a board to give continuity to their movement. They are convinced that whether this is to be the last Israeli war—and they believe that it should be—or there will be others every seven or eight years will depend on what they accomplish in the cities of Israel, and not on the victories that their brains and heroism have achieved in battle.

They appear determined and serene. They will have to integrate all the groups of soldiers and officers who in the past two weeks have come out against the war upon being discharged—particularly twenty-six Air Force pilots who sent a joint letter of protest to the Prime Minister. They will have to deal carefully with the appetites of



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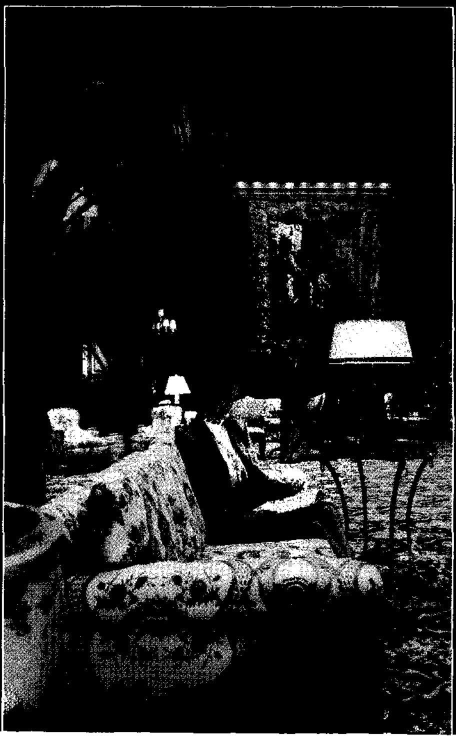

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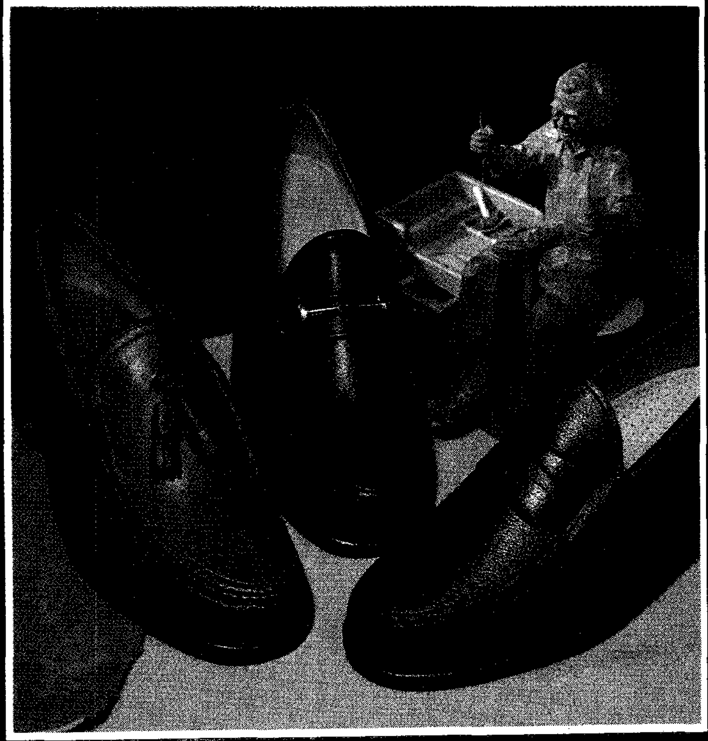
the politicians and their fickleness. Above all, they will have to face the hysterical accusations that they are unpatriotic. In a way, that is what soldiers are doing now when they question General Rafael Eitan, the Army Chief of Staff, each time he shows up at the front and makes himself accessible, about aspects of the war that they find suspicious—such as an explanation of the great human losses in the battle for a segment of the Beirut-Damascus road during the last week of June. Not one of the government's justifications of the invasion makes the battle and the fallen comrades appear necessary. This is known to Eitan, who, as the country enters the sixth week of war, reveals a justification that was unknown until now. Israel fights in Lebanon to win the battle for Eretz Israel of the Old Testament—the Greater Israel—not to resolve the problems in Lebanon and Galilee. The Greater Israel, which will annex the West Bank and Gaza? What other explanation could be given to skeptical soldiers who have confirmed in the front lines that men were sacrificed for no precise objective? The revelation only serves to increase the soldiers' mistrust.

There is pathos in their task. After the fighting, after the heroic deeds and fallen comrades, after the killing of enemies and innocent civilians, these men have proclaimed that all has been in vain. All has been in vain, and yet they can be recalled to arms at any moment to repeat this new hell we have invented for them: that of deception. They believe that a good name for their organization might be Soldiers Against Silence, or Mobilization Against Silence.

It's a special silence. Jorge Luis Borges might have enjoyed toying with it, seeking its remote origins, which surely cannot stem from Judaism. The Jew has explored all the possible meanings of his actions, his dreams, and his words. The intellectual rigor of the Jew cannot accept silence. Nor can it accept the silence of a people who have accomplished all their tasks motivated by words that are just, never by the irrationality of impulse. The soldiers understand that by invading a country in an unnecessary war they breached moral limits, and that the extended litany of accusations and lamentations by their chiefs is another facet of the silence. He who hides the just word corrupts it. I want to tell them that they should not feel crushed by the silence. Of all the



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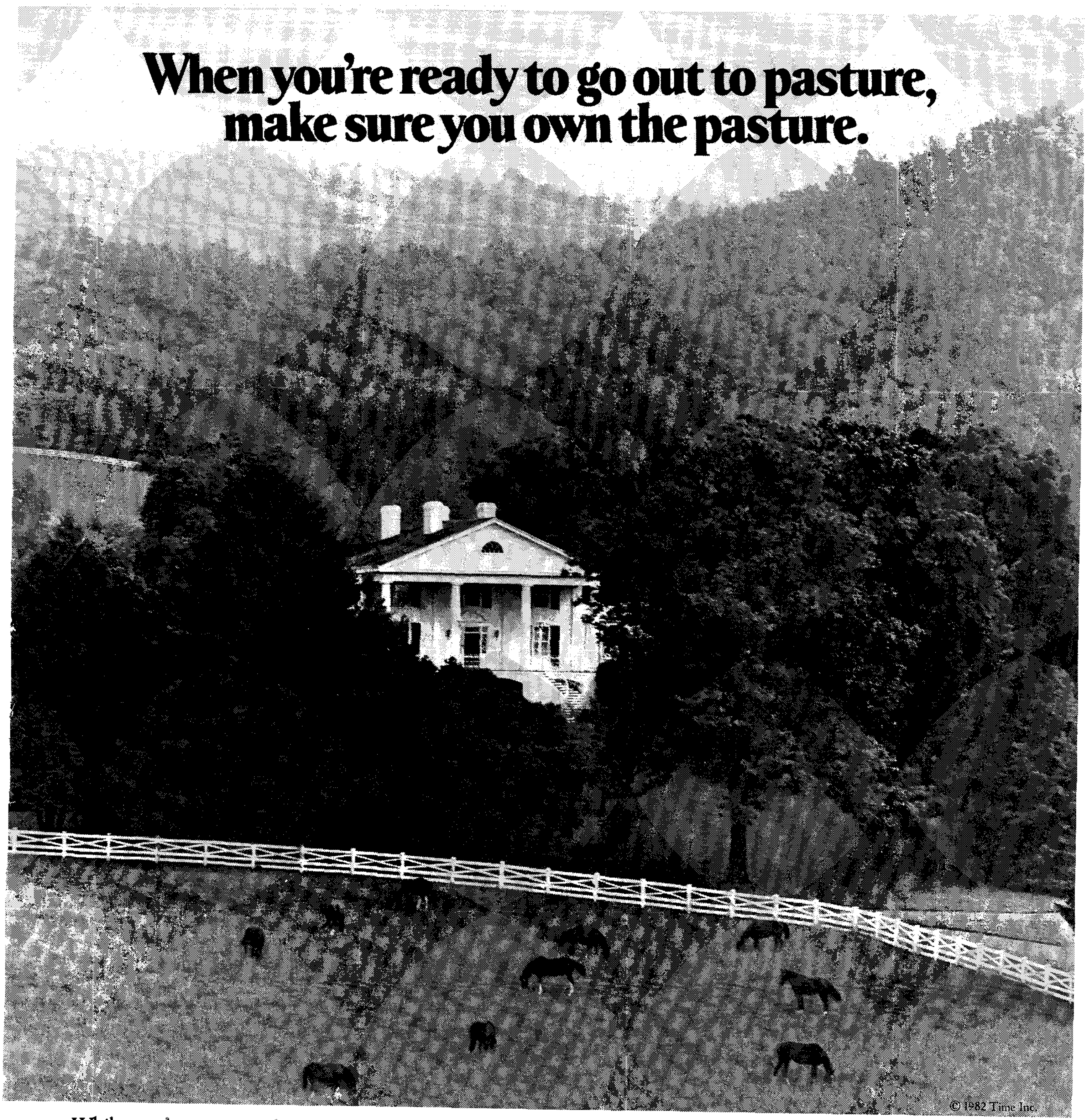

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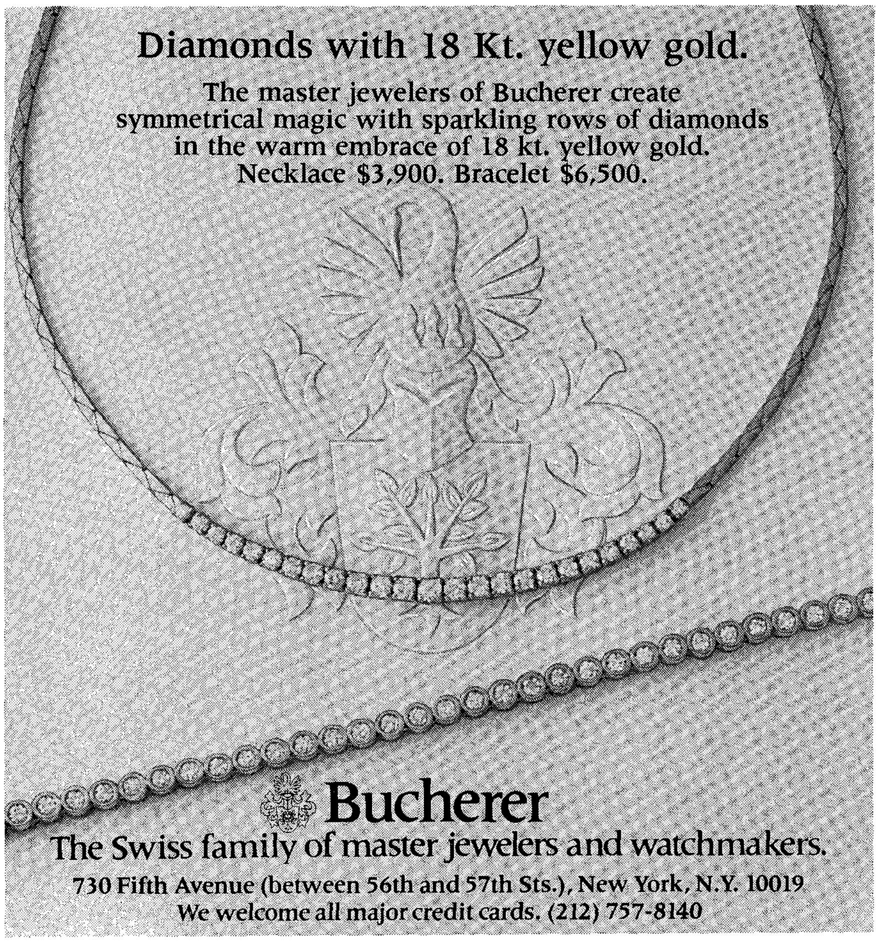

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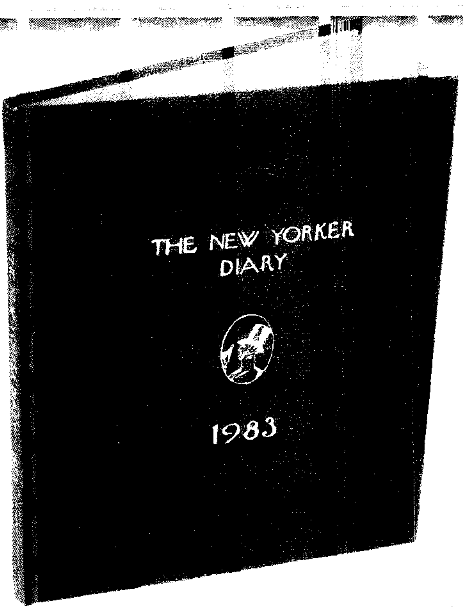
wrongs inflicted on them, deceit is not the most painful. When they think about it in the weeks to come, they will realize that their posterity has been wronged. They went to Lebanon to perpetuate the fire and violence that will envelop their children in the coming wars.

In the years they spent in the military, they were taught to study the feasibility of every action. But in the second week of war they also had to evaluate the tactics they employed. They discovered that the most brilliant actions cost the highest number of dead from their ranks and were unnecessary to achieve what they believed to be the purpose of the war—a purpose that was not military. They began to realize that it was the first Israeli war in which the objectives were political. The importance of engagements, the deployment of forces, the investment of troops and firepower in a determined position were not decided from the military point of view. After learning this, the soldiers need take just a small step to find out the vastness of the scheme in which this war is only the initial event. They will become aware that the deceit imposed on them must lead to a struggle not only for respect for the lives of the soldiers but against the gratuitous use of their lives. It will be a struggle against a military caste, against the degradation of the ethical values of our society and nation, and against the blackmail of Jews outside Israel by our government, on the basis of misleading information about Israel's security.

Then they will remember from their school days the many projects over the years which were designed to solve the Jewish problem—from Napoleon's reconstitution of the Sanhedrin to farm colonies in Argentina, from the autonomous Jewish republic of Birobidzhan in the Soviet Union to legal emancipation a century ago in the Gentile societies of Italy and Germany. All failed because they avoided the answer to the Jewish problem: the creation of a national home on the land historically pertaining to the Jews. This memory, in turn, will allow the soldiers to understand that the deterioration that is occurring in the social fabric of our country, the violence between political parties, the corruption of the economy through the policy of inflation to promote a consumer society, the political use of the Army and the lives of its men, and the artificial promotion of confrontation between Ashkenazic and Sephardic Is-



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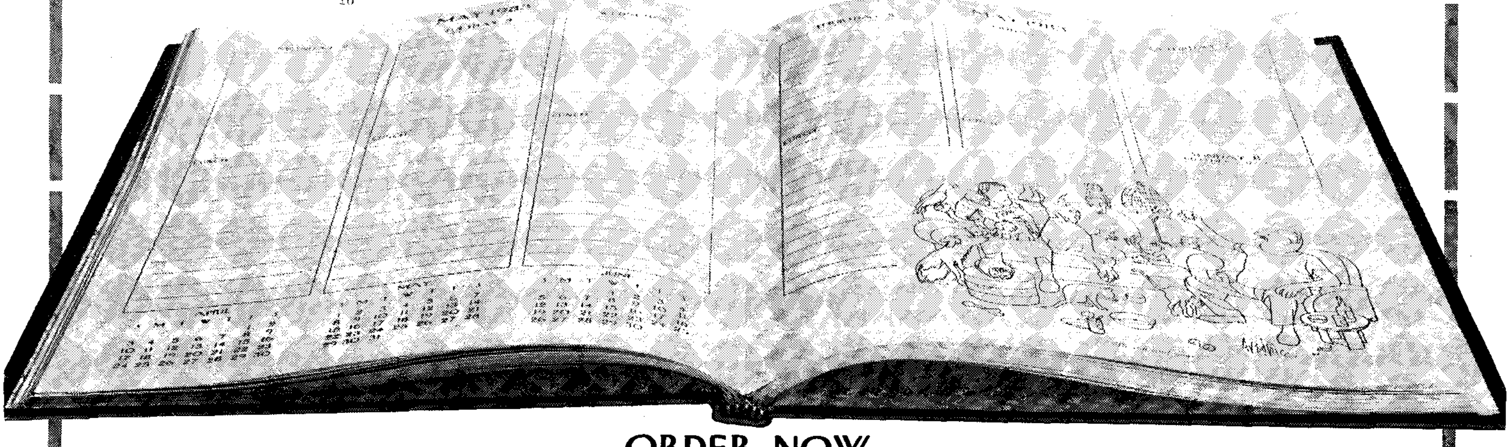

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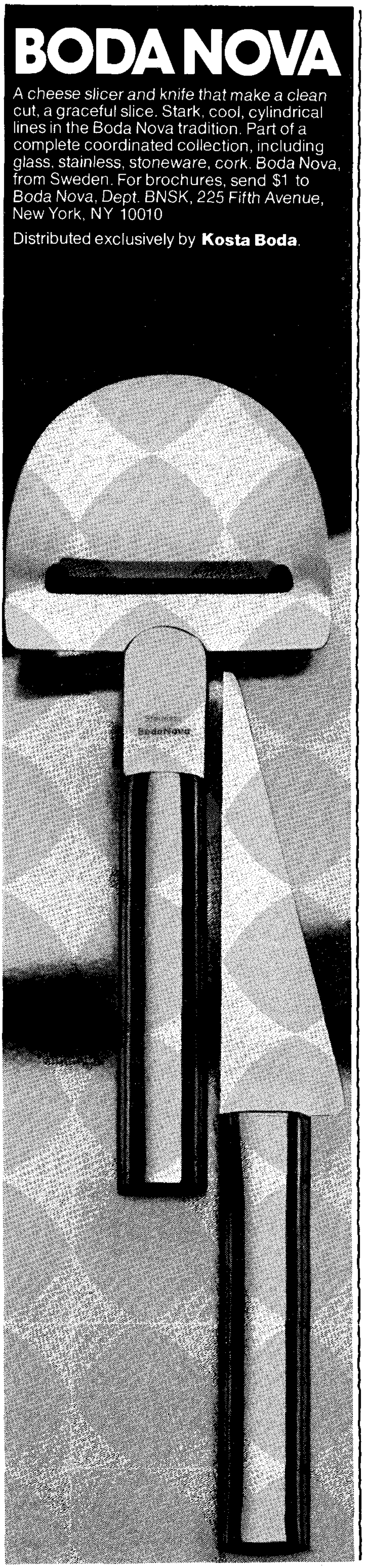

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raelis cannot be halted if we don't take to heart the true character of the Palestinian problem.

This problem will not be resolved by the fact that we can maintain military superiority, or by our ability to invent the most original political formulas. Nothing can replace the need of a people to organize into a state in the territory in which they live and which belongs to them. The alternative our government offers, no matter how it masks it, is for us to continue repressing the Palestinian people until we destroy their will to live and liquidate their national identity. It's incredible that such a policy is being considered by the very people who demonstrated that this is impossible, that it is immoral, that it is criminal. At any rate, long before we find out whether the policy will work, our people will be bled and our society destroyed by permanent war. Becoming the Prussia of the Middle East is now our manifest destiny—and afterward, what?

The protest movements that soldiers are organizing because of the Lebanon invasion will be forced to increase their list of grievances. The soldiers have the right to be respected as Israeli citizens, as human beings, as fathers, sons, workers, students, farmers, and teachers. When they begin to make their demands, they will understand that not one can be met if they don't insist on respect for the rights of the Palestinians. They will discover that they are being led into wars because for many years they have been deceived about the real limits of the country's security problems, which, though difficult, can be dealt with. They will discover that they were taught to fear the Palestinians because they hate them, though they are told that they hate them because they fear them.

Those who deceive them—the right-wing nationalist Tehiya Party, for instance—are the same people who opposed the signing of the Camp David accords and the peace treaty with Egypt. They have always said, and will always say, that peace solves nothing. They maintained that the agreement with Egypt would die with Sadat's death. Wrong. That the agreement would collapse with the first conflict between Israel and an Arab country. Wrong. That Egypt would exchange its smiling response for an aggressive one upon receiving the Sinai. Wrong. They, who pressured, alienated, and frightened the Israeli people and world Jewry at the time, laughing at our principles in the name of their pragmatism, are in the government today; and they want to convince everyone again, even if it means resorting to a hypocritical use of the Holocaust, that we must be realists, pragmatists. Since we're in Lebanon, they say, let's take advantage of what we have done; the historic problems of the Middle East are resolved with one good Army and two strokes of luck.

IN political debate, it's hard to avoid pejoratives. During the McCarthy era in the United States, the quickest way to define the investigative and prosecutorial methods of Senator Joseph McCarthy was to call them "Fascist." Before the Second World War, during the student struggles in Buenos Aires—particularly in street demonstrations supporting the Spanish Republic—we shouted "Cossacks!" at the mounted police charging us. After the war, the secret police of Juan Perón's government were dubbed "the Gestapo." More recently, the Naval Mechanics School in Buenos Aires, the main torture and murder center of the military dictatorship, earned the sobriquet of "Auschwitz." These obvious simplifications are questionable as political science; but they are unavoidable when one wants to convey the quality, instead of the strength, of political attitudes and political behavior. Fascism and Nazism are the outer limits of man's capacity for physical and ideological violence. (Although we know in detail the extent of state violence in the Soviet Union, we often resort to the expression "Facism of the left" in order to *feel* as well as to understand Russia's repressive system.) It's therefore inevitable that we resort to these terms when we want to characterize events for which there are no precise definitions but which constitute grave manifestations of violence. They reveal extreme violations of basic human rights, and awaken feelings of horror and terror.

To convey the qualities of new political attitudes, I can think of no other recourse than to words that already have a strong meaning. When we are talking about the violation of human rights, the imposition of totalitarian practice on a democratic society, nothing is so clear as the characterization "Fascist." The sole exception, perhaps, concerns ideological persecution; in that case, the first characterization that comes to mind is "McCarthyism." This concept is so universal that

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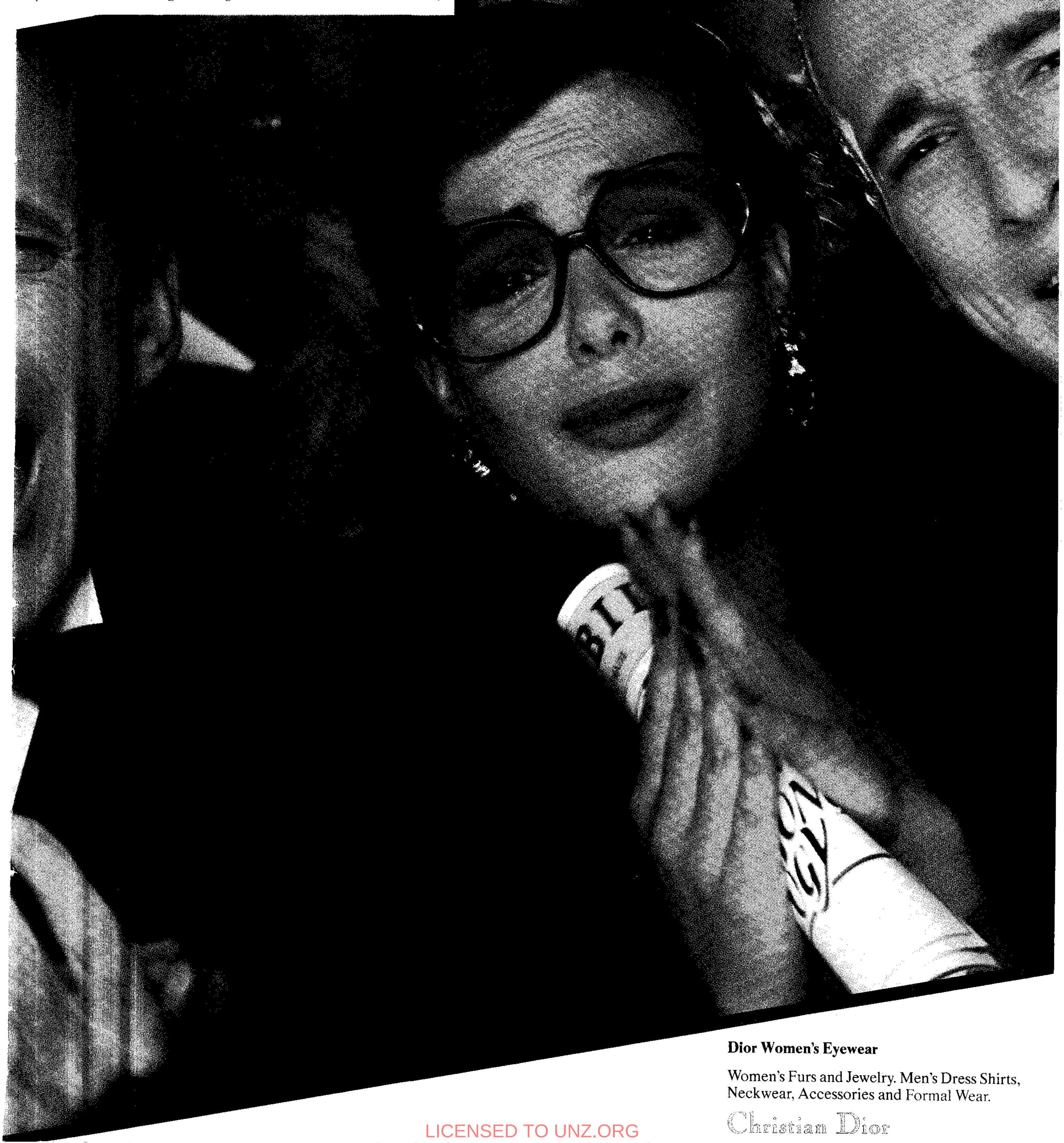

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it has transcended the ideology of the American Senator and become a definition of method. There is a McCarthyism of the left as well as a McCarthyism of the right; the former is not uncommon in France, where the Communist Party regularly tries to quash its intellectual dissidents.

The use of such words is questioned in Israel. It is, in fact, practically impossible to employ them, because of the painful connotations the Holocaust has engraved on the Jewish psyche. Often, it is difficult to find a phrase that will quickly define an action or a situation. But with the word "Fascism" the debate centers more on whether it is right to make the allusion than on the merits of the issue. This painful problem began to gain intensity with the formation of the Begin government, in 1977. It has become still more serious in the past two weeks, because the government is trying to change Israeli society to fit the needs of the Lebanon invasion, to persuade people to accept the necessity of the country's first nondefensive—which is to say aggressive—war, the longest war since the 1948 War of Independence, and the first war in which opposition to the war is being demonstrated widely and openly during the fighting.

A few days back, at the beginning of the sixth week, the newspaper *Yediot Ahronot* published the results of an opinion poll which indicated that two out of three Israelis are opposed to the seizure by armed attack of West Beirut, where the P.L.O. is entrenched. Today, as we approach the seventh week, a new organization of soldiers opposing the war has held a press conference to announce its program. It calls itself Yesh Gvul—There Is a Limit—and it is launched with a membership of a hundred and twelve soldiers in the Reserve and on active duty. Like all the other soldiers who have organized protest groups, they sent a collective letter to the Prime Minister and the Minister of Defense demanding an end to the war and the withdrawal of the soldiers from Lebanon. But this is the first group that has not tacitly accepted military discipline. When its members were asked whether the movement condones active resistance to service in Lebanon, they replied that they neither accept nor reject it, that each soldier must decide for himself. Although there have been many instances of soldiers going to prison for refusing to serve in the occupied West Bank territories, this is the first time that such a divisive

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issue has arisen in wartime. A mere four weeks ago, it seemed impossible that an attitude similar to that of Americans during the Vietnam War would emerge here. Wars accelerate the pace of history faster than we Israelis have supposed.

Clearly, everyone needs a simplifying epithet. When the Minister of Defense refers to the dissidence voiced openly, both in the rear guard and at the front, he aggressively states that he will not put up with the formation of "military juntas" (an allusion to the military dictatorships of Latin America, which, nevertheless, are the best clients of Israel's weapons industry). When the Prime Minister hears of an anti-war pamphlet being read at the front, he says its distribution reminds him of the soldiers' committees organized by the Bolsheviks in 1917 to undermine the czarist war effort, and there is talk of prosecuting the party that has published the literature. Nobody is particularly offended by these metaphors, yet any comparison to Fascist methods produces a different reaction. Still, the radicalization of feelings over the war and the government's use of nondemocratic means to gag the opposition make the resorting to images of Fascism almost inevitable.

Avraham Katz-Oz, a Labor Party deputy and the chairman of the State Control Committee of the Knesset, has just sent a letter to the Attorney General accusing aides of the Communications Minister, General Mordechai Zipori, of employing Fascist methods. "This is Fascism," he wrote of the interrogation of Ministry employees to determine their political ideas. Katz-Oz also charged that the Ministry's workers are required to spy on each other and report unfavorable talk and comment to General Zipori's aides. He could have said that these are anti-democratic, totalitarian techniques. But those terms could not have served as a better description of what the government's methods mean to Israeli society now and for the future.

d. ehrenberg

In a short article in *Israel Horizons* on the Begin government, the English lawyer Jonathan de Freece, now resident in Israel and active in politics, tried a scientific approach. He began by quoting an essay by Professor Zeev Sternhell, of Tel Aviv University, who asserts, "Fascist ideology took on the character of an anti-intellectual reaction which pitted the feelings and emotion, and irrational forces of every kind, against the rationality of democracy. It was the rediscovery of instinct, the cult of physical strength, violence and brutality. . . . Its aims were to create a world of fixed criteria, a world freed from doubt and purged of all foreign accretions." The definition applies to some of the methods employed by the Begin government, and also to some of the developments that have taken place within Israeli society since the occupation of Arab territories in the Six-Day War. However, I believe that, even with every scientific precaution, many of the accepted tools of political analysis cannot be applied in Israel today without igniting a debate over form and, as a result, disguising the depth of the problems afflicting Israeli society.

Because Israel has a permanent high profile in international debates, and because Israel is judged by very diverse standards, it is impossible to find a consensus. Beyond that, another factor adds to the confusion, to the controversy: its people's occupation of disputed territory. Consider Britain between the two world wars. There was democracy at home for its own citizens, but its colonies could perceive Britain only as an imperial power, whose prerogatives had nothing to do with democracy. For me, as an Israeli citizen, Israel is a democracy, and it's not hard to draw up a long list of things in Israeli life that can exist only in a democracy: an independent judiciary, a free press, no special security police devoted to violent repression and state terrorism, freedom of academic inquiry, free political parties, a free parliament, fair elections, ideological pluralism, freedom of assembly, an independent labor movement, and many more.

Yet it is precisely as an Israeli that I have a duty to remain concerned about the stability of the country's democracy and alert to the risks it faces. In this sense, it is evident to me that Israeli democracy is threatened by the Begin government, whose policies are reactionary and anti-democratic, and whose actions are establishing the basis for another kind of country: a totalitarian country, which, like all totalitarianisms, cannot be likened to any other. There is nothing more nationalistic than a specific totalitarianism. Its ideas, its methods, and its psychology are always pro-

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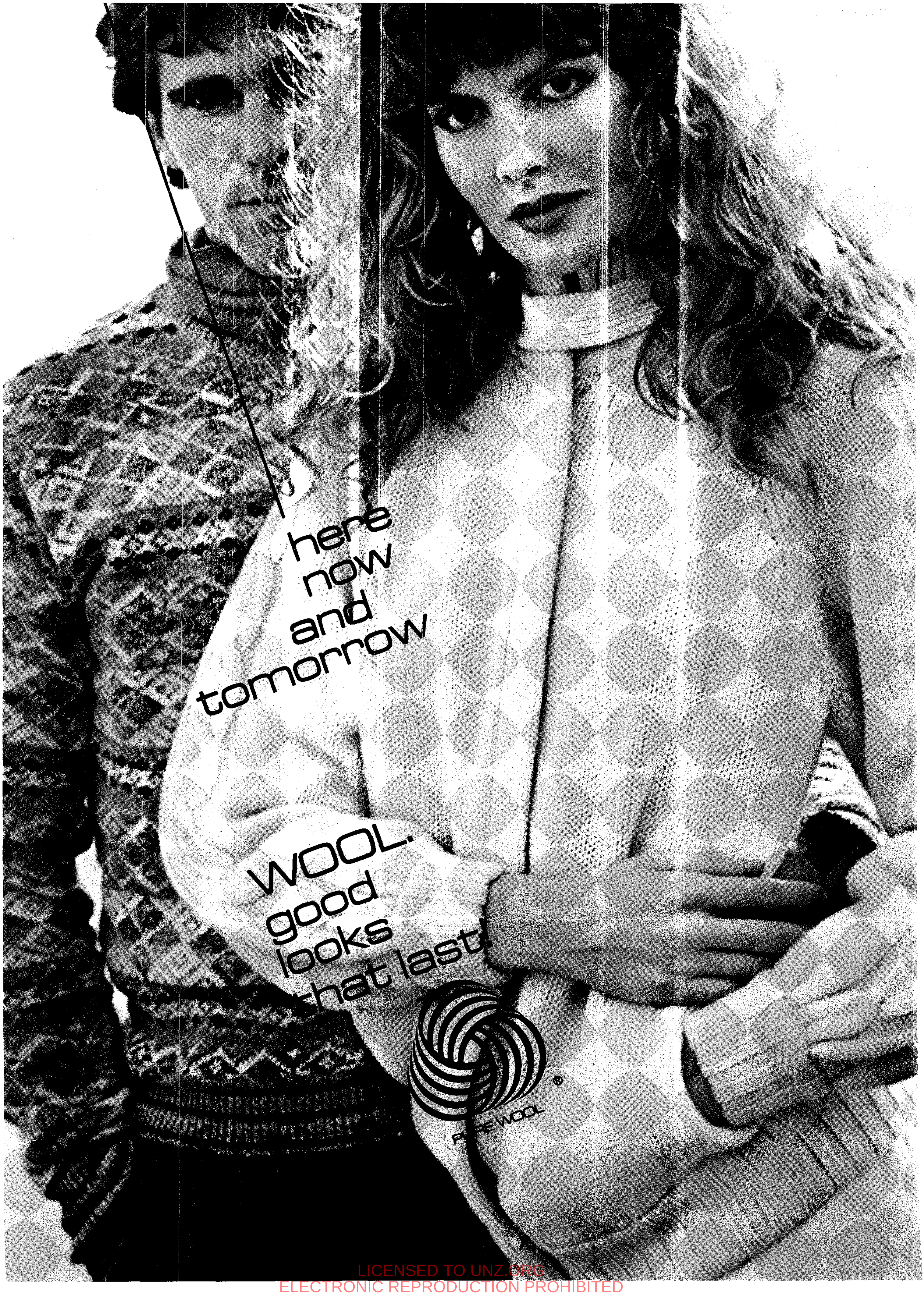
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foundly national. It endures because of its nationalism.

I am thinking of the long period during which Juan Perón governed Argentina. Each of the three times he reached the Presidency, he won in free elections by an overwhelming majority—between fifty-five and seventy per cent of the vote. There was a parliament, political parties, and so forth, and he never committed fraud in the elections. Yet the dynamic of his government smothered democratic life and undermined democratic institutions, and in time it became evident that he was using the democratic system for anti-democratic ends. This is the crucial problem when politicians without a democratic ideology achieve a majority, whether by direct elections, as in Perón's case, or by agreement among parties for a coalition government, as in Begin's case.

Israel has lost many of its democratic qualities in the last few years, and particularly since the Lebanon invasion. New concessions to intolerant religious groups not only impede the modernization of social life but reduce the scope of secular activities—especially in the crucial field of education. Financial speculation takes the place of productive investment; the uncontrolled issuing of currency devalues its worth, ignites inflation, and promotes the consumption of unnecessary goods to maintain the government's popularity. Budget increases go to swell the bureaucracy, and hiring is done on a strictly partisan basis. Investment for research, which could help to increase technological exports, is reduced; also reduced is investment for housing, highways, and health care. Funds are used instead to establish businesses in the occupied territories. The state has abandoned numerous projects in which the secular population participates, and it has failed to fulfill its obligations to farming coöperatives, to specialized industries, and to new settlements within the pre-1967 borders of Israel. Such neglect has caused a wave of emigration that is reaching dangerous proportions.

The dynamics of those policies will undoubtedly alter the character of Israel. The society will become more closed, more intolerant, more fundamentalist. When such conditions, which are contrary to both the letter and the spirit of the country's charter, are being introduced by a partisan coalition in government, we are face to face with an anti-democracy. For such substantial changes in society, a de-

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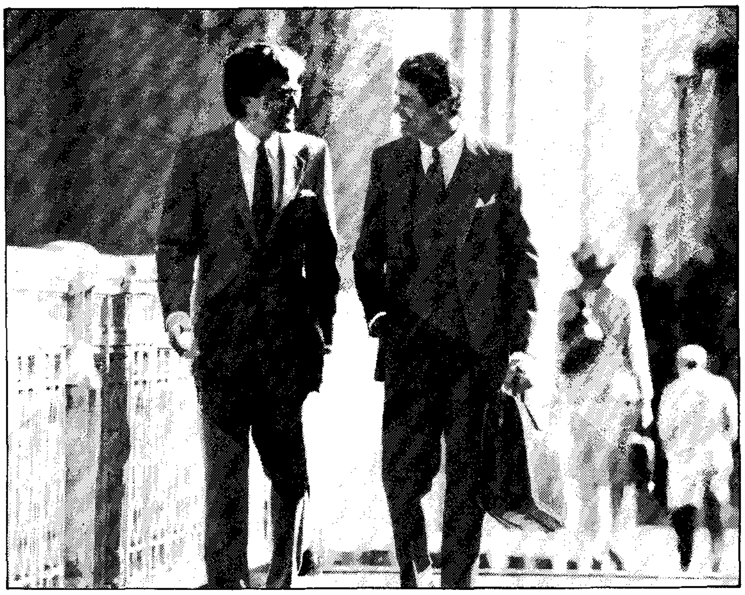

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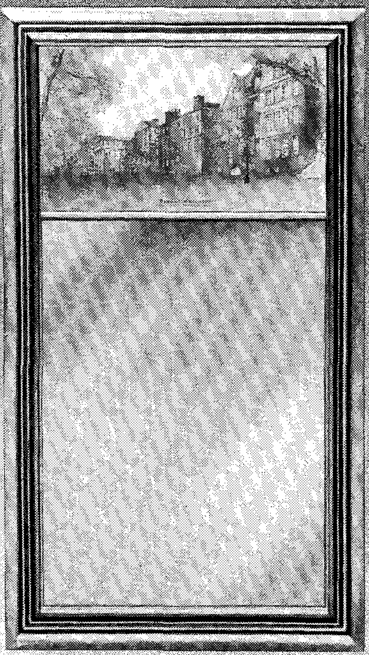
mocracy requires a broad debate leading up to a vote. The way things are accomplished in Israel constitutes an anti-democratic exercise by a circumstantial majority. The government's actions are dictatorial actions, even though the dictatorship is that of the majority; they are the expression of a totalitarian ideology.

There is no better reflection of the substantial change in the character of the country by apparently democratic means than the recent annexation by Israel of East Jerusalem and the Golan Heights, on the Syrian border, which were seized in the Six-Day War. The annexation of these territories meant conditioning Israel to a state of permanent conflict in the Middle East, and enhancing its character as a militarized nation. Such a decision should not be reached even by a parliamentary majority. In a democracy, certain decisions are beyond the scope of political institutions; they should be the result of a broad and specific debate, of a process involving all citizens. Neither should a policy of surreptitious but obvious annexation of the West Bank be carried out by administrative measures, without a national debate and a national consensus. The case of the West Bank is more than grave. It demands a social and economic effort that is not only bleeding the country but chaining future Israeli generations to its defense. The Begin government considers the unlimited power of a parliamentary majority to be one of the characteristics of a democracy. Begin himself cannot seem to understand that respect for the rights of minorities is no less important—that not even the broadest interpretation of democracy allows the transformation of a society solely by the power of a parliamentary majority.

There is no need to analyze Israel's policy in the occupied territories in detail; the daily reports in the mass media provide sufficient illustration. Establishing a democratic formula for occupation is indeed difficult. After the Second World War, the Allies were able to accomplish it in Germany, Austria, and Japan, but they had no territorial appetite for those countries. When Israel made it manifest that its objective was the absorption of the occupied territories, which meant reducing the Muslim population to second-class status, it revealed an action that is unacceptable to a democracy. In undertaking the invasion of Lebanon, the government committed the greatest number of violations of democratic



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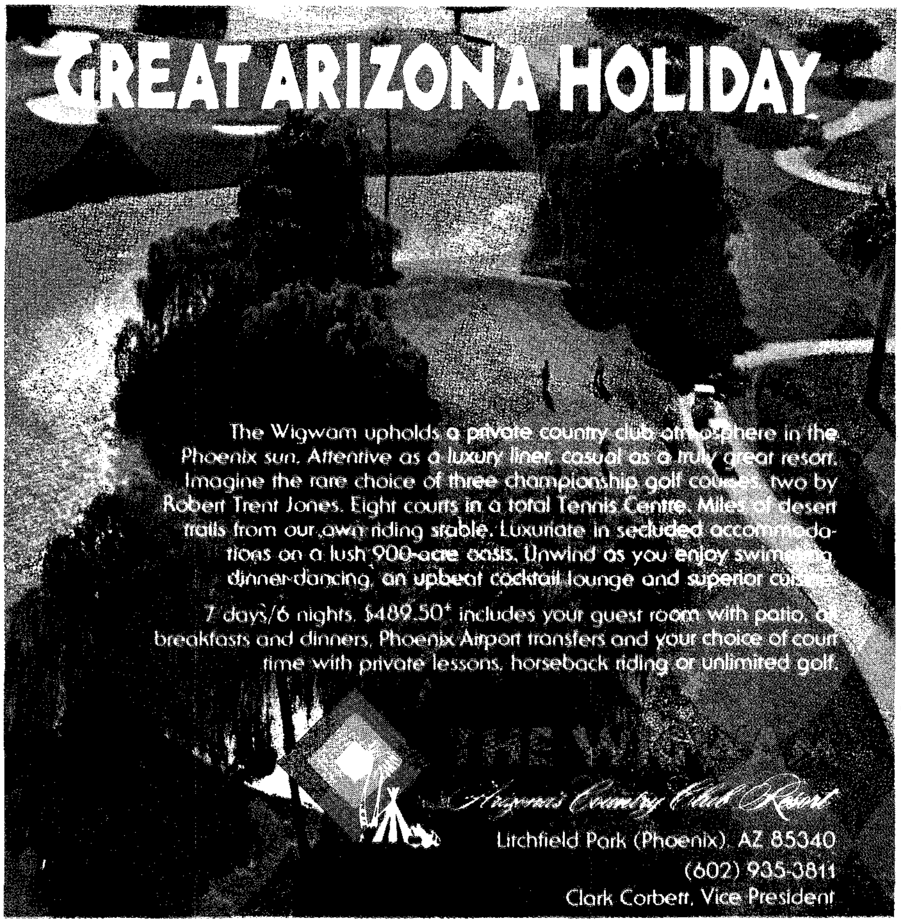
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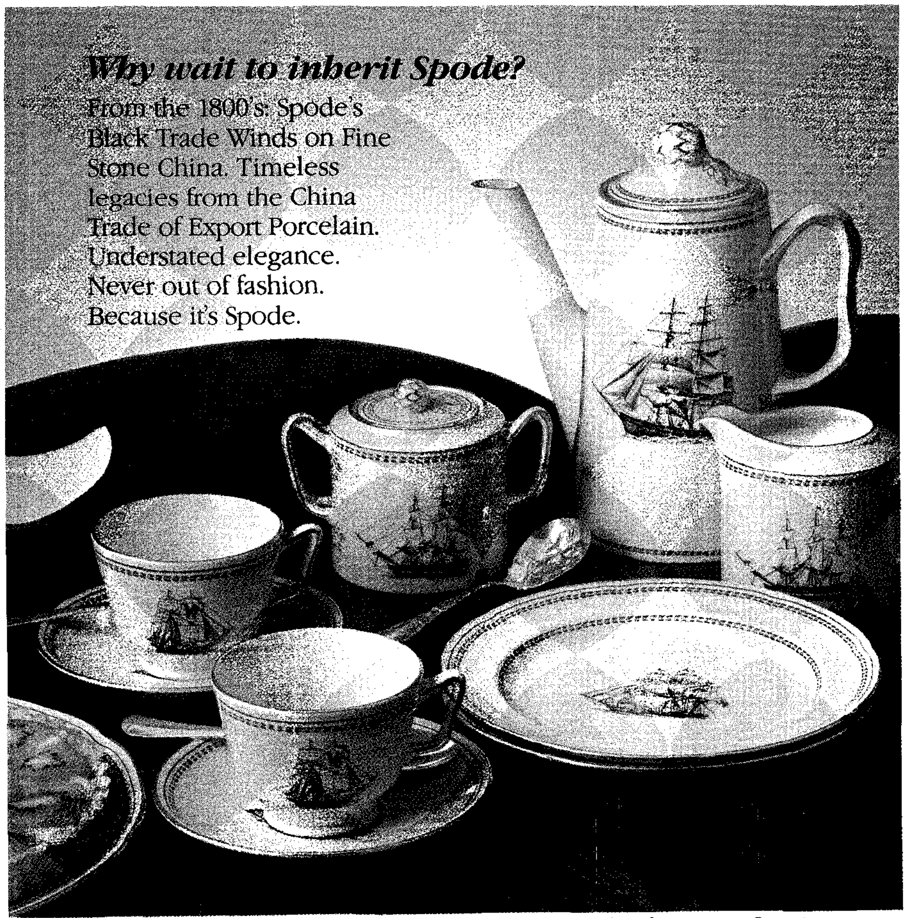
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methods to date, all of them concentrated in a brief span of time. The most striking, of course, was to lead the country into a war with a vast deployment of men and weapons while concealing that it was actually fighting a war. From that moment on, the thwarting of the Knesset entailed—insofar as it is a forum for debating a development as momentous as a war—a virtual liquidation of it. Despite all its efforts, the opposition cannot get the government to accept the rights of the Knesset—an indication that the institution has reached a point where it is no longer a guarantee of democracy in Israel. The Prime Minister and the Minister of Defense now continually avoid meetings of the Foreign Affairs and Defense Committee, and when they deign to reply to the deputies' questions they provide deceptive information. All this has inspired the former Foreign Minister Abba Eban, who is now a deputy, to protest in a letter that "the situation has no precedent in the history of the Foreign Relations and Defense Committee, and it is unacceptable." We are about to enter the seventh week of the war, and the Knesset remains impotent.

Just now, after more than a month of fighting, the Knesset has discovered an ordinance enacted by the Minister of Defense at the start of the war which, among other things, authorizes senior Army officers to arrest any person anywhere outside Israel. In disclosing this, Deputy Shulamit Aloni pointed out that the legal anomalies in the wording of the ordinance indicate that General Sharon has virtually created a military government in Lebanon which is outside the laws of Israel and Lebanon and outside international law. Deputy Yossi Sarid has demanded to know why the government and certain Army officers exaggerated the quantity and quality of the weapons seized from the P.L.O. in Lebanon. Sarid's repeated questions remain unanswered. He has charged that there was an attempt to create a false impression of imminent threat to Israel's northern border. For instance, he said, instead of five hundred modern tanks there were only ninety obsolete T-34s, which could fire their weapons but were not mobile. These same Army officers, Sarid pointed out, told delegations of foreign Jews who raise funds for Israel that the captured weapons could have equipped a million terrorists, and this amounts to a paranoid fantasy. Sarid is requesting an investigation, but there is

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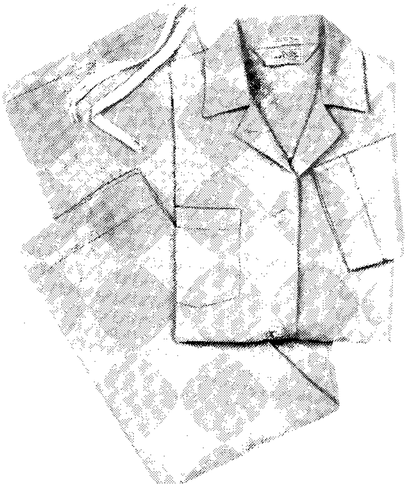

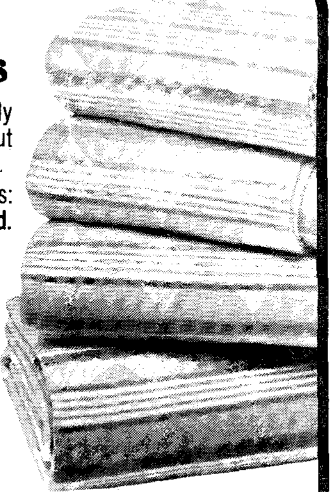

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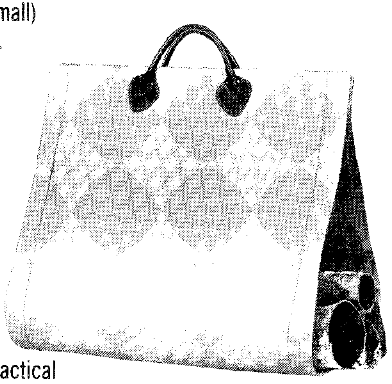

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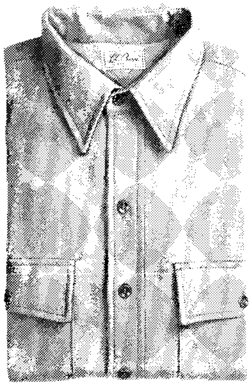

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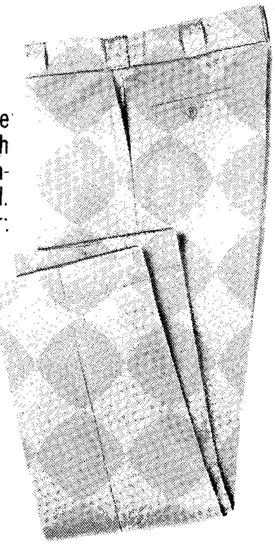

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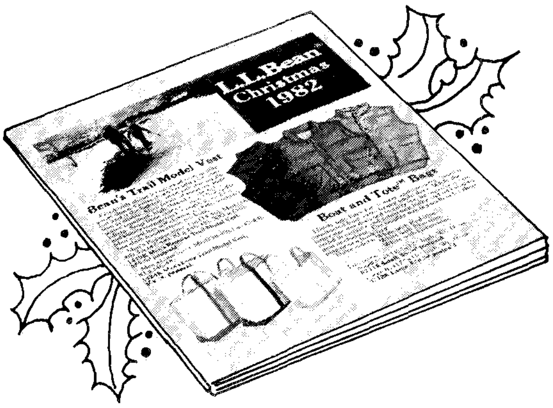

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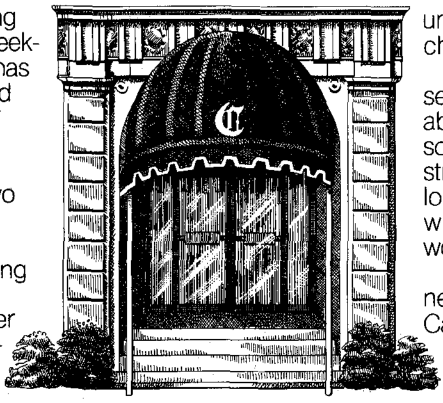
Another problem is that internal conflict has also diminished Israeli democracy. While Israeli foreign policy requires that the country be upheld as the sole practicing democracy in the Middle East, this need must not be turned into an instrument of pressure, and even blackmail, against Israeli citizens. The offensive of the Begin government against Israeli democracy is constant; it responds to an ideology, and to tactical considerations; and it is changing Israeli society. The average Israeli citizen cannot do less than denounce this conflict that affects his daily life and his future. The charge that his open protests and political activities somehow weaken the notion that Israel is the sole democracy in the Middle East must not become a pretext for requiring him to remain silent. On the contrary, those citizens who voice



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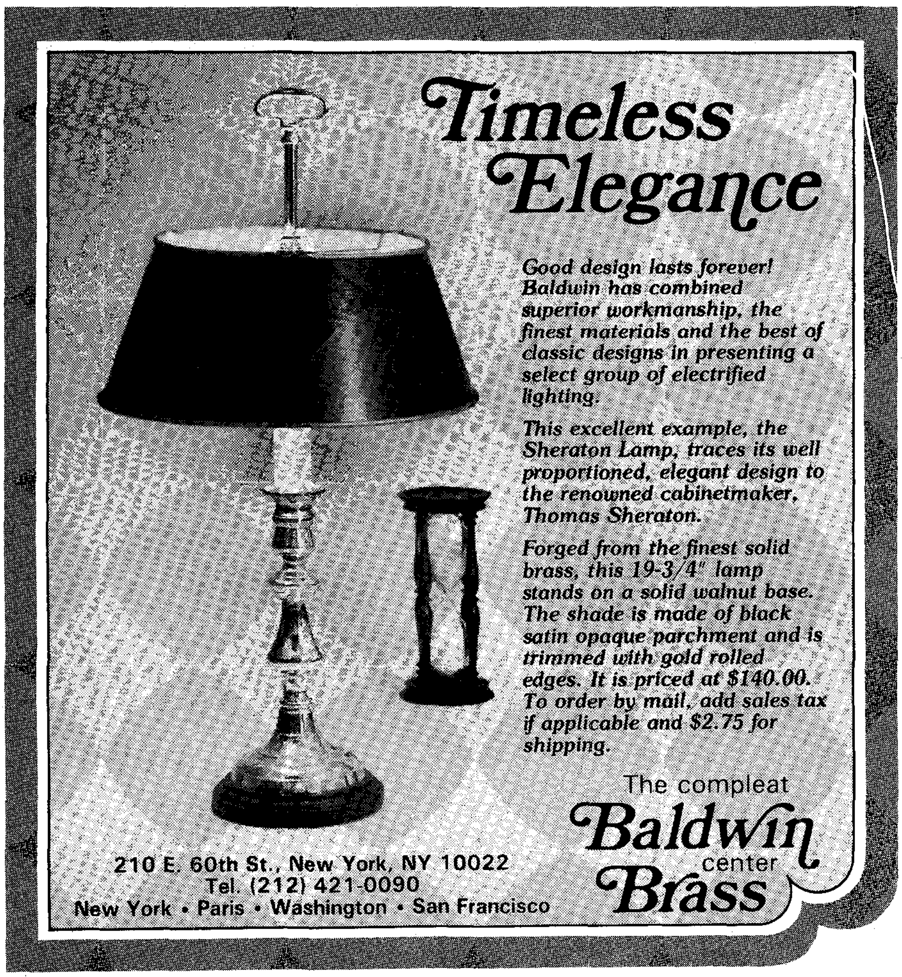

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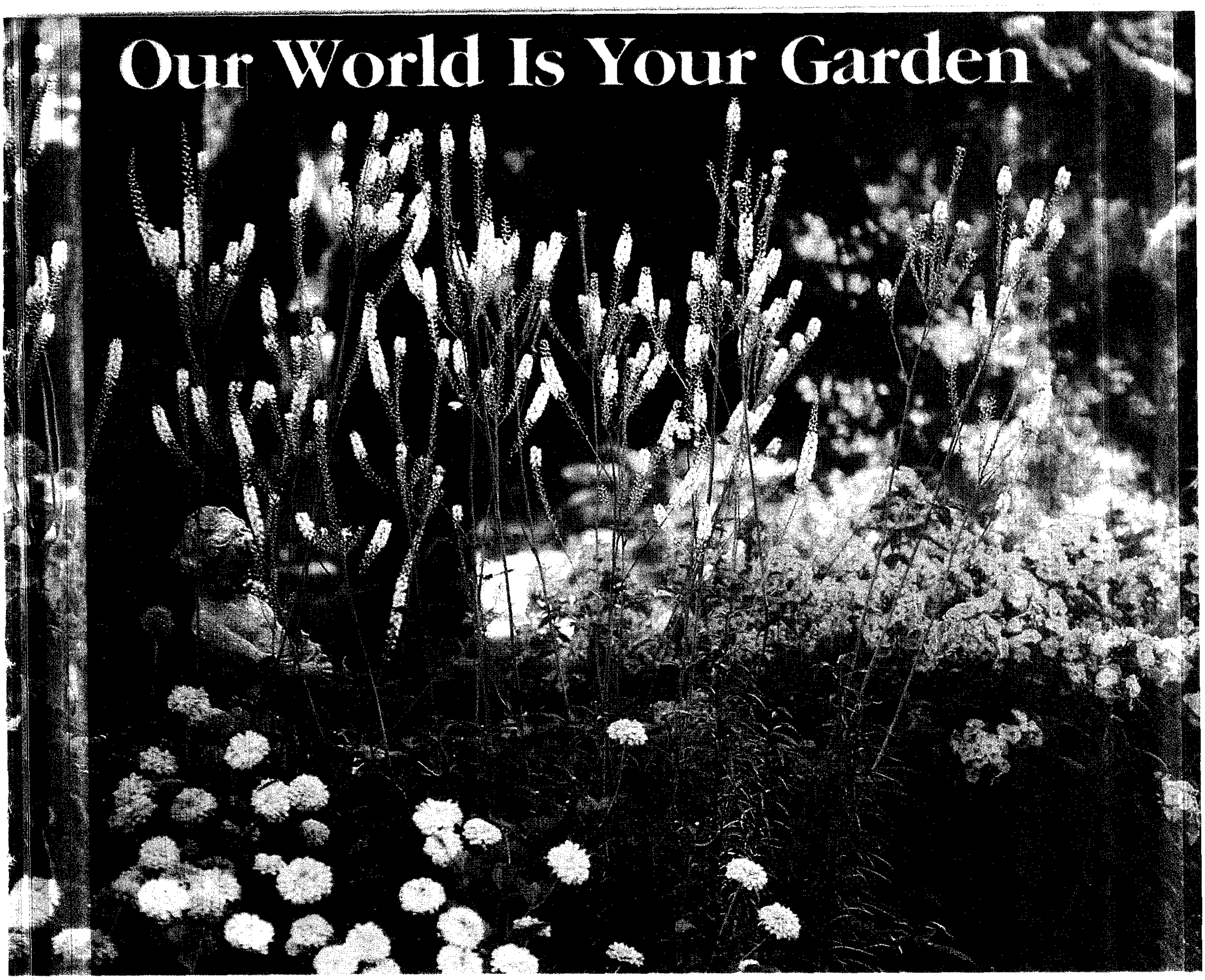

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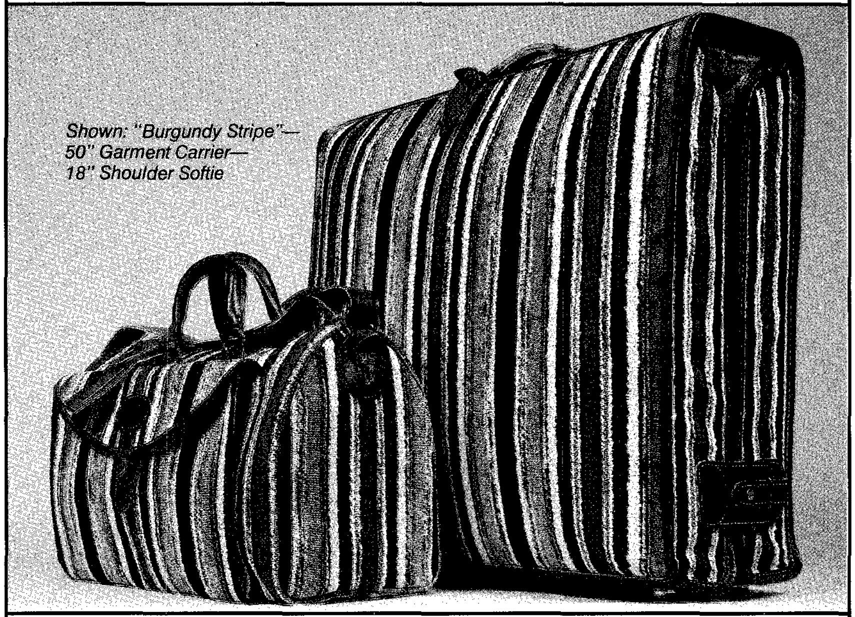

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this protest are the ones striving to preserve Israel's democratic character against a government that is undermining it.

Just today, news reports revealed one of the ways in which the government increases its democratic parliamentary majority by acceding to obviously anti-democratic measures. In order to add to the ruling coalition the three deputies of the right-wing Tehiya Party, and so create a majority of sixty-four votes in the hundred-and-twenty-member Knesset, the government will agree to an increase in the number of Jewish businesses on the West Bank and in Gaza; and it will agree that in the event that local Arab councils ever win a measure of autonomy in those places, they will never be granted any voice in the administration of land and water resources. This small faction, for its part, has agreed to postpone for the time being its demand that the occupied territories be annexed, but it insists that local autonomy remain under Israeli sovereignty. To any charge that such impositions on the occupied territories cannot come from a democratic nation, the government will reply, as always, by evading the real issue, and will present the evidence of its enlarged parliamentary majority.

Faced with the demands of the government as it tries to continue its slow annexation of the occupied territories, the Israeli citizen has no choice but to accuse the authorities of destroying democracy, of turning Israel into an aggressive and potentially totalitarian nation. Moreover, the social, cultural, and economic concessions that the government grants to intolerant and totalitarian political parties with the sole purpose of remaining *democratically* in power give the Israeli citizen further reason to denounce the loss of democracy which is affecting his life.

I have been talking to soldiers who have been discharged in the last few days. When we were awaiting their return home, it never crossed our minds that many of them had already been given orders to rejoin the Army on specific dates—within forty, sixty, or seventy days. We don't know why or what for. They don't, either. This is one reason we don't know what kind of war we're involved in. We can't even say that the war will be over when there are no more enemies within our borders, because we don't know where our borders end.

As to the continuity of the country, we Israelis must rekindle the struggle

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so that the continuity will retain the ideals that gave birth to this nation. The letters in the newspapers, the denunciations by soldiers, the length of the war, the hardships of daily life, the lack of confidence in government announcements, skepticism over the Army's reports: all are new elements that add confusion and, above all, sadness—the sadness of having been cheated—to the worries for relatives at the front.

Soldiers say that some high officers, including generals, have asked that if the soldiers sign letters to protest the war they do so as civilians, and not as members of the armed forces. Soldiers also recount jokes passed around at the front and at military bases. Israel's continuity was contingent upon the impossibility that an officer would ever try to influence the opinions of a soldier; on the absence of bitter jokes about Palestinian reality; on the possibility of a consensus on a war. Our country was the framework for our Jewish continuity, for our spiritual continuity. Now we have lost it. The French journalist Jean Daniel, whose support of Israel has been as steadfast as his criticism of our oppression of the Palestinians, pointed out something quite simple: "Israel is a country like any other." It's hard to resign ourselves to this notion, although many people in Israel, perhaps a majority, are at ease with the idea. I ask myself whether they would be equally at ease if they were not always the military victors, if we were to be routed diplomatically. Would we then cease to be a country like the rest, resort to the memories of the Holocaust, and appeal to the guilt feelings of other nations? It's curious—though perhaps not so very curious—that the most belligerent Israelis, and the most belligerent Jews in the West, are those who resort to the Holocaust with greatest frequency, who have the greatest tendency to claim the pity of the other nations, who are most readily disposed, in the case of need, to pronounce that Israel is not a country like any other. No, Israel is not like other countries—or, if you prefer, it shouldn't be. It was created not to be. The best guarantee for its security lies in maintaining the ideas of its founders.

THE debate developing in Israel creates a sadness that permeates everything. When it affects our sense of continuity, it alters our notions of security, upsetting our lives, our relations with those near and dear, and

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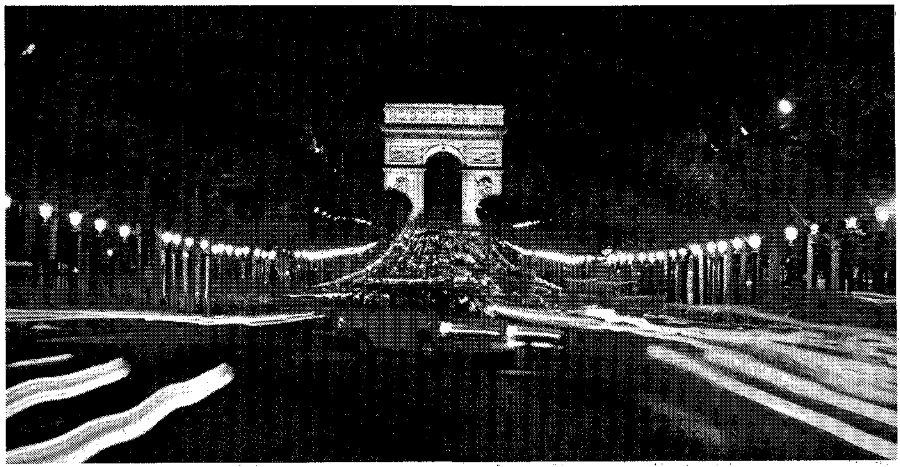

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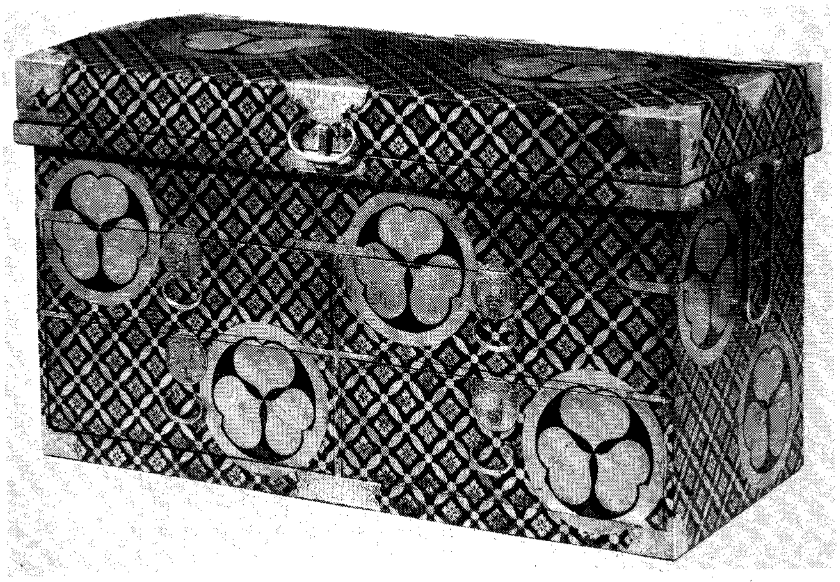

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our questions and answers. Continuity is more than a few official proclamations on identity, more than the exhibits displayed to highlight the memory of our tragic history. Continuity is what Yacov Guterman expressed for us all in a letter to the Jerusalem *Post* that many of us keep out on the table. Just now, when my son has been discharged from the Army, I read it carefully and slowly, and I think about what it says, and ask my wife to think about it with me. I still don't dare to discuss it with other people. I believe that Guterman's letter is an invitation to Israel to assume its true continuity:

"I am the descendant of a rabbinical family, the only son of Simha Guterman, a Zionist and socialist who died as a hero and a fighter against the Nazis in the Warsaw uprising. I was rescued from the Holocaust and brought to Israel: I served in the Army and built my home in Israel.

"A son was born to me, called Raz—a son who grew up to be a great pride to his family, strong and beautiful and honest and upright in his character. Despite personal misfortunes and difficulties, I raised him with unending love and affection and with great pride as a father. In my secret thoughts, I saw him as a link in the chain of history and, in his being and character, along with others like him, the realization of our people's renewal.

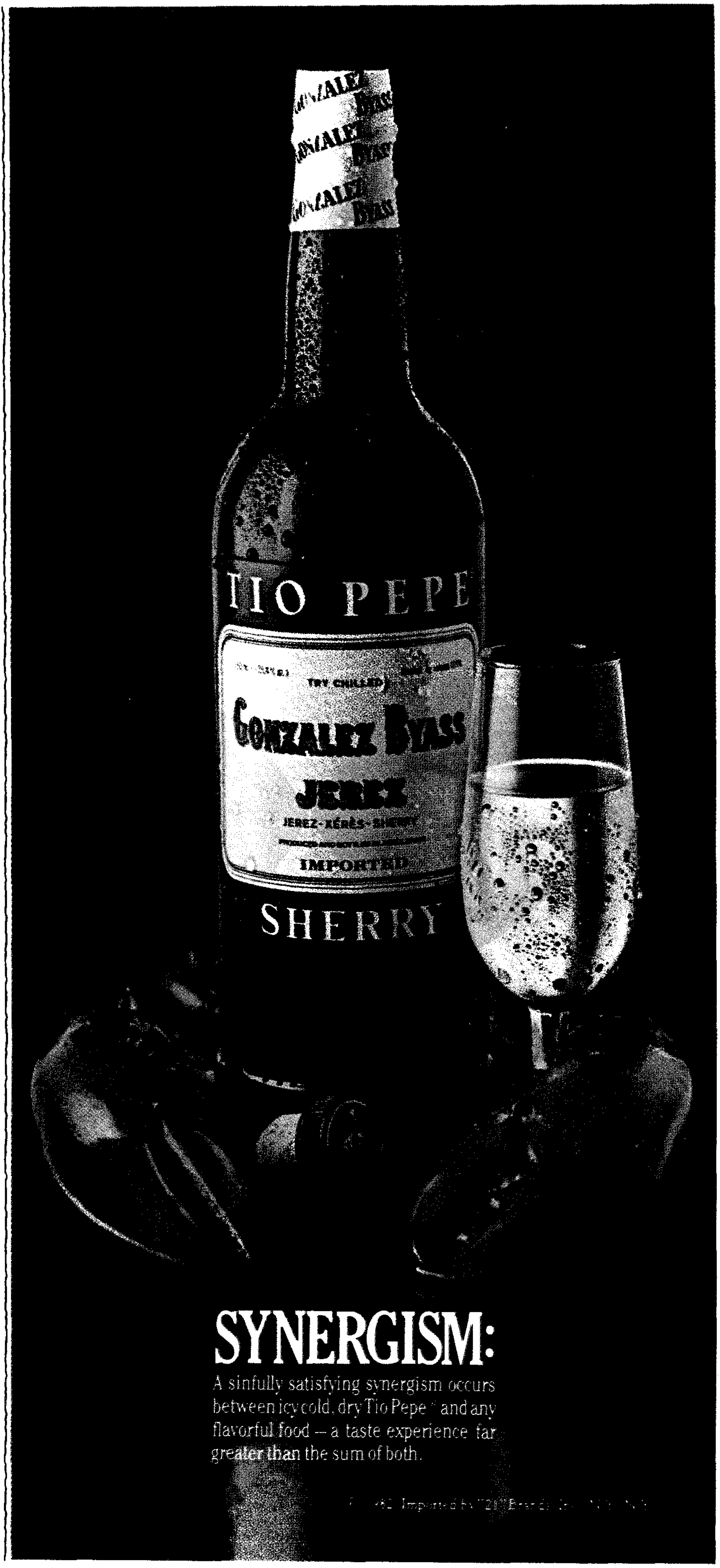
"When the time came for him to join the Army, he volunteered, in the spirit in which he was educated, for one of the special units, one of the most challenging units of the Army, and there he served with great effort and devotion. He was due to be released in a few weeks, and his plans were many.

"Along with my son and his friends, I was aware of the government's intentions, and we lived in constant fear. Every night, I went to bed with a prayer in my heart that war might be avoided.

"Every child knows that Menachem Begin and Ariel Sharon sought a reason to break into Lebanon to instigate the first war that was not a war of defense. They sought to undo, with this questionable military victory, all their failures, inadequacies, and frustrations.

"I remained with a prayer in my heart that reasonable and concerned people in Israel and abroad would prevent them from this madness, but my desire and the desire of the sons was not fulfilled.

"The bullet fired in London caused



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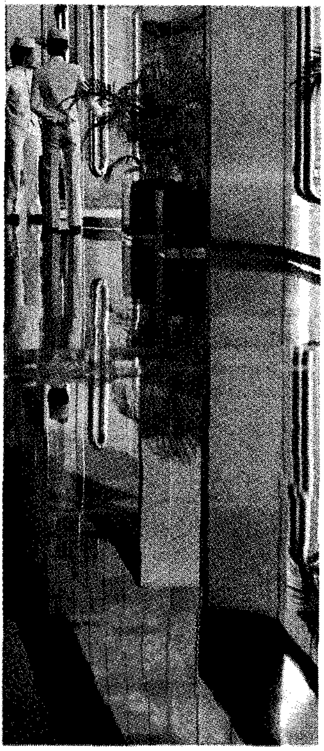

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them to send lethal war machines to spread death into the cities of Lebanon and its villages. When the Katyushas returned fire, the hour they were waiting for impatiently finally arrived.

"With unabashed nerve, Menachem Begin, Ariel Sharon, Rafael Eitan, and the ministers who voted for the war in Lebanon sloganized 'PEACE FOR GALILEE' when there had been no shots fired in the Galilee for over a year.

"My son Raz, my beloved son, and his friends were sent with their unit, in great haste and in frenzied irresponsibility, to bloody battle to take the Beaufort. He was the first one to break through the trenches leading to the fortress. He fought valiantly and there he found his death.

"Thus was severed the chain of unending Jewish generations, ancient and full of heroism and suffering, and thus was cut off the flowering of a life that was just beginning to blossom.

"And thus they caused the destruction of my whole world.

"How many years would it have taken the Palestinian terrorists to kill and injure so many Israel soldiers as these people did in the course of one week of this damnable war? How much loss and mourning have they caused?

"Even before the blood was dry on the rocks of the mountain of Beaufort, Begin and Sharon hurried into their helicopters, surrounded by photographers, motion-picture cameras, and microphones, to declare and sound forth with vanity. They did not even ask forgiveness for the mistakes or the dark devices of their nationalistic schemes and their adventurous irresponsibility.

"And the voice of our sons' blood cries from the ground!

"And if they have only a spark of conscience and humanity, may my great pain pursue them forever—the suffering of a father in Israel whose world has been destroyed and the joy of life destroyed in him forever."

—JACOBO TIMERMAN

*(Translated, from the Spanish, by Miguel Acoca. This is the first part of a two-part article.)*

•

## HOW'S THAT AGAIN? DEPARTMENT

[*From the Arkansas Gazette*]

WEATHER

Windy and cool with a high in the low 60s and a low in the upper 60s.

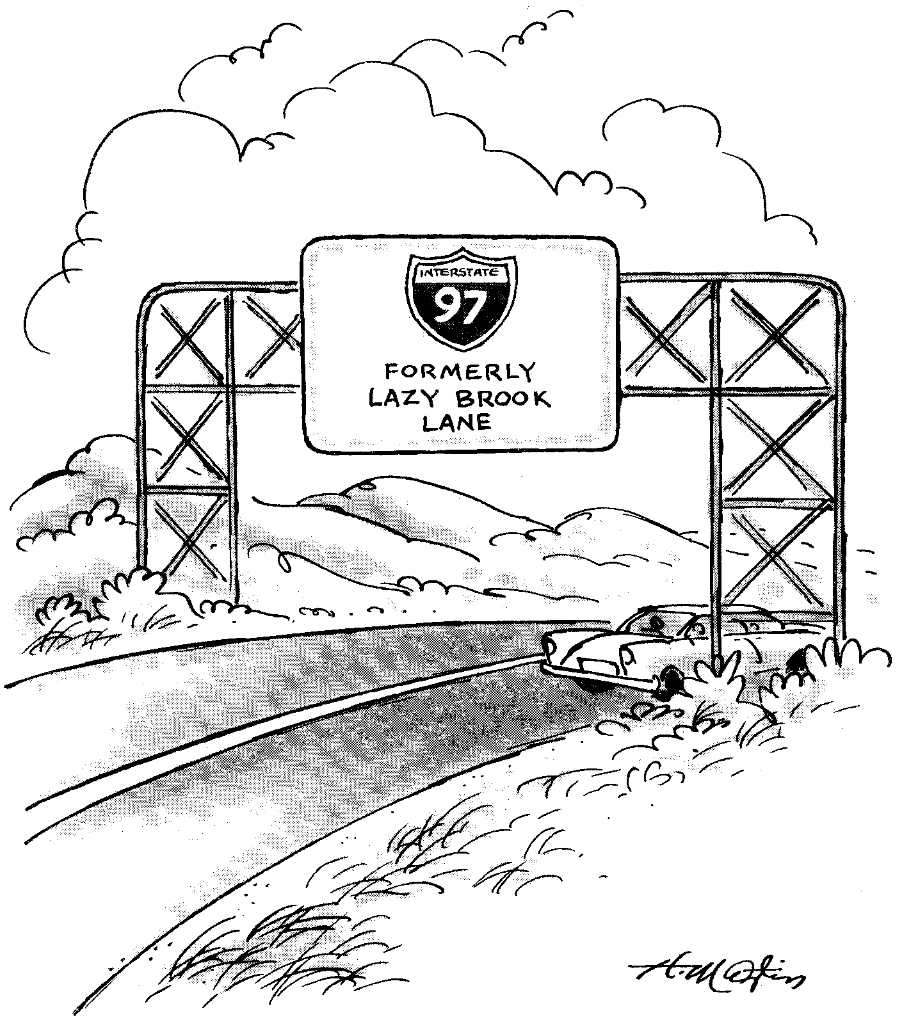
# THE SPORTING SCENE

## CONNORS' YEAR, NOT LENDL'S

ON Sunday, July 11th—exactly one week after the men's final at Wimbledon—the two concluding singles in the 1982 Davis Cup quarter-final match between the United States and Sweden were played at the Checkerdome, in St. Louis. They were carried on cable television throughout the country by ESPN, the Entertainment and Sports Programming Network, and I turned my set on at 2:15 P.M. Eastern Daylight Time, when the first singles, Brian Gottfried versus Anders Jarryd, had just got under way. Gottfried, replacing Eliot Teltscher, who was injured, was not in good form and lost in straight sets to Jarryd, who, approaching twenty-one, was the oldest of the four members of the Swedish Davis Cup squad. Jarryd's victory made the score Sweden 2, United States 2. The deciding singles, between John McEnroe and Mats Wilander, began at four-thirty-five—the time would prove to be important. This was a confrontation that everyone in tennis had been looking forward to. In the French Open, which was held the last week in May and the first week in June on the clay courts of Stade Roland-Garros, in Auteuil, Wilander, who was only seventeen, had made his way to the final by eliminating such established international stars as Ivan Lendl, Vitas Gerulaitis, and José-Luis Clerc, and he capped this astonishing performance by defeating Guillermo Vilas in four sets, 1–6, 7–6, 6–0, 6–4. Though relatively inexperienced on grass, Wilander subsequently acquitted himself creditably at Wimbledon, reaching the round of sixteen before losing to Brian Teacher. Like everyone else who follows tennis, I was interested in seeing how he would fare against McEnroe on the carpet surface of the Checkerdome—a covering known as Supreme Court. At Wimbledon, McEnroe, the defending champion, had been beaten in the final, and he was sure to be up for this encounter, eager to demonstrate to one and all that, despite an occasional upset, he deserved his status as the top-ranked player in the world.

This meeting between McEnroe and Wilander—their first—turned out to be a memorable one. Early in the first set, McEnroe made a few more unforced errors than he ordinarily does, and this permitted Wilander—a sturdily built, good-looking athlete who stands five feet ten—to get into the match. Like Björn Borg, Wilander has sandy hair and a fair complexion. He also resembles the maestro in his coolness on the court and his perfect manners. Of course, Borg's phenomenal success over the last decade is what has been directly responsible for the early flowering of Wilander, Jarryd, and their Davis Cup teammates, Hans Simonsson and Joachim Nystrom, as well as a number of other talented young Swedes, for Borg is a true national hero. In separate ways, the styles of these up-and-coming Swedish players reflect Borg's influence most notably in a predilection for the two-handed backhand and in a use of considerable topspin on baseline strokes. Wilander has a particularly fine backhand, every bit as sound as Borg's and potentially more fluent. In the first set against McEnroe, he won most of the baseline rallies, thanks to the reliability of his backhand. In Davis Cup competition, a tie breaker is not used to decide a set that has reached 6–6 in games, and the first set lasted well over an hour before McEnroe, taking advantage of a tentative patch by Wilander, wrapped it up, 9–7. After this, McEnroe stepped up his play, coming into the forecourt more frequently behind hard-hit approach shots and then angling his volleys sharply away. When he took the second set, 6–2, the match seemed as good as over. McEnroe was now on his game. Extremely fast covering the court, he had no trouble getting to everything Wilander tried, for now that he was concentrating well his anticipation was at its keenest.

After the first few games of the third set, however, Wilander's resistance suddenly stiffened. He seemed to realize that in order to make a contest of it he had to hit out more aggressively from the baseline and go for winners, especially off his backhand, whenever he had the glimmer of an opening. He began to hurry McEnroe into mistakes, and his confidence natu-



rally increased. The pivotal game was the seventh. Wilander, serving at 2–4, fought off four break points to hold service. It is commonly agreed that McEnroe's first serve into the ad court is the most difficult to read and return of any serve in tennis today, but every now and then Wilander, guessing correctly that McEnroe would be swinging it wide, was able to reach far out into the doubles alley and rip the ball acutely crosscourt for a stunning placement. Then, too, while calmly biding his time at the baseline, Wilander would, when McEnroe presented him with a short ball, frequently slide his return into a corner and, continuing into the forecourt, put away McEnroe's return with a volley or a smash. He began to look as formidable as he had against Vilas in the final of the French Open. At length, in the thirty-second game, he broke McEnroe's serve, to win the set, 17–15. It was then ten minutes after nine on the East Coast. The match had been on for four hours and thirty-five minutes.

Davis Cup regulations allow for a ten-minute rest period between the third and fourth sets of a match. The rest period in the Checkerdome lasted ten minutes longer. It was nine-thirty when play was resumed. The atmosphere was now somewhat different: Wilander, it was apparent, could win this match. He looked a shade fresher than McEnroe, but then one must remember that McEnroe is five and a half years his senior, a doddering twenty-three. In any event, Wilander, after breaking McEnroe's serve in the eighth game, went on to take the fourth set, 6–3, and square the match. Wilander does not have a big serve himself. On his first serve, his main concern is getting the ball in, the deeper the better. This also applies to his second serve, which is hit with the same smooth, orthodox motion but with a little less pace. As the crucial fifth set was about to start, the director of the telecast cut to some eloquent shots of Jarryd, Simonsson, and Nystrom, the three other members of the Swedish team, seated together in the stands. They were looking at one another with quick, muffled smiles of delight and pride in the marvellous tennis their teammate was producing against a famous player on a major occasion.

The fifth set began at four minutes after ten. Considering how long they had been out on the court, both men were still moving with incredible speed and nimbleness. There was little to choose between them. McEnroe broke Wilander's serve in the second game, but Wilander broke back immediately. When the games reached 5–5, for the first time there were indications that Wilander's concentration was beginning to fray under the long hours of strain. The percentage of loose shots he played began to increase. At length, in the fourteenth game, Wilander lost his serve at thirty, and, with it, the set and the match: 9–7, 6–2, 15–17, 3–6, 8–6. It was then seventeen minutes after eleven. McEnroe and Wilander had been out on the court for six hours and twenty-two minutes, and, counting the rest period, the match had lasted six hours and forty-two minutes. There have been quite a few matches in which a greater total number of games were played. For example, in the first round at Wimbledon in 1969, when Pancho Gonzalez defeated Charlie Pasarell in the longest match in the history of the championship (the scores were 22–24, 1–6, 16–14, 6–3, 11–9) they played a hundred and twelve games—thirty-three more than McEnroe and Wilander did. However, the Gonzalez-Pasarell match lasted only five hours and twelve minutes; in addition, it was interrupted by darkness and had to be continued the following day. There have been a number of other celebrated marathon matches, but, unfortunately, records of the time they consumed were not kept or have proved difficult to uncover. There seems reason to believe that the McEnroe-Wilander match is the longest ever played.

One thing I do know. Outside of fixing a drink, eating a little, and answering the phone a couple of times, I did not take my eyes off the television screen until the match was over. If anyone had told me that I would willingly watch a tennis match on television for well over six hours, I would never have believed it. I felt better when I later learned that three friends of mine had done the same thing and that several others were still morose at having had to quit the telecast because of uncancellable appointments. Once young Wilander had got into the match, there was no way a self-respecting tennis fan could flick off his set. He was hooked—it was as simple as that.

The length of the match is one of the reasons I have described it in detail. There are others. It was as well-played and fascinating a duel as I have seen since the 1980 Wimbledon final, which Borg won in five sets over McEnroe after McEnroe had taken that now legendary tie breaker in the fourth set, eighteen points to sixteen. Furthermore, the Wilander-McEnroe match seemed to epitomize the current season in tennis, during which many things have not gone at all the way one thought they would. I must confess that until Wilander's exploits in the French Open I had never heard of him. I did not, for instance, know that he had won the French junior championship last year. I think this is excusable, but it also escaped me that this year, on the eve of the French Open, he was ranked eighteenth on the Association of Tennis Professionals' computer, after a banner spring season in which he reached the final in a Grand Prix tournament in Brussels and also got to the semifinals of the Italian Open. It is always difficult to know whether precocious athletes will fulfill their promise—as Borg did, for example—but Wilander is a player worth watching.

NOWADAYS, the international tennis season begins in January, when the Volvo Grand Prix Masters championship is held at Madison Square Garden. However, speculation about the upcoming season often begins only weeks after the United States Open, at Flushing Meadow, for during October, November, and December not much of consequence takes place, unless the Davis Cup final happens to pit two strong, colorful teams against each other. The Australian Open, which is played in December, is still technically one of the four major championships—the others are the French Open, Wimbledon, and our Open—but, because of the thinness of its field, it has lost its former significance. The other fixtures during the closing months of the year are little more than opportunities for energetic touring professionals to augment their already huge accumulations of prize money. Last autumn, the main topic of conversation among tennis people was Borg's decision to take a long rest, to be extended over several months and interrupted by only a few appearances in tournaments and in those special invitational events, generally termed exhibitions, in which either four or eight players participate. Borg's plan seemed to me a wise one. Earlier that year, he had taken the French Open for the sixth time, but at Wimbledon, where he had won the five previous years, he was defeated in the final by McEnroe, who clearly outplayed him. Then, in the final of our Open, after taking the first set he was no match for McEnroe on the DecoTurf II surface at Flushing Meadow. It was not the Borg we had seen during his triumphant years on the grass at Wimbledon. His anticipation was poor, his return of service was passive, his once-dreaded topspin drives were lollipops, he was seldom able to maneuver his way into the forecourt, and he rarely won a critical point. Granted, McEnroe was in superb form, but Borg seemed tired, confused, and old—much older than someone who had turned twenty-five that June.

In truth, Borg *is* old for his age. For ten straight years, beginning in 1972, when, at fifteen, he defeated Onny Parun, of New Zealand, in a Davis Cup match, he played a tremendous amount of tournament tennis—possibly too much. In the nineteen-twenties, the era of Bill Tilden, international tennis had an entirely different structure. The big names entered about fifteen tournaments, and the remainder of the time they practiced and rested. The thinking in those days was that a player could not expect to improve his strokes (and his tactical use of them) or be at his best physically and mentally on the important occasions unless he paced himself, maintaining a sensible ratio between tournament tennis and comparative relaxation. If in the nineteen-twenties, as has been the case in the last decade, there had been several tournaments going on simultaneously around the globe during many weeks of the year, with each tournament offering a huge purse, I am sure that Tilden and his contemporaries would have been as restlessly nomadic in their pursuit of the buck as the modern players are. In 1974, after Borg started his climb to

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the top by winning his first Italian Open and his first French Open, the chance to pile up a fortune was suddenly within his reach, and he pushed himself hard to make the most of it. In the late nineteen-seventies, he did an intelligent thing: he bought some property on the island of Kättilsö, in the Baltic Sea, and started to treat himself to a month's vacation there each summer, shortly after Wimbledon. Then back to work. Borg, who is an admirable fellow, by the way, applied himself zealously not only to making money but to establishing a record that would insure him a place among the great champions of all time. In the autumn of 1981, however, he had to face up to the fact that he was no longer the player he had once been. Feeling that at the age of twenty-five he still had many fruitful years ahead of him, he made up his mind to take things easy until the spring, so that he would then be in excellent shape and raring to go.

In late October, Borg reinjured a shoulder while playing, and he had to cancel the appearances he had been scheduled to make. By that time, he was already involved in a thorny problem with the Men's International Professional Tennis Council, which supervises the Grand Prix tournament circuit—there are close to ninety Grand Prix tournaments, spread around the world, each year. In 1981, the touring men professionals were required to notify the Council by the middle of September which Grand Prix tournaments they would be playing during the upcoming year; a minimum of ten tournaments, exclusive of the French Open, Wimbledon, and our Open, was required. Borg, however, had listed only seven tournaments on his 1982 schedule, and when he subsequently refused to alter his stand and commit himself to playing three others, he placed himself in the awkward position of having to qualify for any Grand Prix tournament he wished to play, and this would include all four majors. Later on, in April, during the Monte Carlo Open—Borg began his tournament season by playing in it, after going through the trouble of qualifying—in an effort to resolve this unhappy situation, Sir Brian Burnett, the chairman of the Wimbledon championships, acting with the approval of the administrators of the Grand Prix circuit, came up with what he hoped would be an acceptable compromise: if Borg would agree to appear in an additional three tourna-

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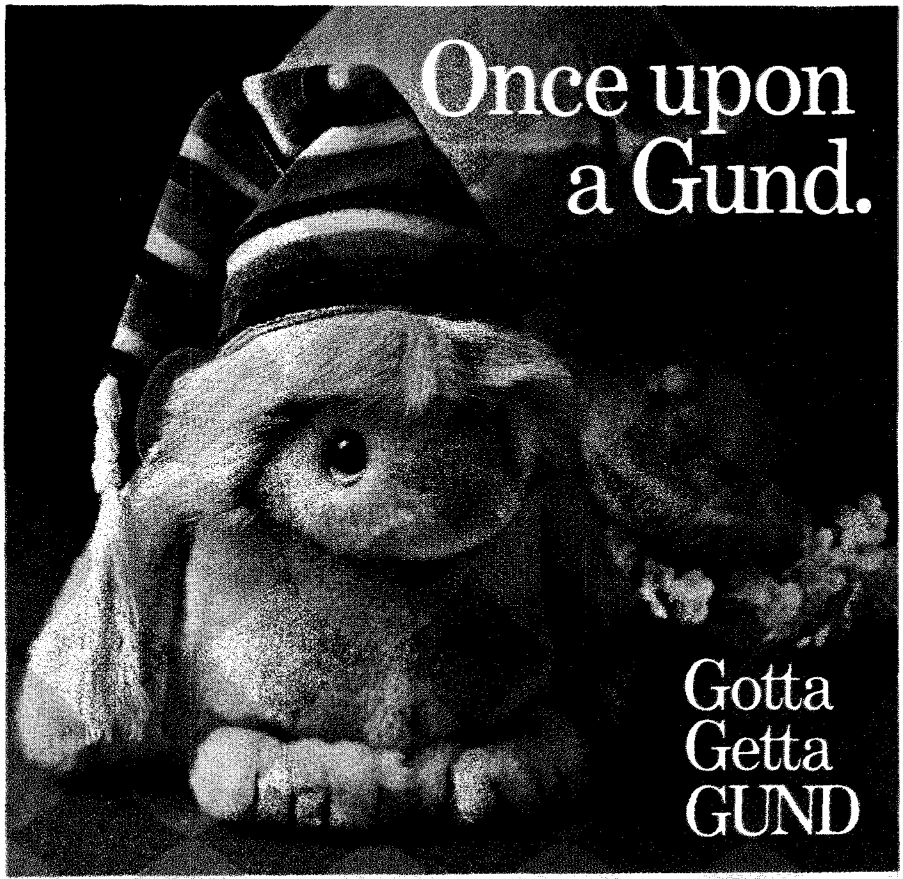

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ments during the first three months of 1983, he would be considered to have fulfilled the Grand Prix's requirements and would no longer have to qualify in order to play in any of its tournaments. Borg refused to go along with this. He felt that, as a six-time winner of the French Open and a five-time winner of Wimbledon, he should be exempt in any case from having to qualify for these championships.

In the Monte Carlo Open, as it happened, Borg made a most disappointing showing. In the quarter-finals, he was hammered 6–1, 6–2 by Yannick Noah, a powerful twenty-one-year-old Frenchman who grew up in Cameroon. In Borg's next start, a four-man exhibition in Tokyo, he looked much more like his old self. In his first match, he had no trouble with Vince Van Patten, and in the final he beat Vilas, who had eliminated McEnroe. The next week, everything became blurred again. After flying from Japan to this country, he lost to the veteran Dick Stockton in the qualifying round of the Caesars Palace Classic, in Las Vegas. Borg should have been able to beat Stockton easily, but Stockton took the third, and deciding, set by winning most of the protracted baseline rallies. It was hard to figure out whether Borg's atypical lethargy during this match stemmed from weariness after a long flight or from sheer lack of interest—by this time, he knew he would not accept the Grand Prix's compromise and would be sitting out the full tournament schedule. After being such a commanding figure for so many seasons, he has been sorely missed this year—particularly at Wimbledon, where he has been the idol of everyone from young London schoolgirls to gray-haired county wheelhorses since he made his début there at sixteen and won the junior championship. Borg has appeared in a good number of exhibitions this past season, though. Near the end of July, for example, he had a rousing battle in California with his old foe Jimmy Connors, which he lost in five sets. Borg has evidently been playing pretty fair tennis, but, from the reports I have heard, he does not have his old deep-rooted confidence or the determination that a player develops and maintains only by standing up to the multiple pressures of the big championships. What lies ahead for him? Some tennis people believe that he has burned himself out. Others think that he has a

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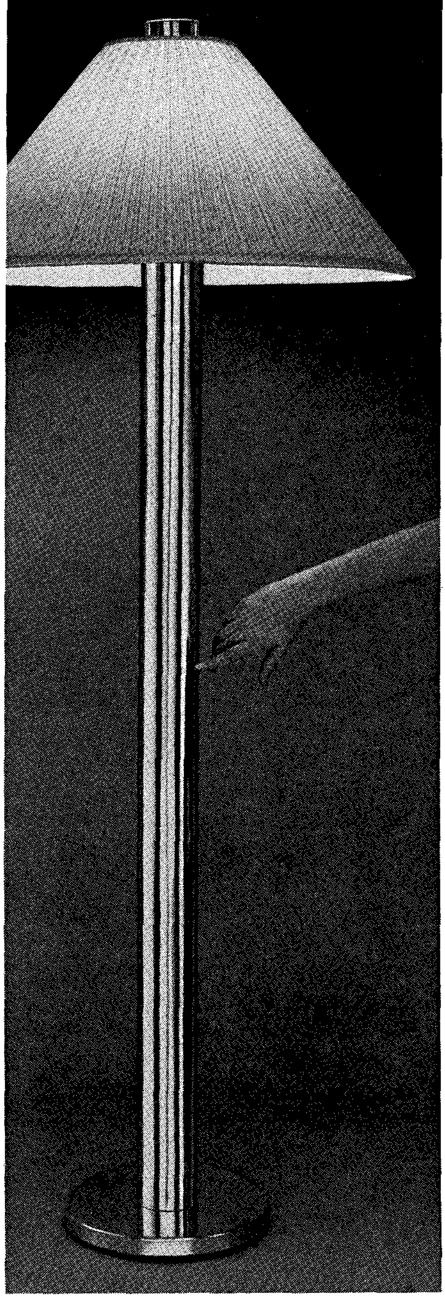

good chance of staging a successful comeback next year, although they foresee one possible snag: a modest but proud man, Borg may not be satisfied with anything less than reëstablishing himself as the No. 1 player in the world, and if this proves to be beyond his capabilities he may leave the game.

In several respects, apart from Borg's absence, this tennis season has turned out to be vastly different from what we had expected. To start with, John McEnroe has had a puzzling year. When he broke through at Wimbledon in 1981 and then played such glorious tennis—a rare fusion of power and elegance—in carrying off our championship for the third straight season, McEnroe seemed to be on the threshold of establishing an era of his own. There was every reason to think that he might go through the next three seasons undefeated at both Wimbledon and Flushing Meadow, even if he denied himself the stimulus of challenging the competence of umpires and the eyesight of linesmen. In the autumn, the characteristic intensity was missing from his play—for example, in November at Wembley he lost to Connors in five sets after winning the first two—but one assumed that he was just catching his breath after a wearing season and would soon be back in high gear. However, in the Masters, in January, he was dismissed with shocking speed—6–4, 6–2—by Lendl, the dour twenty-one-year-old Czechoslovakian. More than that, the scores were an accurate indication of Lendl's superiority. McEnroe's intimidating serve held no terror for him, and, in fact, Lendl dictated how most of the points were played. In March, when McEnroe was in Brussels preparing for a Grand Prix tournament, he had the misfortune to injure his left ankle in a practice session. He took a sensible amount of time before testing the ankle in competition. When, in late April, he came up against Lendl in the culminating match of the W.C.T. Finals, in Dallas, the ankle did not seem to be bothering him. (W.C.T.—World Championship Tennis—which is headed by Lamar Hunt, the Dallas entrepreneur, has operated its own tournament circuit since 1967, much of the time in conjunction with the Grand Prix. This season, however, it decided to dissociate itself from the Grand Prix, and went its own way again, offering rich purses and luring strong fields.)

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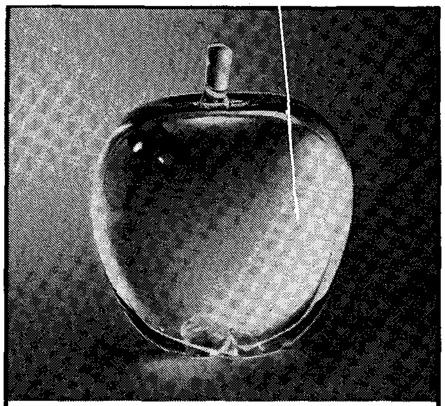

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McEnroe and Lendl attracted a great deal of attention, for by this time Lendl was playing remarkably good tennis. Beginning in late September of 1981, he had gone off on a terrific streak, winning forty-five consecutive tournament matches before being stopped, in late February, by Noah in the final of a Grand Prix tournament near Palm Springs. He had quickly started rolling again. Except for losing to Vilas in the final of the Monte Carlo Open, he went undefeated, and came into the final of the W.C.T. Finals against McEnroe with a record of seventy-seven victories in his last seventy-nine matches. Over this stretch, Lendl had improved many departments of his game considerably. He had certainly beefed up his service. In the first set, which he took, 6–2, he practically blew McEnroe off the court, losing only one point in his four service games. McEnroe managed to stabilize the situation and went on to win the second set, 6–3. This was McEnroe at his best. He was flying around the court like a moth, moving effortlessly to the ball as baseline drives were exchanged, then flitting with deceptive speed into the forecourt and somehow positioning himself perfectly to cut off attempted passing shots and to play—almost without looking at the ball—astounding reflex volleys into the open half of his opponent's court. As the third set began, the tennis was thrilling to watch, for both men were attacking whenever possible and hitting the ball so hard it went like a blur. I had the feeling that we might be in for a long five-setter, but as early as the seventh game of the third set the match, in effect, was decided. With Lendl serving and games 3–3, McEnroe had two break points. Lendl stood him off. In the very next game, he broke McEnroe's serve, and then he served out for the set. In the fourth set, Lendl, blasting his shots with enormous assurance, was able to keep McEnroe away from the net, and ended the match by winning the set, 6–3. Two weeks later, following the W.C.T. Tournament of Champions, at Forest Hills, McEnroe decided not to go over for the Italian Open and the French Open. His ankle was still not a hundred per cent right, and he felt that the best thing to do would be to rest it for a while and then begin preparing himself as thoroughly as possible for the defense of his Wimbledon title. By that time, he could well appreciate the truth of the adage that

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it is harder to stay at the top than to get there.

There were other surprises. In early May, Lendl lost another match to Vilas—the final of a Grand Prix tournament in Madrid—but the following week, back in this country for the W.C.T. Tournament of Champions, he was absolutely devastating. In six matches against redoubtable clay-court specialists, among them Hans Gildemeister, Mel Purcell, José-Luis Clerc, and Eddie Dibbs, he dropped only twenty-one games. In the final, he thrashed Dibbs, 6–1, 6–1, in forty-nine minutes. (He was in a hurry to get the final over, Lendl explained, because he had a three-o'clock starting time on the first tee at the Greenwich Country Club, in Connecticut. When his tennis brings him to the New York area, he stays in Greenwich, with Wojtek and Ewa Fibak. A world-class player who comes from Poland, Wojtek Fibak is his closest friend in tennis.) When Lendl arrived in Paris in late May for the French Open, he was the odds-on favorite to take the championship. The year before, he had been a finalist against Borg, and everyone was agreed that he had made himself into a perceptibly finer player. So much for form. In the second round, he barely got by Thierry Tulasne, a young Frenchman, and in the fourth round he met the virtually unknown Wilander and went down in five sets: 4–6, 7–5, 3–6, 6–4, 6–2. He returned to this country disappointed but not exactly down in the dumps. After all, he had by then attained a position at the highest level of tennis. He certainly seemed to have McEnroe's number. In 1981, he had beaten him, 6–4, 6–4, 7–5, in the French Open and, later, in three very tough sets—6–4, 14–12, 7–5—at Flushing Meadow in the Davis Cup match between the United States and Czechoslovakia. In 1982, he had defeated McEnroe both times they met—first in the Masters, then in the W.C.T. Finals. He had also done rather well financially. In the first five months of 1982, he had earned over a million one hundred thousand dollars in prize money alone. This probably had something to do with his announcement on his return to this country that he was going to take a month's vacation.

Lendl was unquestionably entitled to a good long holiday from the tournament grind. He had been travelling to tournaments here, there, and everywhere. During one stretch, his sched-

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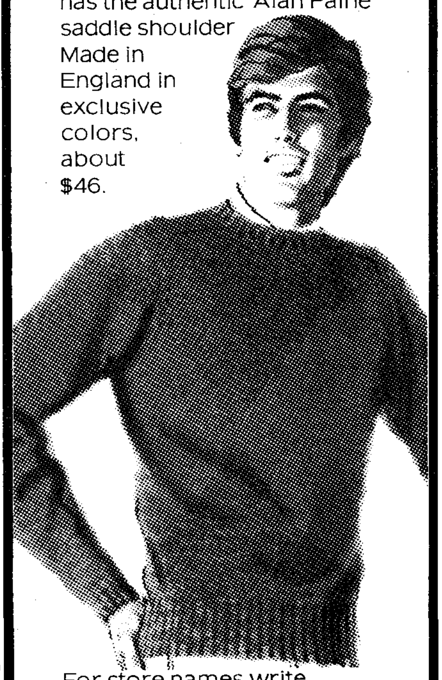

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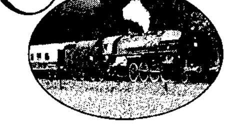

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ule had taken him in successive weeks to Monte Carlo, Houston, Dallas, Madrid, Forest Hills, Tokyo (for an eight-player exhibition), and Paris. Since the first of the year, he had allowed himself few weeks off. The trouble was that Lendl could have picked a better time for his holiday: it coincided with Wimbledon, *the* championship. Lendl does not care for Wimbledon, because he does not like playing on grass. It is his least favorite surface. He did win the junior championship at Wimbledon in 1978, but has not done at all well there since. In 1979, he lost in the first round of the men's championship to Peter McNamara, of Australia; in 1980 he got to the third round before losing to Colin Dibley, of Australia; and in 1981 he was knocked out in the first round by Charlie Fancutt, another Australian and a player who should have given him little or no trouble. In my opinion, Lendl's decision to pass up Wimbledon was a bad mistake. He would probably have gone as far as the quarter-finals, and possibly farther, and this experience would have made things easier for him at Wimbledon in future years. His goal is to reach the top of his profession, and in order to attain it he must sooner or later learn to adapt his game to grass and win at Wimbledon. Most tennis authorities believe that it should not be terribly difficult for him to do this, for, unlike most players who grow up on clay, he has shown that he can win on fast surfaces, and the game he has developed—increasingly an all-court game—appears to be eminently suited to grass. However, Lendl spent most of June in Greenwich, exploring the lovely Connecticut countryside in his Mercedes, getting in a lot of golf (which he plays left-handed and with none of the style that marks his tennis), and enjoying the relaxing company of the Fibaks and other friends. When he returned to the tennis wars, it took him a while to recover his timing and regain his stamina. For example, in early July, when Czechoslovakia met France at Auteuil in the quarter-final round of the Davis Cup, he lost the deciding match to Noah. Two weeks later, though, he was winning tournaments again.

There was one more twist to the tournament season which most tennis fans were unprepared for: the victor at Wimbledon was Jimmy Connors, who, though he was only twenty-nine, had been regarded for some time as well past his best days. (Because of the

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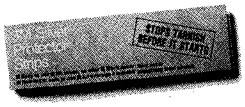

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hostilities over possession of the Falkland Islands, Vilas and Clerc, who are Argentineans, were also missing from the championship field.) During the last few years, thanks to a happy marriage and the birth of a son, Connors has grown up and become a much more appealing person than he was in his high-strutting, finger-pointing days. His tennis has reflected his new maturity. In the final of the Queen's Club tournament, in London, the last big tune-up for Wimbledon, he defeated McEnroe, 7–5, 6–3, largely because he had taken steps to improve his service, which had long been a liability. Instead of tossing the ball back over his head and twisting into it, he now tossed it more in front of him, and this not only enabled him to hit his serve with more pace and consistency but also put him in a better position to follow his serve in to net if he chose to. In the Wimbledon final, it was once more Connors against McEnroe. Connors played a doughty match. Down two sets to one, he kept his composure and slowly raised the level of his game. He did not attempt any spectacular serve-and-volley sorties, but in the last two sets he held service eleven straight times. He kept his serve deep, and he also got fantastic length on his ground strokes. More than anything else, this allowed him to gain control of the match, for he was able to pin McEnroe to the baseline a good deal of the time in the last two sets. The scores were 3–6, 6–3, 6–7, 7–6, 6–4. In 1974, when Connors carried off Wimbledon and two months later, just after his twenty-second birthday, added the United States Open, he overwhelmed Ken Rosewall, the aging Australian marvel, in both finals: 6–1, 6–1, 6–4 at Wimbledon and 6–1, 6–0, 6–1 at Forest Hills. Few players before Connors had hit their ground strokes with such severity. His two-handed backhand was his trademark. At the split second he swatted the ball, both his feet were off the ground, for he wanted to hurl every last ounce of power into the shot. He was expected to enjoy a long reign. It did not come to pass, because in the ensuing years deficiencies in his character and in his game—primarily, his shaky serve and a defective forehand approach shot and volley—became more and more evident. While he won our championship twice more, in 1976 and 1978, he did not win Wimbledon again until this year, although he was a finalist in 1975, 1977, and 1978. Except for

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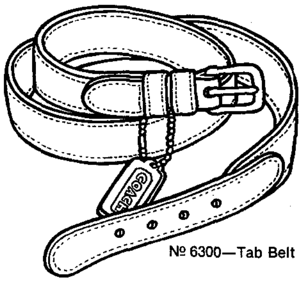

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Tilden, who went nine years between Wimbledon championships, no one has won there after a hiatus as long as Connors' eight years.

IVAN LENDL, who has come so far so fast, is an interesting, complicated young man. To begin with, he seems much older than his twenty-two years (he turned twenty-two in March) both on and off the court. When he is playing a match, he is for the most part poker-faced and seldom utters a word. I do not think that he is this grim by nature. As I read him, he is very much aware that this is a time when a talented athlete can set himself up handsomely for life if he applies himself seriously to his profession for five years or so. Lendl does not intend to blow this golden opportunity any more than does Martina Navratilova, today the premier woman player, who also comes from Czechoslovakia. Unless he is away from the spotlight and in the company of good friends, Lendl has a Garboesque remoteness, and never more so than at press interviews, where he can be needlessly evasive in dealing with legitimate questions. He knows now that he can say as much or as little as he wishes to at these sessions, but the distance he keeps is misleading, for it disguises only too well the fact that away from the pressure he can be a bright and pleasant young man.

Lendl was born and grew up in Ostrava, a city of some three hundred thousand on the northeastern edge of his country, near the Polish border. The skies over Ostrava are generally dark with smoke. It is a manufacturing center that specializes in metal products, and coal mined in or around the city fuels the factories. Ivan is the only child of Olga and Jiří Lendl. The family lived on Bachmačská Street in Ostrava, only a five-minute walk from the N.H.K.G. Tennis Club—a club for the employees of the New Metal Works of Klement Gottwald, with which Mr. Lendl, a lawyer, is affiliated. Both parents were good players. Mr. Lendl, who was ranked among the top fifteen nationally, was a shrewd tactician, as befitted a man who was also deeply interested in chess. Mrs. Lendl—a contemporary of Vera Sukova, the runner-up in the Wimbledon women's championship in 1962—was for a time ranked No. 2 nationally. They introduced their son to tennis when he was four, and the club coach, an agreeable man named Olbrich Lerch, brought him along

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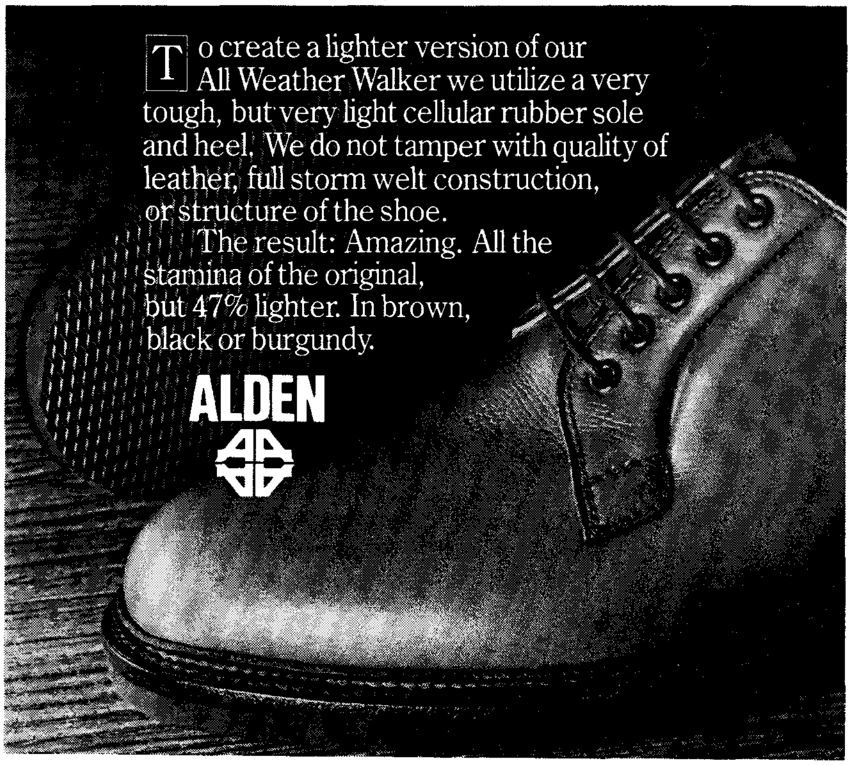

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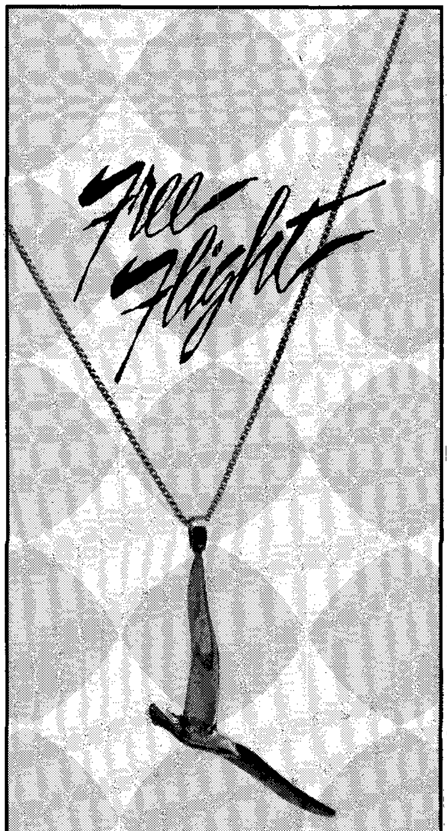

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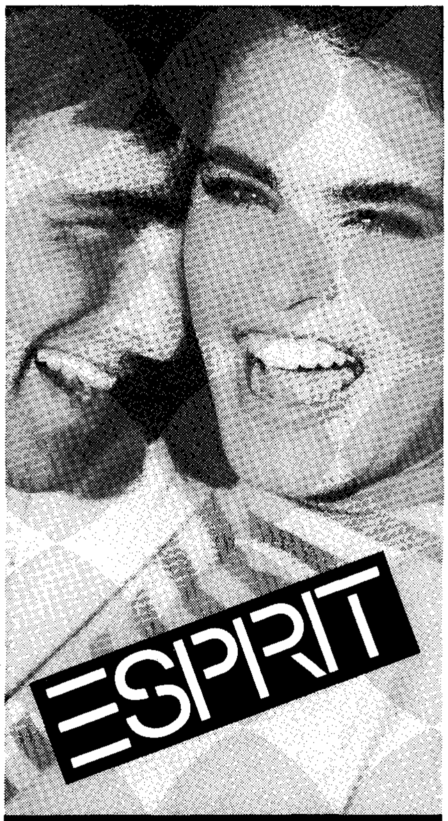
nicely. When Ivan was thirteen, he defeated his father for the first time. The next year, he defeated his mother. "She had very good ground strokes," he told me when I talked with him this summer at the United States Professional championship, at Longwood, outside Boston. Then he smiled, and added, "She always hit them cross-court." I asked him how old he was when he started to analyze the games of prospective opponents. "I think maybe eight or nine," he said.

Even as a young boy, Lendl was unusually competitive. At eight, he began playing a game called table soccer with his father. The game is played on a board, approximately three feet by four, that is laid out like a soccer field, with a metal goal at each end about two and a half inches wide. The two opponents, holding in their fingers a metal player two inches high, try to propel a red-and-white plastic ball into each other's goal. When Ivan lost a game of table soccer to his father, he would seethe, and would practice as much as ten hours in preparation for their next clash. With the other fellows in his neighborhood, he played most of the sports popular in Czechoslovakia. A relatively tall boy—today he is six feet two—he was the center on his school's basketball team. (He still loves to shoot baskets, and carries a basketball in the trunk of his car.) He did some downhill skiing in the Beskid Mountains. He played some soccer, but he wasn't enthusiastic about it. He took part in neighborhood hockey games, which were played skateless in the street. His position was goalie, but he was wise enough to play only in those games in which a tennis ball was used instead of a puck. Tennis, of course, was his passion. One hears a great deal about the Czechoslovakian junior tennis program—the "Czech tennis factory," it is sometimes called—which has developed not only Navratilova and Lendl but many other able players, among them Hana Mandlikova, Tomas Smid, Vladimir Zednik, Regina Marsikova, and Renata Tomanova. Over the years, I had conjured up an idealized picture of this "factory." Having heard that the various tennis clubs scattered through the country were responsible for the program's success, I acquired the fanciful notion that the kids who wanted to play in tournaments climbed aboard spotless club buses, beaming with delight and chaperoned by coaches, and were driven to the town where the host club was situated. I



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took it for granted that the people in charge of the national program, on perceiving which boys and girls had the most promise, saw to it that they received extra attention from the members of the coaching faculty, all of whom had been diligently drilled in the same system. Not at all, I discovered in talking to Lendl. It was up to the individual boys and girls to look out for themselves. During two months in the summer, two junior tournaments are scheduled each week—one for the first half of the week, the other for the last half. In those weeks, Lendl, from the age of twelve on, travelled alone by train or bus to Prague, Brno, Bratislava, Pilsen, or whatever town happened to be holding the tournament. Upon his arrival at the host club, he was told what time his matches would start, and that was all. The junior program offered no coaching; if you were lucky, you got some instruction from the professional back at your home club. The one thing the junior program did was to provide conscientious, hopeful boys and girls with eight straight weeks of tournament experience, in which a talented player like Lendl could get his fill of tennis: four matches a day—two singles and two doubles. If Lendl today gives many people the impression that he is an obstinate young man, it may well be because those lonely summers spent travelling to tournaments nurtured an independent streak.

From the beginning, Lendl's movement up the ladder was smooth. At twelve, he won the Czechoslovakian national championship for boys twelve and under; at fourteen, he won the fourteen-and-unders; at sixteen, the sixteen-and-unders; and, at eighteen, the national championship, which he successfully defended the next two years. He played in his first match outside Czechoslovakia at fourteen and in his first tournament overseas—the Orange Bowl Juniors, in Miami—at fifteen. At sixteen, he won the sixteen-and-unders division there, and the next year he won the eighteen-and-unders. Because there are few indoor facilities in Czechoslovakia, Lendl was able to practice no more than an average of an hour a day during the cold-weather months, but with the coming of spring he put in a daily average of six hours of practice unless he was in a tournament. After his 1978 victory in the Wimbledon junior championship, this slender young man with the deep-set, brooding eyes began to be regarded

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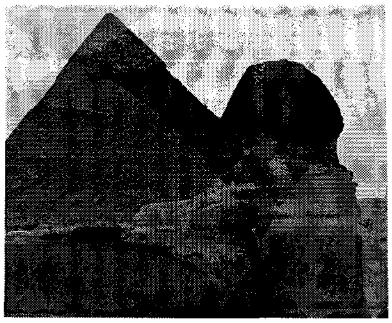

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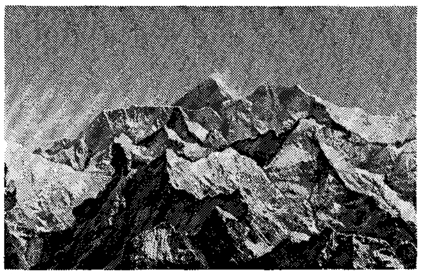

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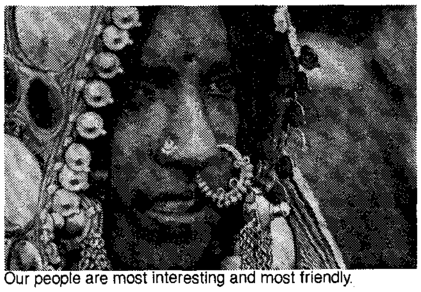

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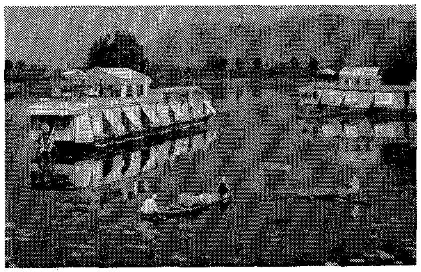

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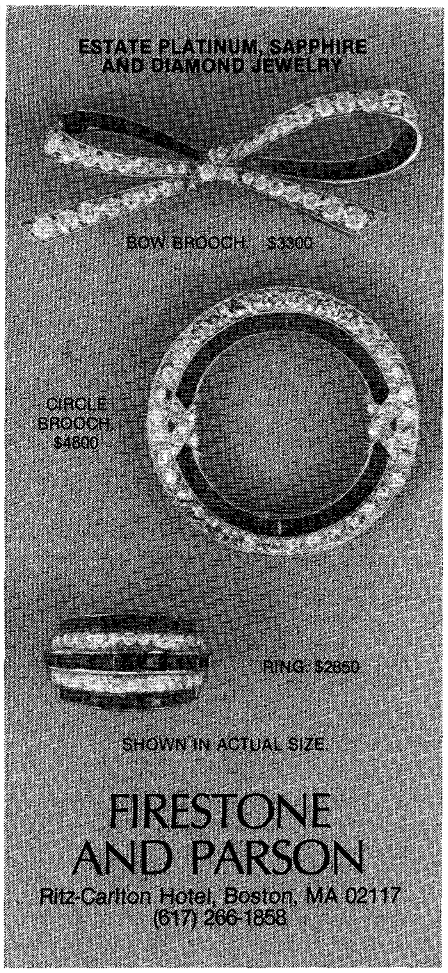
as possibly the best tennis prospect to come out of Czechoslovakia since Jan Kodes, who was the Wimbledon champion in 1973. To older fans, he brought back memories of Jaroslav Drobny, who was the Wimbledon champion in 1954, and of Karel Kozeluh, who was a more skillful technician than either Kodes or Drobny, and who, as one of the first touring professionals, gave Tilden, Vincent Richards, and the other stars of the nineteen-twenties all they could handle.

The Lendl one saw in his middle teens, it should be noted, was a different kind of tennis player from what he is today. Unlike most clay-court players, who live on the baseline and count on the slow, high bounce of that surface to give them the time to retrieve nearly everything their opponent throws at them, Lendl was basically a serve-and-volley player. He had adopted this style because he had just a chip backhand—not a well-produced backhand that he could attack with. This weakness negated his other strokes: a fairly good serve, which, however, bore little resemblance to the Tildenesque cannonball he has today; a competent net game, although he was not really one of those instinctive volleyers whose racquets seem to attract the ball; and a forehand with mild topspin, which he had always hit rather hard, and which was by far his most natural stroke. Along with his ambition and his propensity for practice, Lendl has tennis sensibility. In 1976, realizing that he could go only so far unless he corrected his backhand, he set to work to come up with a stroke that opponents would have to respect. For three years, he spent two hours a day practicing a topspin backhand. After a while, he could play it confidently in practice, but it broke down in tournaments. Finally, in the 1978 Czechoslovakian national championship, it stood up under pressure. In every match, his opponent pounded the ball to his backhand and came in to net, and time after time Lendl passed him down the line or crosscourt. In the final, against Zednik, Lendl's topspin backhand turned everything around, and he won the championship. He then felt that he had a future in tennis, and he turned professional.

LENDL's first year as a touring pro, 1979, was one of learning. He got to the round of sixteen in the Italian Open and in the French Open, to the quarter-finals in the United



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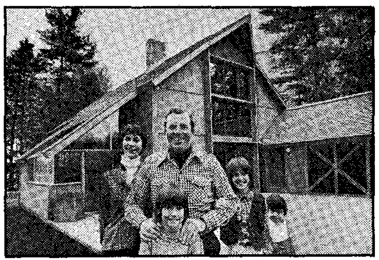

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States Open Clay Court championship, and to the semifinals in the Canadian Open, where he lost to Borg. In 1980, at twenty, he became a winner. He won Grand Prix tournaments in Barcelona, Houston, Basel, Taipei, Hong Kong, and Tokyo, and he took the Canadian Open. His total prize money came to a respectable $583,906—the third-highest haul among the men players. (Twenty per cent of Lendl's earnings go to the Czech Tennis Federation.) The year was made all the sweeter by the major role he played in Czechoslovakia's triumph in the Davis Cup. If one lives in the United States, which was the donor of the Davis Cup in 1900 and has won it twenty-seven times, it is hard to comprehend how much winning that event means to a small country like Czechoslovakia. Although it has been tennis-oriented for decades, it had never won the Cup before. On the first day of the final, against Italy, played before a cheering home crowd in the Sportovní Hala, in Prague, Lendl defeated Corrado Barazzutti, while Smid defeated Adriano Panatta. On the second day, Lendl and Smid sewed up the victory by beating Panatta and Paolo Bertolucci in the doubles. (By then, it didn't matter, but Lendl also won his second singles, from Gianni Ocleppo.) The pivotal match, however, had been the semifinal, played in Buenos Aires: Czechoslovakia had scored a 3–2 victory over a strong Argentine team, which had earlier eliminated the United States. Lendl had had to be at his best, and he was, in winning his singles from Vilas and Clerc, and teaming with Smid to win the doubles.

That year, Lendl was on the road fifty weeks. (This included his first lengthy visit to the United States. In our Open, he lost to McEnroe in four sets in the quarter-final round.) Though he has since modified his schedule, he remains one of the more peripatetic of the touring professionals. Travel has widened his vistas, but the most profound influence on his growth the last few years has undoubtedly been his friendship with Wojtek Fibak. A law student in Poznan before he decided to see if he could make it in international tournament tennis—he exceeded his expectations and at one time was ranked among the top dozen players—Fibak is a gifted man who knows the ways of the world but has also retained old-fashioned high standards. He speaks English, Russian, German, French, and Czech as well

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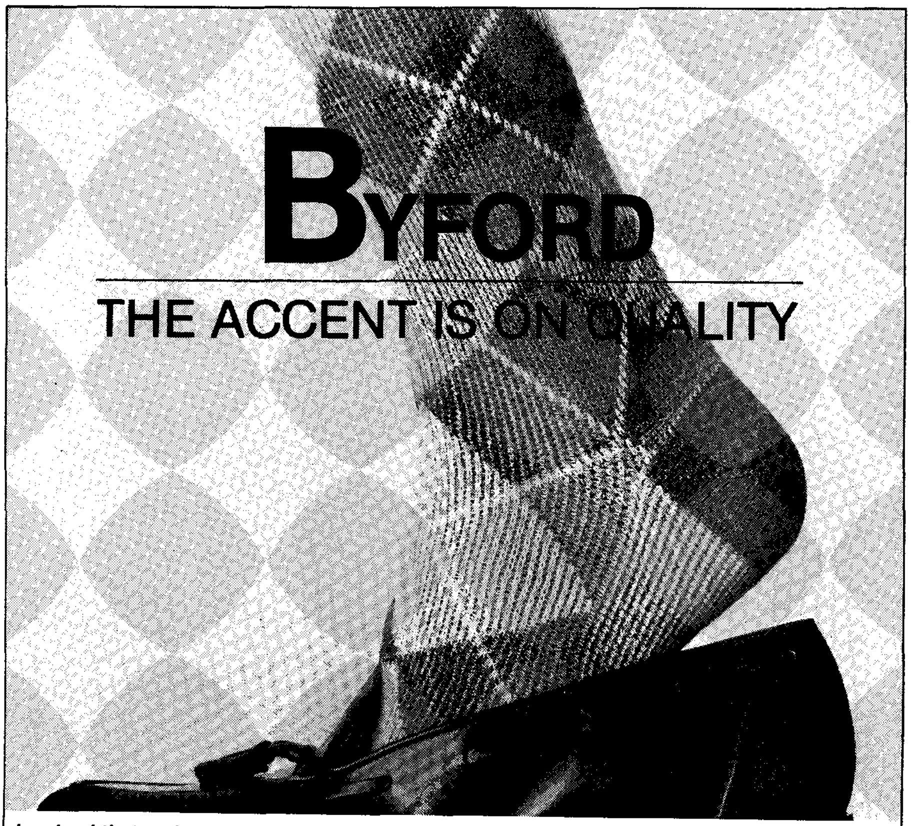

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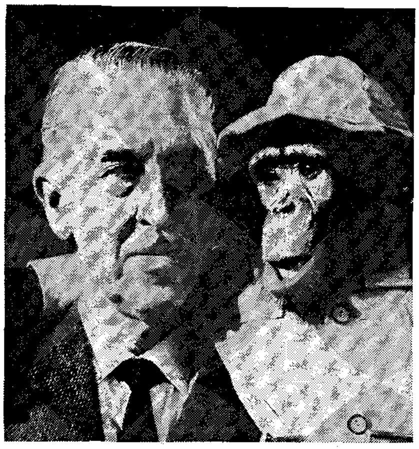

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as Polish. (Lendl, in addition to Czech, speaks English, Polish, Russian, German, and Slovak.) Fibak is seven years older than Lendl, but, despite the difference in their ages, they found that they liked and enjoyed each other. They played doubles together for a while. Fibak was all for this, because he felt that Lendl needed to improve his volleying, and there is no better way to do that than to play tournament-level doubles.

Fibak is not Lendl's coach—Lendl has none—but he acts as a sort of mentor, the person with whom Lendl talks over tennis problems that he hasn't been able to work out himself. For instance, Lendl had rather rigid, stereotyped responses to short returns by an opponent, and Fibak showed him various other ways to deal with them that opened up new patterns of movement into the forecourt. Fibak was also able to convince Lendl of the value of keeping his eruptive emotions under control on the court and reserving his energy for his tennis. Lendl has learned a good many other things from Fibak: how to dress more tastefully (he once favored black tennis outfits); how to unbend a little, the better to understand his confreres in tennis and the people he meets off the court; how to enjoy the non-tennis aspects of foreign countries (in addition to Australia, West Germany, and the United States, which Lendl has always liked); how to invest his money; how to further his interest in music, painting, and other diversions—in a nutshell, how to make the most of the fortunate situation he finds himself in. Lendl today owns an apartment in Paris and a condominium at the Boca West Resort and Club, in Florida, but he is most at home when he is visiting the Fibaks at their place in Greenwich. Fibak has a DecoTurf II court on which the two friends practice, but it is the congenial, relaxed atmosphere at the Fibaks' that Lendl appreciates above all. Wherever he is, he reads a lot. His preference is history. He is particularly drawn to books about the period just before the Second World War and the period near the end of the war and just after it. For example, he has recently been reading about the development of the V-1 and V-2 rockets by the Germans. Lendl has a scientific turn of mind and would most likely have gone into something like computers if he hadn't entered professional tennis. He can solve Rubik's Cube in two and a half minutes. "It requires concentration

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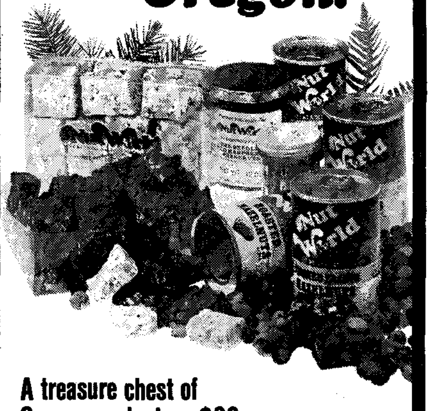

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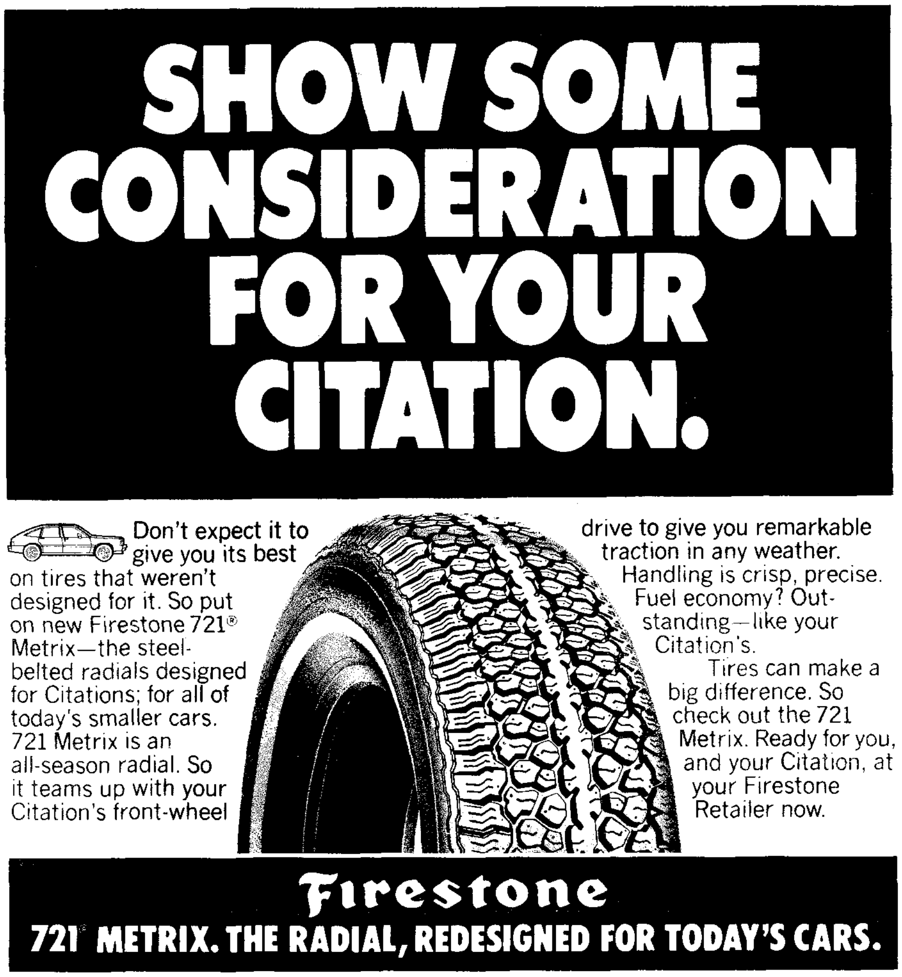
and a certain type of mind," he explained to me. "You need first an understanding of mathematics and then some understanding of physics."

With his game fortified by Fibak's counsel and the long hours of practice that he has always imposed on himself, Lendl arrived in 1981, finishing the year as the second-ranked player on the Association of Tennis Professionals' computer, right behind McEnroe. In the first eight months of the year, he won only three Grand Prix tournaments—the German Indoor championships, the Caesars Palace Classic, and the Canadian Open—but he defeated McEnroe in their only two encounters, and this did not go unnoticed. In our Open, in which he was seeded third, behind Borg and McEnroe, he came up in the fourth round against Vitas Gerulaitis, who had been stumbling through a dreadful season. Just as Lendl has the type of game that nullifies McEnroe's strengths, Gerulaitis has always been difficult for Lendl to play. To begin with, Lendl doesn't read Gerulaitis' serve well, but Gerulaitis reads Lendl's clearly and returns it effectively. In this meeting at Flushing Meadow, before a full house in the Grandstand Court, Gerulaitis, able to get to net regularly, won the first two sets. Lendl took the next two, but Gerulaitis came back to break Lendl's serve in the seventh game of the fifth set and win the set and the match. This was the occasion when, after the last point, the ever-histrionic Gerulaitis raised his arms as he faced the stands and announced jubilantly, "The boy is back!"

In late September, a time when most American sports fans are no longer thinking about tennis, Lendl began his forty-five-match winning streak in tournament play. The dimensions of this feat can perhaps be best appreciated if one simply sets down his tournament-by-tournament progress. On October 4th, he won a Grand Prix tournament in Madrid; the scores in the final, against Pablo Arraya, were 6–3, 6–2, 6–2. On October 11th, he won a Grand Prix tournament in Barcelona; the scores in the final, against Vilas, were 6–0, 6–3, 6–0. On October 18th, he won a Grand Prix tournament in Basel; the scores in the final, against Clerc, were 6–2, 6–3, 6–0. On October 25th, he won a Grand Prix tournament in Vienna, losing the first set of the final to Gottfried, 1–6, but winning the next three, 6–0, 6–1, 6–2. On November 1st, in Cologne, he won his



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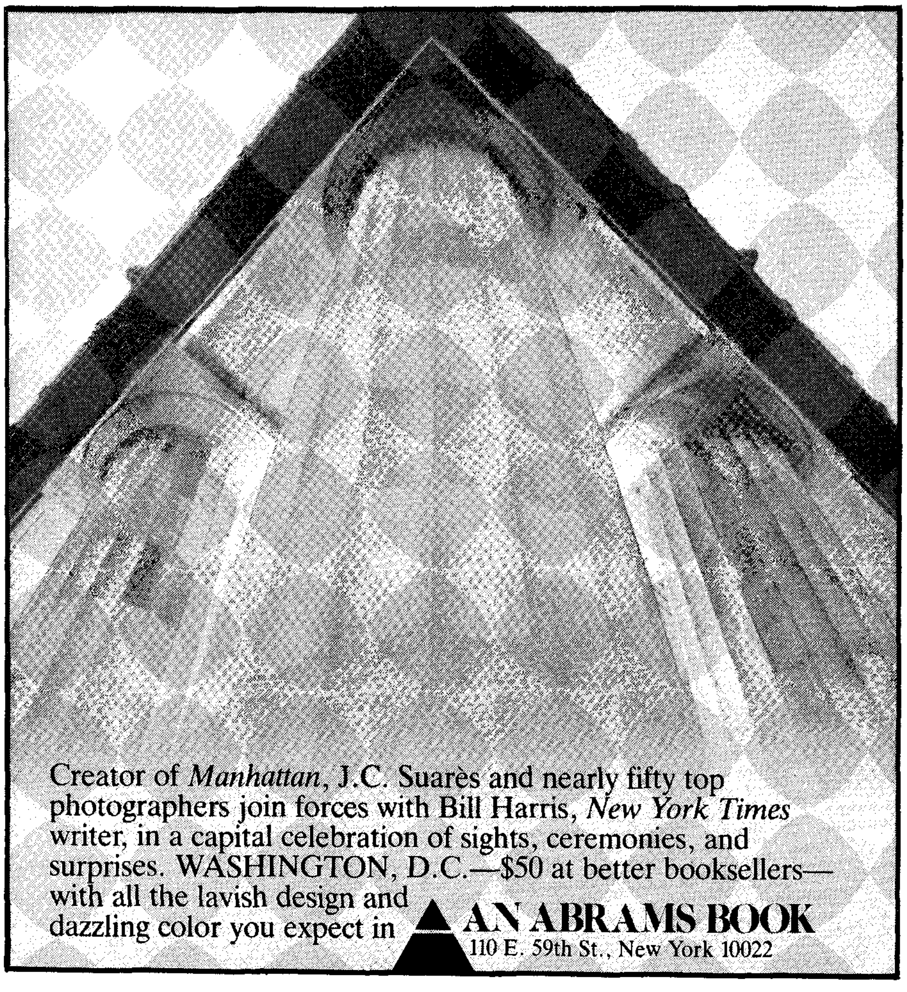

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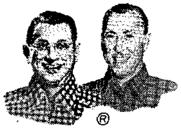

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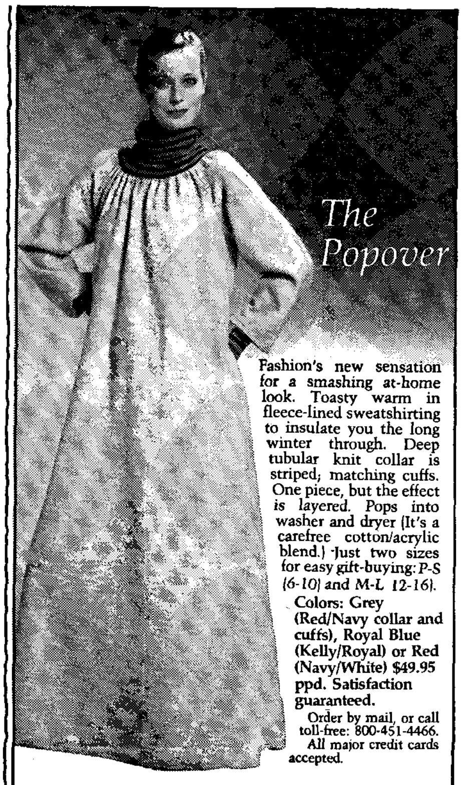
fifth Grand Prix tournament in five weeks, defeating Sandy Mayer, 6–3, 6–3. He took two weeks off, then flew to Buenos Aires, and on November 22nd he won the final of a Grand Prix tournament in that city from Vilas, 6–1, 6–2. This was his last tournament appearance in 1981. In 1982, Lendl continued where he had left off by winning the Masters, in New York, outlasting Gerulaitis in the final, 6–7, 2–6, 7–6, 6–2, 6–4. Two weeks later, on January 31st, he won his eighth tournament in a row, a W.C.T. event in Delray Beach, Florida, defeating Peter McNamara in four sets in the final. This ran his string of consecutive victories in tournament matches to forty. Three weeks after that, he extended it to forty-five en route to the final of a Grand Prix tournament near Palm Springs. That is when Noah ended his run, 3–6, 6–2, 7–5. One statistic in particular serves to bring out the degree of Lendl's mastery over his opposition throughout those forty-five matches: he won ninety-four sets and lost only eleven. In the ensuing period—between his loss to Noah and his loss to Wilander in the French Open, late in May—Lendl captured a Grand Prix tournament in Frankfurt, and six W.C.T. tournaments, in Genoa, Munich, Strasbourg, Houston, Dallas, and Forest Hills. On returning to action in midsummer after his vacation from tennis, he won three more events: a Grand Prix tournament in Washington, D.C.; a Grand Prix tournament in North Conway, New Hampshire (he actually shared first place with José Higueras, since the final had to be postponed because of heavy rains); and the Association of Tennis Professionals championship, outside Cincinnati, where he defeated a surprise finalist, Steve Denton. His victory in the A.T.P. championship—his eighteenth tournament win in eleven months—did a lot for him in several respects: It served to wipe from his mind his miserable performance the week before in the Canadian Open, when, after beating McEnroe for the fifth straight time, he lost the final to his old tormentor, Gerulaitis. In the semifinals of the A.T.P. championship, he had his first crack in a long while at Connors, who had won their eight previous matches. This time, he not only defeated Connors but routed him, 6–1, 6–1. This victory, coming, as it did, roughly a week before the U.S. Open got under way, put Lendl, who had yet to win one of



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THE draw for the men's and women's singles was held the morning of August 26th, the Thursday before the first week of the Open, in one of the ballrooms of the Grand Hyatt Hotel, adjoining Grand Central Terminal. McEnroe, the defending champion, had been seeded No. 1; Connors, the Wimbledon champion, had been seeded second, Lendl third, and Vilas fourth. This came as no surprise. After the semi-blind draw had been completed, it was evident that McEnroe, who had been placed in the top quarter, had a smooth path to the quarter-finals, where, presumably, he would play the sixth seed, Gene Mayer. Lendl, in the second quarter, faced a much rockier route. He could expect to meet Ramesh Krishnan, Tim Mayotte, and Harold Solomon, in that order, and after them Wilander, seeded eleventh, in the fourth round. If he got by Wilander, his likely opponent in the quarter-finals would be the dangerous Noah. (The way the draw had worked out, fifteen players from overseas were clustered in this quarter, and it became the vogue to refer to it as the Foreign Quarter.) Beyond Noah lay a rendezvous with McEnroe in the semifinals. In the third quarter, Vilas was considered almost a sure thing to make it safely through relatively nameless opposition to the quarter-finals and there meet the fifth seed, Gerulaitis, to determine who would play Connors in the semifinals. Connors, in the fourth quarter, had the softest draw of all the favorites. Since he would be meeting no one of consequence until he came up against either Gerulaitis or Vilas in the semis, many old tennis hands regarded him as an almost certain finalist, and some of them felt that if his journey to the final proved to be a placid one he might well have the physical resources and the undented confidence to carry off the championship. Their predictions proved to be right on the mark. Playing even finer tennis than he had at Wimbledon—the resilient composition courts at Flushing Meadow seem to suit his hard-hitting game better than grass—Connors was extended in only one of the six matches that took him to the final, where, against Lendl, he was in charge from start to finish except for one or two brief stretches. To capture

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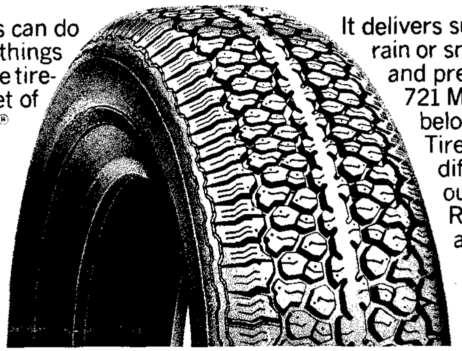

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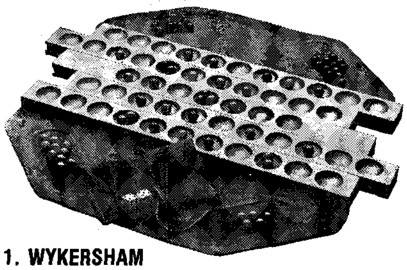

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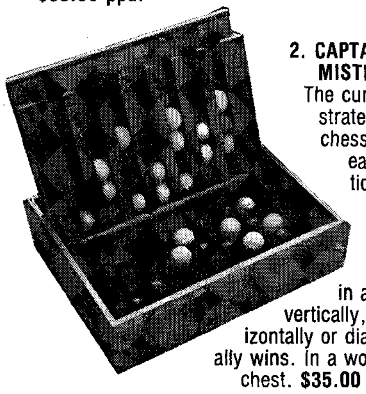

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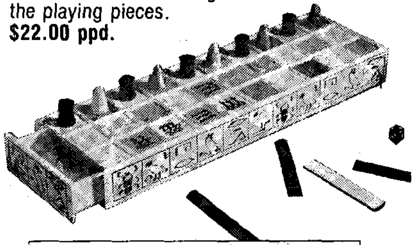

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both the Wimbledon and the United States championships eight years after first achieving this double, as Connors did, is, of course, an extraordinary feat. Only one other player has come close—the great Rod Laver, who won the two titles in 1962, as an amateur, and in 1969, as a professional, the year after the advent of open tennis.

BECAUSE of Lendl's sensational rise to the top this year, my thoughts were often on him during the fortnight of the Open. I wanted him to give a good account of himself, but I was not altogether sure that he would. He seemed to be only too well aware of how much more onerous it is to win a major championship than a circuit tournament, and he was visibly under strain from the opening round, when he set out to make his way through the tough Foreign Quarter. His first opponent was Ramesh Krishnan, who is the twenty-one-year-old son of Ramanathan Krishnan, the former Indian Davis Cup player. Like his father, Ramesh glides to the ball with silky steps and plays classic strokes. What has held him back is a lack of power, and it made the difference in this match. Lendl won it in straight sets, 6–4, 7–6, 6–1, but he did not play especially well. He was in a fretful mood and made frequent trips to the umpire's chair to protest line calls to Herb Lewis, a veteran American official, who had served as the referee in the Davis Cup match at Auteuil, in July, in which Lendl was defeated by Noah in the crucial singles. Lendl had been unhappy with the manner in which his match with Noah was handled, and he was not exactly enchanted with a number of Lewis's decisions in his match with Krishnan.

Lendl was scheduled to play his second-round match two days later against Tim Mayotte under the lights in the Stadium Court, as part of the evening program. He was not expected to have an easy time of it. Mayotte, a tall, husky fellow who won our national intercollegiate championship in 1981, when he was at Stanford, has come on fast, and this summer he reached the semifinals at Wimbledon. Lendl took the first set, 6–4, and then, during the fourth game of the second set, a heavy rain started to pour down, and the match had to be postponed. It was resumed late the following afternoon on the smaller Grandstand Court. Lendl had a narrow escape. He dropped the second set, 3–6, and then the third set, 4–6. The fourth set went

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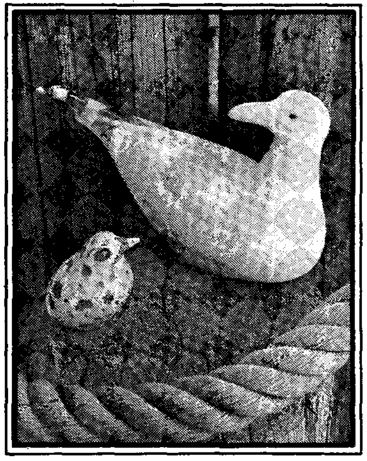

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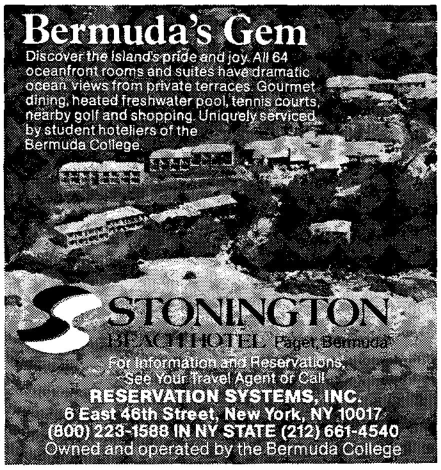

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to a tie breaker, which Lendl won, seven points to four. Throughout the match, Lendl, beset by the jitters, had not been able to keep sufficient pressure on Mayotte with his serve. In the fifth set, he quickly fell behind when he lost his serve, but he battled back, broke Mayotte's serve twice, and finally won the set, 6–4, after letting five match points slip away. It was a shaky performance, and yet a courageous one. Several times when he was close to defeat, he went for daring winners—often with that raking forehand of his—and pulled them off. He also managed to hold his concentration through the last two sets, and that took some doing. It still upsets him when he plays before hostile galleries, and that day the packed stands in the Grandstand Court were rooting vociferously for Mayotte to topple the foreigner.

Lendl's next opponent was Harold (Solly) Solomon, the incumbent president of the Association of Tennis Professionals. One of the revered masters of the looping moonball, Solly can make anyone look bad. He gives his opponents no pace. He keeps them anchored at the baseline by wafting slow topspin stuff at them, trusting that their patience will wear out before his does, and that they will attempt some foolish attacking stroke and bang the ball into the net or out of court. Adhering to this strategy, he broke Lendl's serve in the third game and went into the lead, three games to one. However, despite the windy conditions and Solly's splendid assortment of junk, Lendl won the next five games for the set and then ran off six more games for the second set. Solly did take the third game of the third set, but that was it: Lendl, 6–3, 6–0, 6–1. In its structure, the match was reminiscent of the Lendl-Solomon meeting at Flushing Meadow in 1980, when Lendl lost the first game and won the next eighteen. In this second match, Lendl played almost no arresting shots, and, indeed, his timing seemed to be off, but the way to beat Solly is to try to play not like William Tatem Tilden II but like Harold Charles Solomon, only better, and that is what Lendl did. It was an encouraging outing.

TWO days later, just as everyone had hoped, the long-awaited return match between Lendl and Wilander took place—the feature event of the evening session on Labor Day. The week after his mara-

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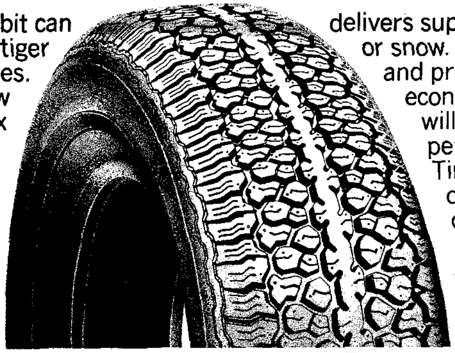

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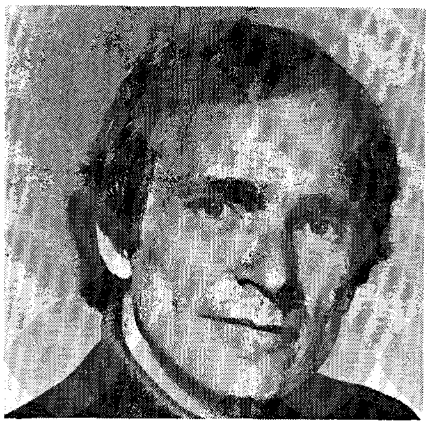

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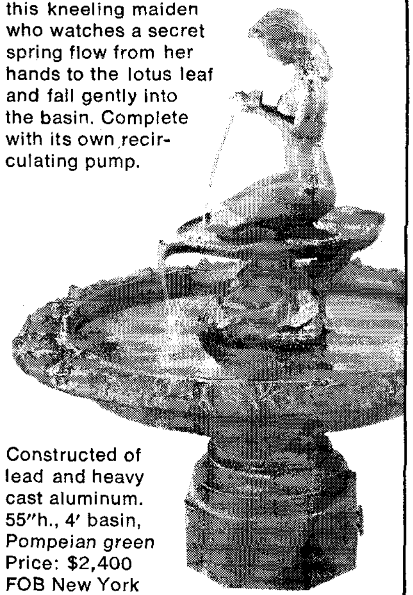
thon battle with McEnroe in July, Wilander had won the Swedish national championship. Shortly afterward, he had returned to the States and entered a number of our summer tournaments. He had played passably well, but he had not struck the form he displayed in the French Open or against McEnroe in the Davis Cup. He became eighteen on August 22nd. At Flushing Meadow, large crowds turned out to watch his early-round matches. At the start, they had difficulty recognizing him, for he was wearing his hair cut much shorter and now resembled not a younger Borg but an American collegian circa 1955. He was composed and steady in winning his first three matches, in straight sets, over some fairly good players—Bill Scanlon, Bruce Manson, and Tim Wilkison—and the thirteen thousand spectators who were on hand on a lovely, clear evening for his confrontation with Lendl were looking forward to a tight match. Lendl again appeared to be nervous, but during the first four games, as the two men tested each other with deliberate, medium-speed strokes, we were treated to some thoughtful and polished tennis. Then, abruptly, Lendl took over. The surface had a good deal to do with this. Lendl began to hit the ball harder, and when he did so, Wilander, put off by the fast bounce of the ball off the DecoTurf, made a number of short returns that Lendl put cleanly away with his favorite shot, his inside-out forehand. In this stroke, much as a right-handed batter in baseball hits a pitch to right field, Lendl takes the ball a little closer to his body than he normally does, and rips it wide and with terrific velocity into the right side of his opponent's court. He hadn't been able to do this in his match with Wilander on the French clay at Roland-Garros. There the slow, high bounce of the ball had given Wilander the additional instant he needed to get set and play an endless succession of deep returns that kept Lendl on the baseline. Wilander had been able to stay back during their rallies and patiently wait for Lendl to make an error, or, if Lendl chose to press an attack and come into the forecourt, Wilander had had no trouble passing him. In the first set of their return match, Lendl, besides scoring regularly with his forehand, found his cannonball serve for the first time during the championship, and after that he was in almost total command. He took the first set, 6–2. Midway through the



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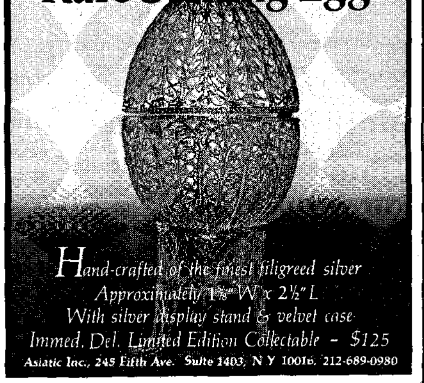

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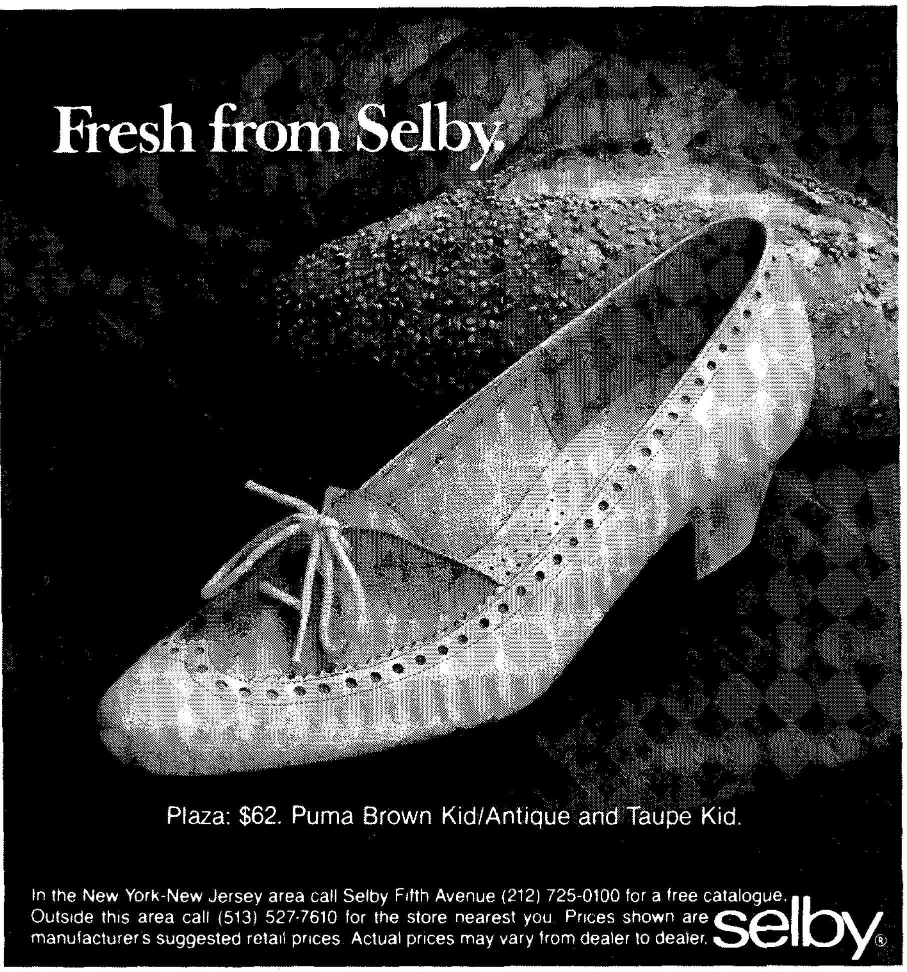
second set, Wilander, realizing that he had to make some change in his tactics to get into the match, started to come to net far more often, but that is not his game, and it gained him nothing. That set also went to Lendl, 6–2, and so did the third. The return match had proved to be no match. During his press conference, Lendl was in buoyant spirits. "I am very pleased with my game tonight," he said. "I am hitting the ball hard, not missing much, and that is what I need." Wilander, understandably, was not in a talkative mood, but he was as calm and as pleasant as ever. He pointed out, among other things, that he had had few opportunities to use his passing shots—his best offensive weapon—because Lendl had so seldom come to net. I was struck by the quiet honesty of one of his statements: "On this surface, I am not a good enough player to be a match for Lendl." In the present gilded, garrulous age of sport, when players act as their own press agents and naturalness has almost entirely vanished, Wilander is a refreshing young man, and I hope we will be seeing a lot more of him and the other young Swedes in the years ahead.

IN the quarter-finals, where Lendl was expected to meet Noah, the ninth seed, instead he met Kim Warwick, an unseeded thirty-year-old Australian, who had brought off two of the big upsets of the tournament: in the opening round, he had outlasted Clerc, the seventh seed, and in the fourth round he had outgeneralled and outblasted Noah. (The one other noteworthy upset in the men's singles was the elimination in the first round of Gerulaitis, the fifth seed, by Fritz Buehning, of New Jersey, who hadn't been seeded.) Early in 1981, Warwick's career had seemed to be at an an end, because of an injury to a tendon in his right shoulder, but that June he underwent an operation that proved to be successful. (The current tendency of the touring professionals to play far too many tournaments seems to be a main cause of the numerous injuries they incur. They frequently play when they are hurt or exhausted, because they are unable to resist the lure of the whopping prize money offered nowadays—it might not always be there. This year, by the way, the winners of the men's and women's singles at Flushing Meadow won ninety thousand dollars each.)

Lendl and Warwick had previously played each other three times, with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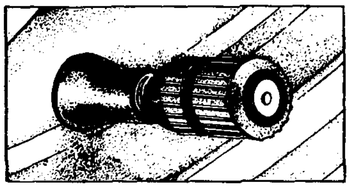
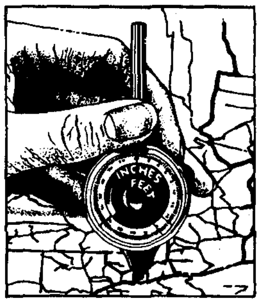

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Lendl winning twice. This time, after his rout of Wilander, Lendl was unstoppable, and he won without exerting himself, 6–4, 6–3, 6–1. At his best, as he was against Warwick and Wilander, Lendl strikes one as a player who may be on the brink of greatness. He has got there through diligent work. His philosophy of tennis is simple: a player develops superior strokes only through long hours of practice; then he reaches the point where he can produce these strokes under the tension of tournament play, and this, needless to say, reinforces his confidence immeasurably. During the last two years, Lendl has improved every phase of his game. His first serve, on which he tosses the ball very high, has explosive speed. He has excellent control of his second serve and spins it in deep. A dependable, fearsome service can be an incalculable asset—some players have little else—but Lendl's ground strokes are the foundation of his game. When he is hitting his baseline shots solidly, it gives him an assurance about his approach shots, his volleys, his smashes—everything. On those days, he pastes the ball as hard as any player since Lew Hoad, the Australian star of the nineteen-fifties, and when he whistles a forehand or a backhand down the line he brings to mind that savage hitter of the nineteen-thirties Ellsworth Vines. As might be expected, in matches in which he feels somewhat less than right at the baseline, his uncertainty affects the rest of his game. This is especially true if his forehand is off, as it was against Wilander in the French Open. Ordinarily, his forehand, which he plays with an ornate windup and a lot of wrist action, is the most punishing forehand in tennis today. In addition to his superior strokes, Lendl has stamina, mobility, and a good tennis mind. He believes that there is a way to beat *anyone*, and he sedulously works out his game plan for each match. A high-strung young man beneath his mask of imperturbability, he has periodic off days, on which he suffers lapses of poise and confidence, but when he is in form he is an exciting player. After watching the forceful tennis he had summoned against Wilander and Warwick to reach the semifinals, I began to think that he had a real chance to win the championship. He would have to sustain that standard of play, however, because the other semifinalists were McEnroe, Vilas, and Connors: for the first time since 1969, the top

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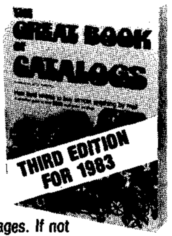

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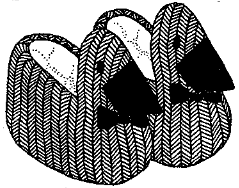

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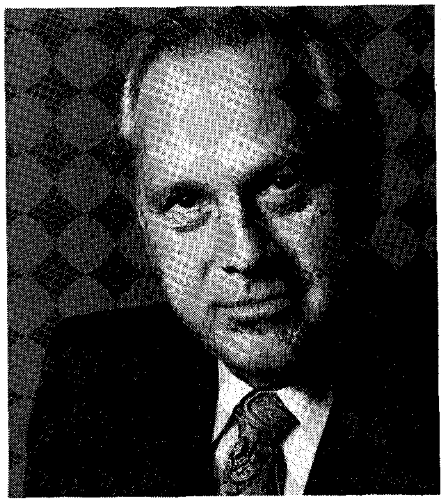
four seeded players in our championship had made it to the semis. In the upper half of the draw, it would be McEnroe versus Lendl. McEnroe had not lost a set in his first four matches, but he was not moving well, serving well, or thinking well, and though he sneaked by Mayer in five sets in the quarter-finals, it was quite unlikely that he would suddenly catch fire against Lendl and become the McEnroe of 1981. In the lower half of the draw, Connors was a strong favorite over Vilas. On his way to the semis, he had had only one spot of bother. Against young Jimmy Arias, he had lost the second set and had trailed 1–4 in the third before bearing down and sweeping eleven of the next twelve games to wrap up the match.

IN recent years, it has been the practice of the United States Tennis Association to schedule the two men's semifinals on the second Saturday of the championships, with the women's final sandwiched between them. This amounts to a meal and a half of tennis for even the most voracious fans, though I hardly imagine that CBS, the network that televises the proceedings, thinks of it in quite those terms. In any event, it would probably be best to pause at this point and consider the women's final before continuing with the progress of the men's singles.

The women's championship was an out-and-out disappointment. This was inevitable after Martina Navratilova, the top seed and odds-on favorite, was upset in the quarter-finals by Pam Shriver, her doubles partner, after taking the first set, 6–1, and leading 5–4 and 30–15 in the second—only two points from victory. Her game fell apart right there; she lost the second set in a tie breaker, and the deciding set, 2–6. Navratilova's collapse may have been brought on by a rare virus—her doctor attributed it to that—or it may have resulted from the tension inherent in trying to win our national championship, the only major event she has never won. In the past, she has had trouble keeping her composure on big occasions—few players have not—but no one thought that it would happen this year. She had carried off the French and Wimbledon championships in convincing fashion. More than that, until her defeat by Shriver she had lost only one of the sixty-five matches she played in 1982; back in March, in the final of the Avon championship, an inspired Syl-



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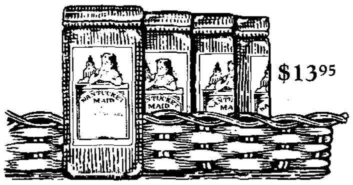
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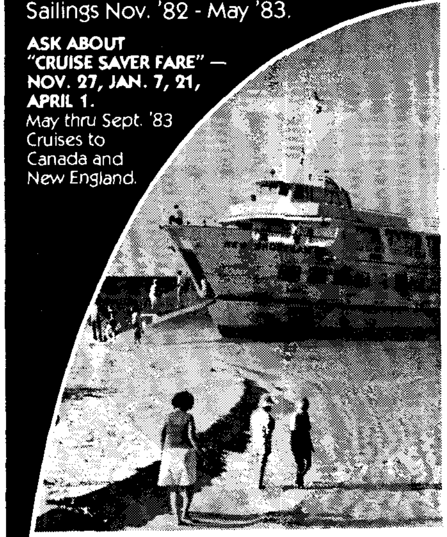
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via Hanika beat her with an unstoppable avalanche of placements. In the quarter-finals at Flushing Meadow, Tracy Austin, the defending champion, was also eliminated, by Hana Mandlikova, and after that the championship was Chris Evert Lloyd's for the taking. Evert Lloyd, who had been seeded second, made no mistakes in taking it. She allowed Andrea Jaeger only three games in their semifinal. In the final, against Mandlikova, who had put out Shriver, she was never pressed after splitting the first six games, and won with no exertion, 6-3, 6-1.

Evert Lloyd is only twenty-seven, but it has been eleven years since she made her début in our national championship—then held at Forest Hills—and became an instant sensation as she made her way to the semifinals before losing to Billie Jean King. As a young girl, she was a vastly different kind of player from what she is today. On her serve, she merely put the ball in play, and she seldom or never ventured into the forecourt. She did it all from the baseline, pinning her opponent in a corner with a succession of vicious forehands and two-handed backhands, and continuing the fusillade until the opponent either made an error or could not get to one of her drives. You can lambaste your shots with that insouciance when you are sixteen, but later it isn't so easy, and as Evert Lloyd moved into her twenties she set about developing more of an all-court game. She is now a skillful tactician, adept at modifying her game from match to match to counter the strong points of her various opponents. Against the hugely talented but erratic Mandlikova—a rangy young woman of twenty, with powerful, handsomely delivered strokes—she hit the ball harder than usual, in order to prevent her opponent from taking control of their exchanges. She kept the ball deep, so that Mandlikova would find it difficult to come in to net, where she is dangerous. She concentrated on making very few unforced errors, and, when her steadiness provoked Mandlikova into attempting risky shots that left her out of position if they did not come off, she whipped sharp crosscourt forehands by her. (I was reminded of how Borg, after a long baseline rally, would steal in on a short return and flail it crosscourt with his two-handed backhand.) As usual, Mandlikova's patches of thrilling shotmaking excited everyone, but Evert Lloyd was always in control of

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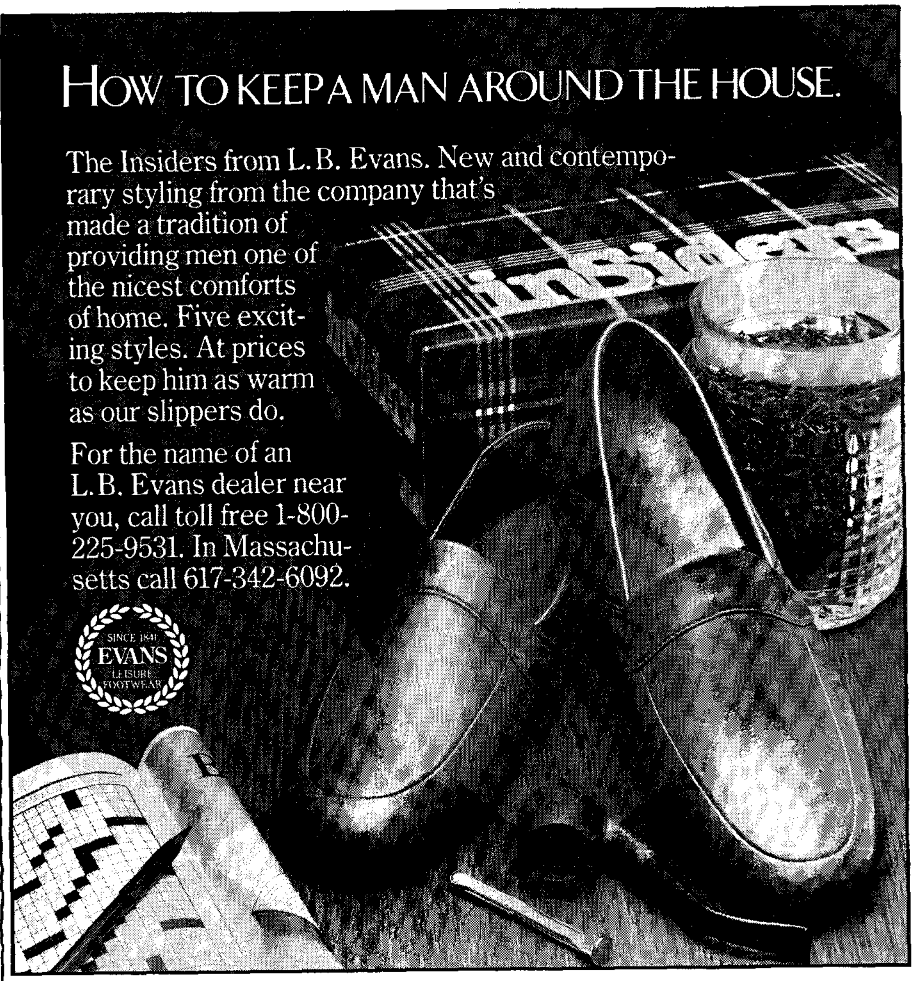
the match. She has now won our championship six times—in 1975, 1976, 1977, 1978, 1980, and 1982. She has won the French four times—in 1974, 1975, 1979, and 1980. And she has won Wimbledon three times—in 1974, 1976, and 1981. That is some record. She now says that competitive tennis is becoming harder each year, and that time is running out for her, but I believe that we will be seeing Chris Evert Lloyd for a few more seasons, at least. I hope so, for in this age, when the spirit of sport is disappearing from sport so rapidly, her presence is invaluable.

TO return to the men: The first semifinal, Vilas versus Connors—left-hander against left-hander—was a dull affair. The only time the outcome was in doubt was in the second set, when Vilas, having dropped the first, 1–6, started to hit his ground strokes with very heavy topspin. This disconcerted Connors. He netted a number of forehand drives and forehand volleys—his old weaknesses—and into one's mind came the memory of his disastrous final at Forest Hills in 1975, against Manuel Orantes, when he could not cope with the Spaniard's clever off-speed topspin shots and his whole game soon disintegrated. By the third set against Vilas, however, Connors had successfully made his adjustments, and he raced through the last two, 6–2, 6–3. By and large, he looked impressive. He was getting amazing length off both sides, slashing his drives to within inches of the baseline time after time. Sometimes, after backing Vilas up, he would slyly take a little pace off his next stroke and slide it close to one of the sidelines; his execution was so exact that Vilas—a first-rate athlete—could not get within yards of the ball. Connors' serve was also working. At the start of the tournament, he dispensed with the new toss and the altered action he had used at Wimbledon, and went with his old serve. He obviously figured that on a hard surface like DecoTurf II the pronounced spin of his old serve would help him much more than the velocity he would be sacrificing. To judge from the results, he was right. This was a happy, collected Connors we were watching—not the Connors of the Orantes match but the Connors who had defeated Borg in the admirable final at Forest Hills in 1976.

In the other semifinal, Lendl got by McEnroe, 6–4, 6–4, 7–6, in a match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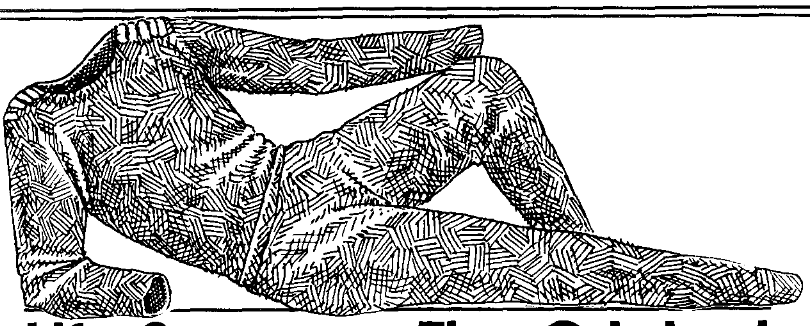
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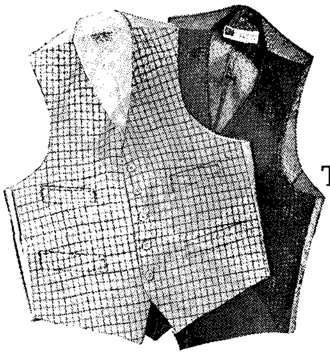

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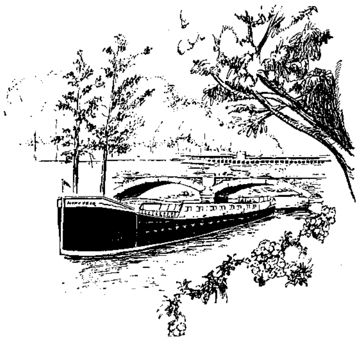

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that was as close as the scores suggest. Neither man played really well. There were only two service breaks. McEnroe lost the fifth game of the first set on four errors: a mishit half volley; a netted forehand; a slow reaction to a backhand that landed at his feet as he came to net; and a netted backhand off a high, soft return of service, ordinarily a setup for him. According to my notes, McEnroe won only one point in this game. In the second set, he lost his serve in the opening game, also at fifteen. Lendl's first point came on a running forehand down the line. The other three came on errors by McEnroe: a wobbly forehand volley; a drive into the net; and a forehand half volley into the net. I have set these sequences down point by point because this may be the most telling way of bringing out how far below his customary level McEnroe was playing. He seemed to be in a haze—unable, for example, to sense when Lendl would be unleashing his crosscourt forehand and also unable to adjust to its force. When he played Borg, McEnroe never had to defend against such a pulverizing stroke, and one cannot overestimate the effect that this had on the shape the match with Lendl took.

Toward the end of the second set, McEnroe began to serve better and to play better generally. In the third set, he held break points in two games. Lendl, for his part, held three break points in one game. Nevertheless, neither lost his serve, and the set was decided by a twelve-point tie breaker—a rousing one. (In a twelve-point tie breaker, the player who takes seven of the first twelve points wins it; if the score is tied 6–6 in points, then the first player to establish a two-point margin is the winner.) Spurred on by waves of encouragement from the stands, McEnroe played three glittering points and jumped into a 5–2 lead. In this hard corner, Lendl showed his fibre. He won four successive points. The first came after a chancy cat-and-mouse exchange in the forecourt. On the second, he was the beneficiary of a double fault. He moved to 5–5 when McEnroe returned a big serve over the baseline, then to 6–5 when McEnroe, after Lendl had gained control of the rally with a ferocious forehand down the line, hit an overhead into the net. McEnroe steadied himself. He got in a well-placed serve and volleyed away the return—6–6. As the two men changed courts, McEnroe received a roaring ovation,

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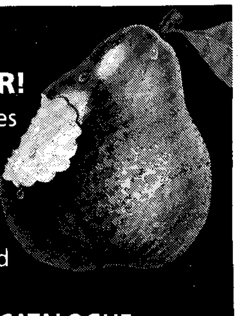

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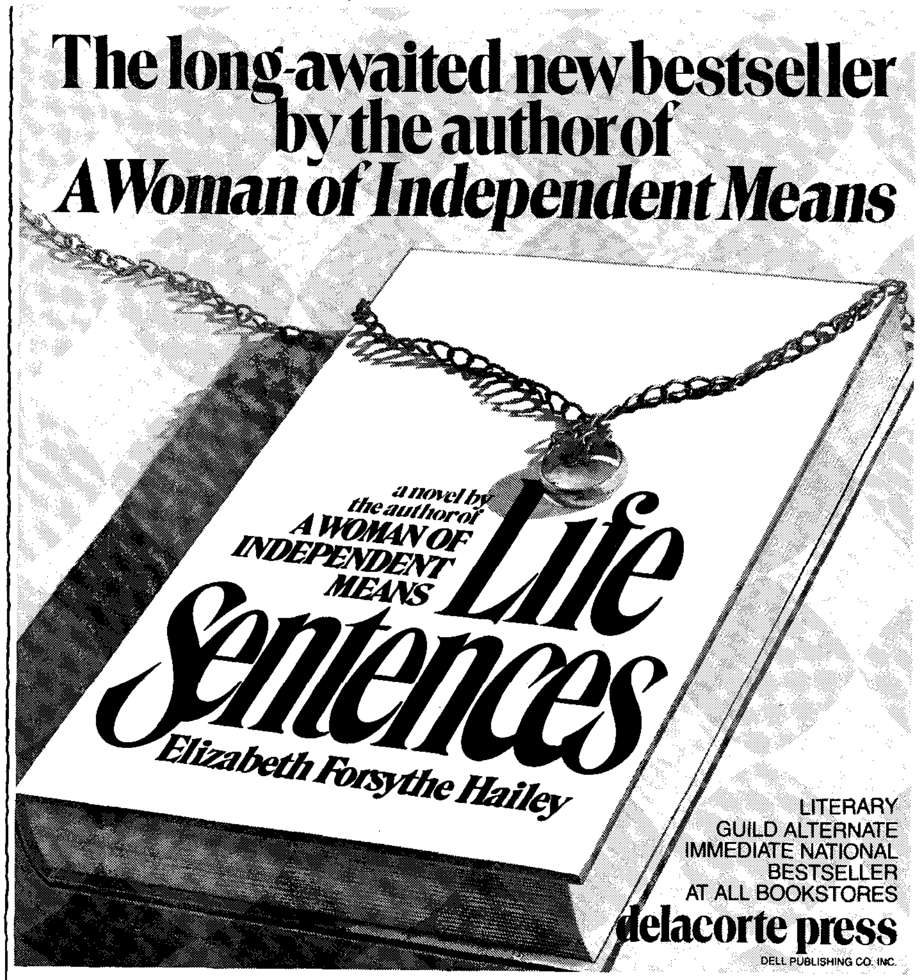
and acknowledged it by dramatically thrusting his left arm toward the sky, his fist clenched. On the next point, however, Lendl passed McEnroe, who was coming in, with a forehand return of service angled sharply crosscourt. Lendl to serve now, at 7–6. He went to McEnroe's backhand and banged the short return into the far corner. McEnroe got his racquet on the ball but hooked it long and wide of the court. Tie breaker and match to Lendl.

I found it a strange encounter. Lendl, anything but relaxed, won mainly because of the effectiveness of his one-two punch—his serve and his forehand. McEnroe, the great instinctive court coverer, always seemed to be moving forward when he should have been moving back, and so forth. I do not pretend to know the explanation of this, or why in other respects his game has deteriorated so much from what it was the last two seasons. One thing must be stated: though he is still rude and sometimes obstreperous when things go wrong for him, he has made a definite effort this year to improve his conduct on the court. For example, while he sulked and pouted in the Lendl match from time to time—from the stands, I could not hear the words in which he expressed his disgust at some of the line calls—he made only one overwrought gesture in the singular McEnroe tradition: in the fourth game of the second set, after a linesman had ruled that a backhand drive by Lendl on the second point was not out but had hit the baseline, McEnroe, who thought otherwise, let his body collapse slowly to the ground, like a melting candle, and lay spread out on the court. At the very end of his press interview after the match, his language became a little garish and some of his observations about the match were questionable, but for the most part he was sporting and generous. Of Lendl, he said, "The sign of a good player is to make you change your game. You have to give a guy credit for keeping you off balance." He later said that his disappointing play this season was due to "a combination of unfortunate things," such as his injury and his coming off a long year. "You dream about being No. 1, but you don't know about some of the other things," he added. I mention all this because, like many tennis fans, I am concerned about McEnroe—things hit him hard. At the same time, I do not think he realizes yet the responsibility he owes the game of tennis. Ironically,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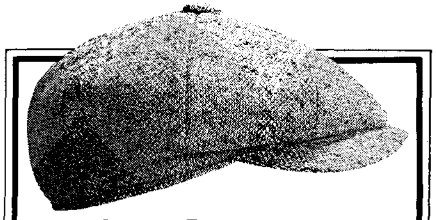

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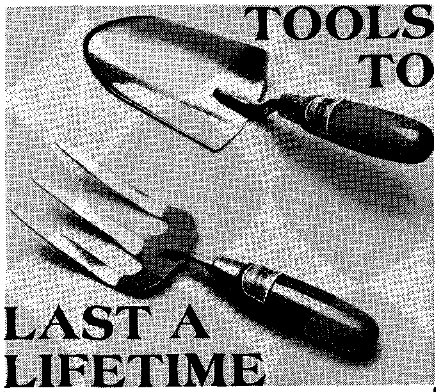

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if he did it would make life in general easier for him to deal with.

AND then the final—Connors versus Lendl. It got under way shortly after four o'clock on a hot, humid Sunday afternoon. (The prime daytime television hours had been allotted to the opening games of the National Football League season.) Connors won 6–3, 6–2, 4–6, 6–4. Except for a momentary letdown in the third set, he played with sustained brilliance. I would go as far as to say that Connors, who turned thirty during the tournament, may not have played such fine tennis since his finals at Wimbledon and Forest Hills in 1974. After Connors' triumph at Forest Hills that year, Fred Perry, who had won both Wimbledon and our championship three times, stated firmly to some American friends, "I don't think you people have any idea how good this boy is." However, as a result of lack of discipline, a penchant for the outré and the macho, and myopia about the shortcomings of his own game and the talent of his competitors, Connors recaptured his 1974 form on only a few occasions. In the 1975 Wimbledon final, Arthur Ashe beat him with a gallimaufry of dinks and chips that Connors did not know how to deal with. Later that year, Orantes tied him in knots at Forest Hills. Then along came the maturing Borg. Connors' forte has always been his *return of service.* Whereas many players pride themselves on their booming serve, Connors exults in his ability to return a cannonball faster than it came over the net. As a player who thrives on the pace his opponent supplies, he could seldom cope with Borg, who had built his game around heavy topspin strokes hit with medium pace from the baseline, and who controlled the ball so expertly that a man who tried to break up the drip-drip-drip of his Chinese-water-torture method by mounting a rash attack and dashing to net found himself passed down the line time after time. By 1979, Connors' star had faded, and he rarely had anything to say about the winning and losing of significant tournaments. When he defeated McEnroe at Wembley last November after losing the first two sets, tennis people noted this well, but, even so, most of them were bowled over when he came all the way back by defeating McEnroe at the Queen's Club tournament and then at Wimbledon.

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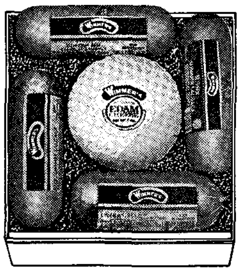

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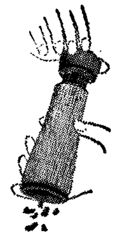

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Against Lendl, Connors was off winging. As he had been doing throughout the championship, he got to the ball fast and he dispatched it fast, springing from his familiar crouch after whacking low, hard drives that, to use the current cliché, looked like frozen rope. From the start, he had Lendl on the defensive. Lendl, who sweats easily, has made it a practice since boyhood to keep some sawdust in his right pocket for drying off his racquet hand. He was going to his pocket frequently—the match was not taking the shape he had hoped it would. For one thing, he had counted on his big serve to keep Connors bottled up, as it had the last time they met, but he was patently nervous this day, and the nervousness affected his timing. He was getting in a low percentage of first serves. In fact, Connors was outserving Lendl. In the first set, for example, he breezed through two of his service games at love. Aside from the drop in the over-all standard of his play in the third set after he had led 3–1, Connors served exceedingly well throughout the match, mixing up his spins and keeping the ball very, very deep. In tennis, it is always difficult to determine to what degree Player A's ineptness was caused by the pressure exerted by Player B, or to what degree Player B's virtuoso performance was aided by the fact that Player A couldn't hit the broad side of a barn with a shovel that particular day. I bring this up because even though Lendl was not at his best, it is important to emphasize what a beautiful match Connors played. Flying around the court with tremendous speed from the first point to the last, hitting the ball hard and low but making very few errors, he hurried Lendl the whole time, never giving him the breathing space he needed to establish his formidable ground strokes. He could not have played Lendl better.

Although Lendl's disappointing showing was due principally to Connors' superior tennis, he did not help his cause by deciding to forgo, for the most part, his usual topspin and flat backhand drives from the baseline in favor of chipping his backhand and so denying Connors the kind of pace he likes. Lendl's soft, chipped returns presented no problem, for there was no deception or spin or angle to them, and this allowed Connors to take charge of the rallies. However, Lendl's extreme nervousness in the final played a much larger part in his defeat than this ques-

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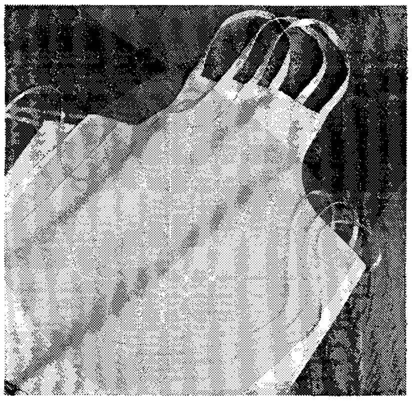

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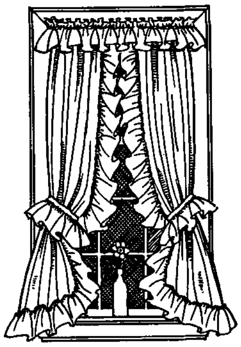

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tionable tactical decision. Like most athletes who are uptight, he had trouble moving. He was late in starting toward the ball and so heavy-footed in getting to it that when Connors attacked with his severest stroke, his two-handed crosscourt backhand, Lendl did not have enough time to set up correctly for his vaunted forehand drive. Most of his forehands, hit when he was back on his heels, were wobbly shots that landed near the service line, enabling Connors to come in and slash the ball to Lendl's backhand. If there was a return, it was a weak one that Connors could volley away. Frequently, on both his forehand and his backhand, Lendl's timing was so out of sync that he hit the ball off the frame of his racquet and sent it careering wildly—out not by feet but by yards. It wasn't until Connors slowed down midway through the third set that Lendl started to find his rhythm on his forehand. In the last game of that set, which he won by breaking Connors' serve, he moved into the ball on his backhand for the first time in the match and cracked a placement down the line. That afternoon, I was sitting with Allison Danzig, the former tennis writer for the *Times*. Danzig does not say a great deal, but his observations are invariably perceptive. "He did very well to win that set," he said of Lendl. "It takes an exceptional competitor to regain his confidence during a match in which he has been overwhelmed."

Winning the third set put Lendl back in the match. He was now playing pretty well, and if he could manage to take the fourth set he could conceivably win the Open. Connors had been tearing all over the court from the beginning, and there was a fair possibility that he might run out of steam in the event that a fifth set was required. (Indeed, following the match, Connors took the precaution of standing throughout his press conference, fearing that his legs might cramp if he sat down.) Knowing that it was to his advantage to get things over with quickly, Connors, after breaking Lendl's serve in the fifth game of the fourth set and taking a 3–2 lead, made up his mind to come in on everything; if Lendl was good enough to pass him, O.K. This worked to perfection. He held his next three service games with the loss of only three points, and that was the set and the match. Connors had not been in the final either at Wimbledon or at Flushing Meadow since 1978, and, as

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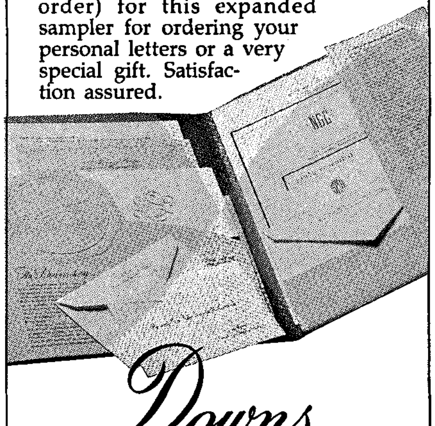

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a man who had been regarded as washed up, he properly savored his victory.

WHAT does the future hold? Will Connors, after his storybook comeback, burn with the same sense of purpose? (For a period of about two minutes during his press interview, he hinted that he might be ready to retire, but then he amended this suggestion.) Will Borg be able to regain his position at the top, or will his extended absence from action make the road back too difficult? Will McEnroe settle down and proceed to fulfill his extravagant talent? How long will it take Lendl to control the nervousness that has afflicted him in the major championships, and when will he break through in one of them? And how about Mats Wilander? Does he have the stuff to become a champion, or is it the new breed of young giants with Brobdingnagian serves whom we should be watching? This sounds very much like the series of questions traditionally posed at the close of the daily installments of the old radio soap operas. I have no idea what the answers will be, but I am delighted by the prospect of tuning in and finding out.

—HERBERT WARREN WIND

•

## MOST UNSETTLING NEWS STORY OF THE WEEK

[*The following item, reprinted in its entirety, is from the Belmont (Mass.) Citizen*]

Girl Scout Troop No. 2066 went for a two-night overnight to New Hampshire on Columbus Day. Participants were Christine Anastos, Diane Nelson, Kathleen Harrington, Andrea Troxel, Susan Faulkner and leader Sandy Kiefer. The scouts stayed in a cabin at Rust Pond in Wolfeboro.

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The next morning in the cold, the Scouts got up early and packed their bags for Chocorua. Halfway up the mountain everyone began to feel very tired. Also, the trees changed from pine to hardwood and back to pine and huge stone boulders.

•

I would like to know the day of the week when December 7, 1898, occurred. I was born on that day and I was told that the snow was so deep the doctor could not get there. H.B.C., Tulsa, Okla.

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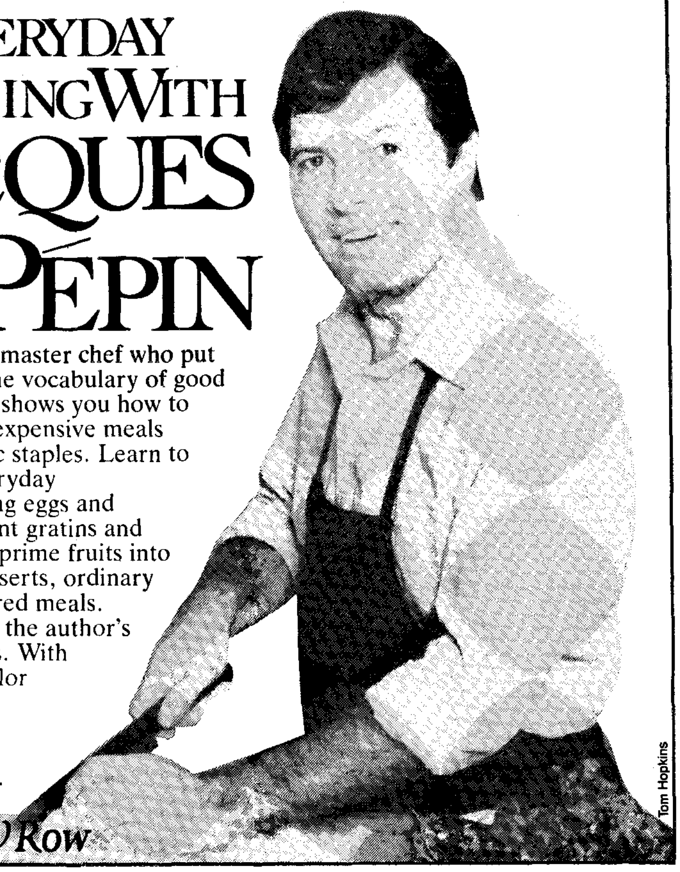

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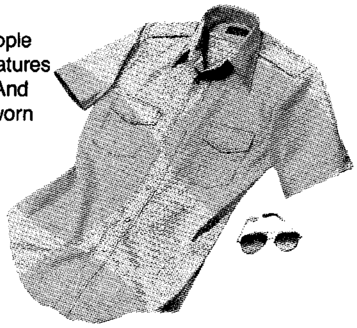

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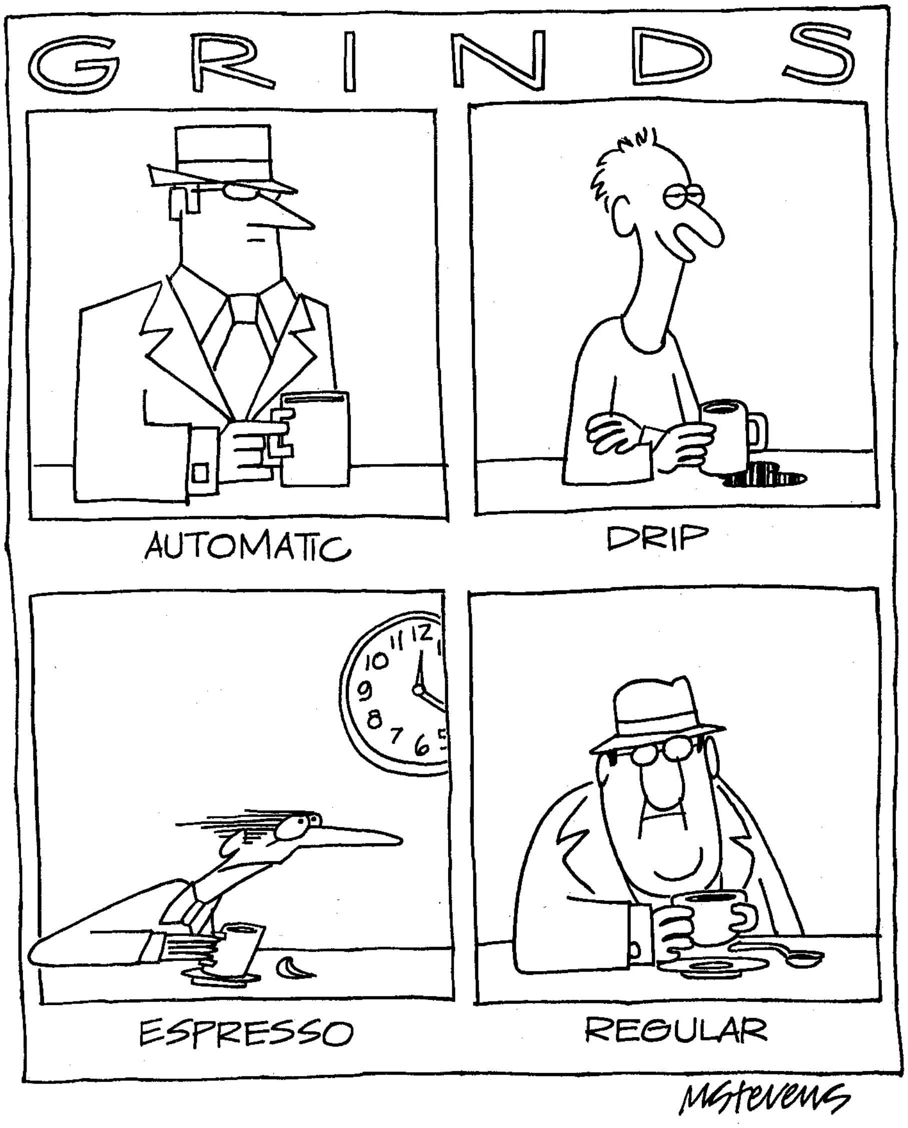
# THE THEATRE

## *Homage to Cats*

THE setting of "Cats," at the Winter Garden, is a city dump of superlatively squalid disorder, and it is there that the assortment of singing and dancing cats who make up the entire cast of this peculiar musical forgather by night to boast of their exploits, to contemplate old age and death, and, in one lucky instance, to be translated into cat heaven, where cats await without impatience rebirth into one or another of the nine lives to which, by common cat calculation, they are said to be entitled. The peculiarity of the musical lies in how little actually takes place during the course of quite a long evening; instead of a proper book, we have a setting to music, by Andrew Lloyd Webber, of a number of poems about cats by T. S. Eliot, most of which Eliot published just over forty years ago, in a droll little volume entitled "Old Possum's Book of Practical Cats." (Scholars may be able to tell me why Eliot chose to call himself Old Possum when he was neither old at the time nor especially possumlike in appearance—"raccoon" would have been more like it—and what the adjective "practical" may have meant to him in such a context; save as killers of mice, cats are surely among the least practical of creatures.) Mr. Webber jauntily manifests his mastery of many modes of music-making as he moves from scene to scene, which is to say from poem to poem; the titles of these I am reluctant to mention, lest they make the Anglican and Royalist Eliot sound too schoolmasterishly quaint for our robust American taste. His cats have names like Bustopher Jones and Rumpleteazer and Old Deuteronomy, but the names prove to be more bearable in song than they look in print and the cats themselves are far from being sissies; they have led hard lives, and each of them might well say, paraphrasing Whitman, "I was the cat, I suffer'd, I was there."

In writing light verse, Eliot was looking back to Lear and Carroll, but there is less deliberate nonsense in him than in his distinguished predecessors; a certain note of Eliotesque angst emerges from time to time, not unwelcomely. Trevor Nunn, the brilliant director of "Cats," has found in Old Possum hints of the author of the "Four Quartets;" Nunn has also written the lyrics for the most memorable song in the show, which is called "Memory" and was suggested by Eliot's "Rhapsody on a Windy Night." A lovely and touching song, "Memory" is sure to become a classic; so, perhaps, is a song about Gus, the theatre cat, who claims to have acted with Irving and Tree, and who "used to know seventy speeches by heart." I had never expected to encounter pathos in cats, whether in real life or in art, but Eliot-Webber-Nunn have mitigated to some extent and for the time being my hitherto harsh view of the species.

Judged as a spectacle instead of simply as a musical, "Cats" is a triumph, and for this, much of the credit must go to John Napier, who designed both the setting and the costumes. What a gorgeous dump he has created for Eliot's invincible army of cats to prowl upon and howl upon, and behind what splendidly brindled and whiskery pelts he has concealed his actors and actresses! Scarcely less important than the setting, which occupies not only the stage of the Winter Garden but much of the auditorium as well, is the strenuously acrobatic choreography, directed by Gillian Lynne. Miss Lynne has caused the young American cast to enter with seeming ease into what is essentially an English production; they perform with that combination of grace and energy which is indispensable to the musical form. The cast is too big to be individually named; letting a few stand for many, I single out for praise Stephen Hanan, as Gus; Betty Buckley, as Grizabella; and Ken Page, as Old Deuteronomy. Let me also praise the designer of the lighting, David Hersey, and the conductor of the orchestra, Stanley Lebowsky. "Cats" is reputed to have the largest advance sale of any musical in history—something over six million



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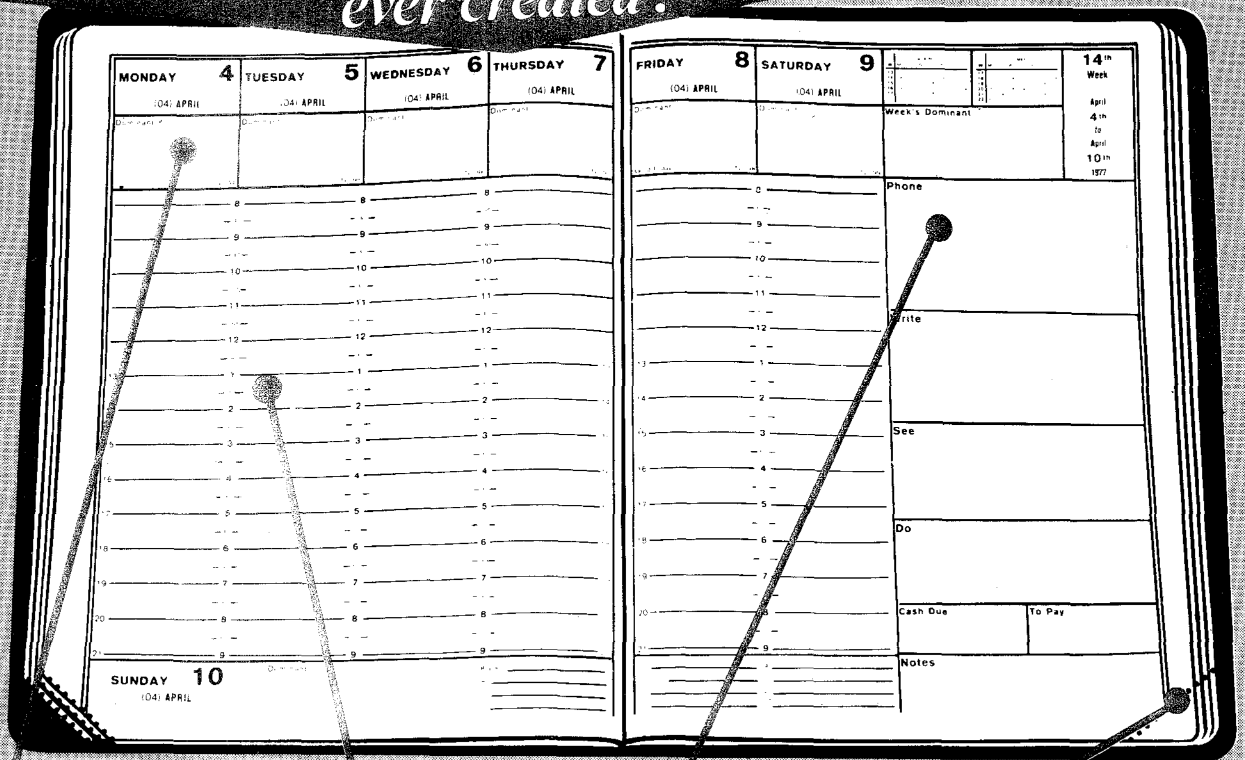

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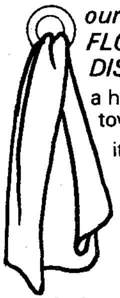

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dollars. Old Possum was a devotee of musical theatre; he would have rejoiced to see his cats in glory on Broadway. —BRENDAN GILL

## OFF BROADWAY

### *Talk Show*

"TALKING WITH," an import from the Actors Theatre of Louisville, which opens the season at the Manhattan Theatre Club, is a group of monologues, performed by eleven actresses; taken together, the clever sketches (by an author using the pseudonym Jane Martin) make an absorbing evening, and may say more about women than any number of hard-breathing novels and tracts. In the opener, we discover an actress seated in her dressing room, putting the finishing touches to her makeup and brooding about the unseen audience—us—that is waiting to be entertained by her. We presumably know all about her, having read her biography in the program, but she knows nothing of us. She asks for the houselights to be turned up, walks off the stage and into the auditorium to examine and greet us, and is back onstage, reasonably reassured, at the call of "Places, please." We're off. In the course of the evening, we listen to a housewife, swathed from head to toe in patchwork, explain how she has become the Patchwork Girl of Oz—has escaped, for all practical purposes, to the books she loved as a child—because of the insupportable circumstances of her life; we hear a teen-ager, in "Twirler," who is besotted by her work with the baton to a point of almost religious ecstasy; a large and beautiful black woman, in "French Fries," delivers with humor and feeling a homily on McDonald's and its marvellous curative powers for body and soul; an elderly woman, white-haired and elegantly dressed, quietly moves among rows of lamps set on small Chinese tables, switching the lamps on and off and speaking of solitude and memories and shadows, and of the effect of light on her hands and on a whirling crystal finial and a mirror. In the funniest of the sketches, a washed-up rider tells us how the rodeo, which was once performed for people who enjoyed riding, has now become commercialized, with showgirl types on the horses, and even fake, dust proof dirt for the benefit of the television cameras.

For a number of reasons, I have always found monologues spoken directly to the audience among the most troublesome dramatic forms. (Ruth Draper, after all, peopled the stage with vivid imaginary characters and rarely glanced in our direction.) Nevertheless, the monologues in "Talking With"—actually, "Talking At"—are of good quality. A few of them seem pretentious or overloaded, but more often than not they break free from the author's typewriter. An exception is the final one, in which a tattooed lady explains that her husband left her because she was a bore, "unmarked by life"—and she has accordingly made her skin into an inventory of her experiences. Most of the women under consideration are Southerners, and most of them are somewhat addled; needless to say, the most interesting are the ones who feel least put upon. The show originated in workshop in Louisville; "Twirler" was first done there in 1980, other monologues were added for the Actors Theatre festival of 1981, and the play was completed last spring. The sketches are all but faultlessly performed by the assembled actresses, under the direction of Jon Jory, the producing-director of Actors Theatre. If I select Margo Martindale (the rodeo rider), Lisa Goodman (the baton twirler), Anne Pitoniak (the lady with the lamps), and Theresa Merritt (the McDonald's admirer) for special mention, it's because I think I will never forget them.

GRUBB GRAEBNER'S "Baseball Wives," at the Harold Clurman, falls somewhere between a play and audition material. It consists of conversations, occasionally amusing and often under stress, among the wife of the manager of the Houston Astros, the wife of the team's black star, and the wife of a rookie, in their various living rooms and at the stadium, in front of television cameras during the course of a season. There is a story of sorts, but the action consists mainly of nervous drinking, the lighting and hasty stubbing out of joints, and angry long-distance phone calls. The only exciting point of the evening is a speech delivered by the manager's wife to her much younger colleagues about Bobby Thomson's crucial home run at the Polo Grounds in 1951. The characters are at least actable, and they are given their due (and more) by Marcella Lowery as the wife of the star, Carol Teitel as the manager's wife, and Lynn Goodwin as Mrs. Rookie. The admirable multiple setting on the tiny stage is by John Falabella.

—EDITH OLIVER

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# MUSICAL EVENTS

## *How It Played in Peoria (and Elsewhere)*

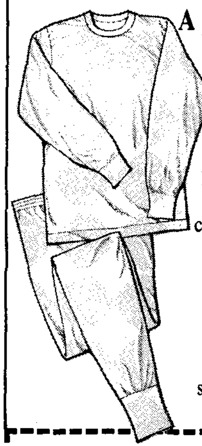
IN the space of a September fortnight, five large concert halls opened in this country and one in Canada: in New Orleans, Baltimore, Peoria, Eugene, East Lansing, and Toronto. Later this month, a seventh new hall opens, in Colorado Springs. I attended five of the six September openings (not East Lansing's). What follows is acoustical and architectural impressions gained from a single concert in each hall. Four of the five halls have built-in "tuning devices"—architectural, electronic, or both—and the fifth (New Orleans) has an adjustable orchestral shell; their acoustical characteristics may well be altered and improved. Two of them (Baltimore and Toronto) are "pure" concert halls; two (Peoria and Eugene) are theatres capable of presenting grand opera and large-scale ballet as well as symphony concerts; the fifth (New Orleans) can house small-scale opera and dance. Four of them are brand-new and were designed by celebrated architects; the fifth (New Orleans) is a nineteen-twenties vaudeville house renovated. Their seating capacities range from around two thousand (New Orleans and Peoria) to twenty-eight hundred (Toronto). Their cost ranged from three million dollars (New Orleans) to thirty-nine million (Toronto). The orchestras I heard in them ranged from the high-powered, virtuoso Chicago Symphony (Peoria)—this orchestra also opened the East Lansing hall—and the warm, fresh Baltimore Symphony to the modest, low-powered Eugene Symphony. Wilhelm Furtwängler once remarked that "the hall with the best acoustics is the hall with the best performers in it." Last year, I discovered that the acoustics of San Francisco's new Louise M. Davies Symphony Hall were "improved" overnight when the Boston Symphony came to play there. In all acoustic commentary, there are more variables than where the critic sat and what he had for dinner. Aspirin, a doctor once told me, cuts its taker's response to high frequencies; flying, another explained to me, can shift eardrums for days. I heard these concerts undrugged but flew to all the cities except Baltimore. With those caveats, I continue.

The New Orleans Orpheum, at the northwest corner of the city's French Quarter opened as a vaudeville house in 1921. Then it became a movie house. Now it houses the New Orleans Philharmonic. Wider than it is deep, the Orpheum stacks an audience of two thousand close around the stage, on three levels, insuring the intimacy and audibility that live-theatre performers needed in days before miking. The architect was G. Albert Lansburgh, who worked on San Francisco's great Opera House. It is a dignified and attractive place, decked in ivory and turquoise, with some gilded detail, and unpretentious—not a splendid palace, like the Rapp & Rapp theatres that now house the Pittsburgh and the St. Louis orchestras, or Timothy L. Pflueger's Paramount, now the home of the Oakland Symphony. (In passing, an exclamation of wonder at C. Howard Crane's "fabulous" Fox, also in St. Louis—a new Persepolis lovingly restored!) The Orpheum façade is Beaux-Arts in glazed ivory terra-cotta, spanned by a tinted Donatellesque frieze of music-making putti. It is cumbered at the moment by a heavy, hideous marquee; there are plans to remove this and hopes that the original, elegant canopy survives inside it. The lobby is tiny; on opening night the street outside was closed to traffic and became an open-air foyer.

The program was Tchaikovsky's Violin Concerto (Itzhak Perlman the soloist) and his Fourth Symphony, conducted by Philippe Entremont. I sat in various parts of the first balcony and found the acoustics of the house ideal. Warm, full, rich, clear, alive—all the musician's epithets of approval were apt. A colleague downstairs was less happy, but when he moved upstairs he was similarly impressed. (Is there a house in the world where "the higher you sit, the better the sound" does not apply?) The orchestra plays in a wooden stage shell designed by Christopher Jaffe.

WHEN a hall's seating capacity goes much above two thousand, acoustics become tricky. Of the European orchestra halls famous for good sound, Vienna's Musikvereinssaal (1870) holds only 1,680, and Amsterdam's Concertgebouw (1888) 2,206. Leipzig's Neues Gewandhaus (1884, destroyed by bombing in 1943) held only 1,560. But two nineteenth-century American halls built roughly on the Leipzig model, Baltimore's Lyric Theatre (1894) and Boston's Symphony Hall (1900), were made much larger; each holds around 2,600. Augmentation did not necessarily mean poor acoustics: Boston is the proof of that, and so, in Toronto, is Massey Hall (1894), which originally held nearly four thousand and was hailed as one of the world's best. Other shapes than a rectangle were tried with suc-

*"I don't say much, but what I say is pithy."*



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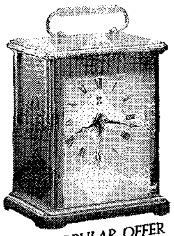

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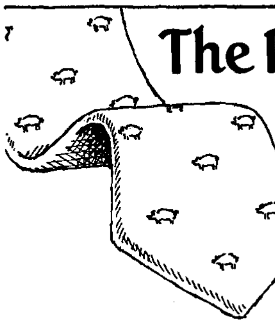

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cess: the round-balconied Carnegie Hall (1891), which holds 2,760; Philadelphia's horseshoe Academy of Music (1857), patterned after La Scala but larger, 2,984 seats as against La Scala's 2,289; Louis Sullivan's elliptically vaulted Chicago Auditorium (1889), which originally held 4,237. The Boston acoustics are generally deemed great, and those of the other American halls mentioned are deemed good. It is against them that musicians assess our modern halls of comparable size. The best of these that I have encountered is Orchestra Hall in Minneapolis; the next, perhaps, the Concert Hall of Kennedy Center. But there are several I have not yet visited; Symphony Hall in Salt Lake City is one for which I have heard nothing but praise. Minneapolis seats 2,573, and Washington and Salt Lake City each about 2,800. All three are acoustically the work of Cyril Harris.

Mr. Harris uses prescriptions of proved efficacy: an "open," basically rectangular hall with the orchestra elevated at one end and balconies along the three other sides; walls and ceilings broken by ornament to provide well-distributed sound; reflective surfaces of wood and plaster. Vienna, Leipzig, and Boston set this pattern. As hall after hall built to different formulas—in fans or ovals or circles, with surfaces of concrete or plastic—proves musically unsatisfactory, musicians wonder why it is ever departed from, why millions in public money is risked on monumental experiments that may or may not succeed. Minneapolis, an exhilarating building by Hardy Holzman Pfeiffer, is proof that adherence to sound acoustical principles need not inhibit architectural adventure.

The Cambridge acoustical firm Bolt Beranek & Newman seems to pin its large-hall hopes to "clouds"—adjustable reflectors hanging down from the ceiling which direct the "acoustical energy" toward the listeners in a precisely controlled fashion. B.B.N.'s reputation, in fact, is still beclouded by the fiasco of New York's Philharmonic Hall in its first state (unfairly, it has been claimed, but I won't go into that old wrangle again). San Francisco's Davies Hall (which seats over three thousand), Toronto's new Roy Thomson Hall, and Baltimore's new Joseph Meyerhoff Symphony Hall are all acoustically designed by Theodore Schultz, of B.B.N. In all three, "clouds," or "flying saucers" (of clear acrylic in San Francisco and To-

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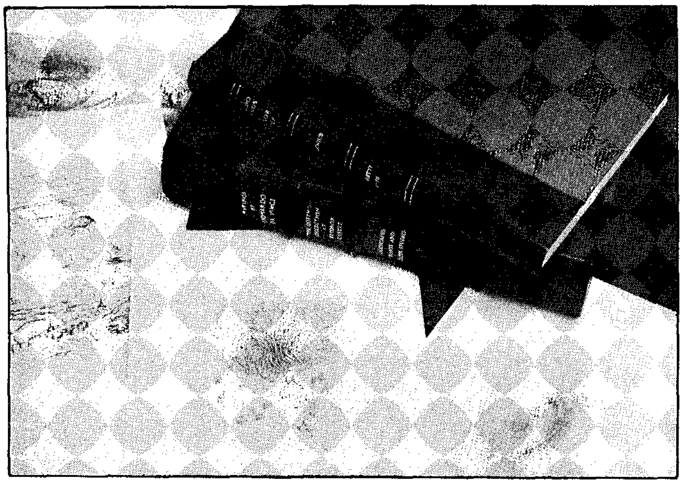
ronto), hover over the platform and the front part of the "stalls." (That British term for the ground-level seating avoids the ambiguity of American usage: "The orchestra sounded good in the orchestra.") All three halls are shaped in plan like—well, it's hard to describe: a Chinese ginger jar with a slightly elongated neck; a plump, snub pear; a squarish circle with a bulge for the orchestra platform. (The basic shape changes from level to level.) San Francisco and Toronto both have arrays of retractable sound-absorbent banners hanging down from the ceiling. In neither did I care much for the sound. In both, it was strong, clear, "positive," immediate—but not warm, rich, cohesive, expansive, or lovable. One didn't feel the hall coming to life (as Boston and Carnegie and Minneapolis do), reverberating with music, but was conscious, rather, of "acoustical energy" efficiently projected. San Francisco, after two years, is still being worked on, and improvements there and in Toronto are promised.

MASSEY HALL grew shabby. The windows (God's light is a pleasure rarely encountered today at concerts; the outside world has grown noisier, and new halls are wombed within outer structures) were blocked. The dignified classical exterior has been scrawled over by fire escapes. The original bold, bright Mauresque interior has been much altered. The sound in the hall remains very good, I think whenever I visit it, but for the performers, it seems, it is not. The Toronto Symphony and the Toronto Mendelssohn Choir wanted a new home. In 1972, Mr. Schultz was engaged to create its acoustical design, and Canada's foremost architect, Arthur Erickson, was chosen to implement it. Mr. Erickson's first sketches, revealed in 1977, for a huge tent of sparkling, many-faceted glass, unmullioned, hung freely over the auditorium within, were exciting. But, we are told, technical and financial objections dulled the realization of that idea, and the hall is now more regularly glazed—a circular greenhouse set on a rectangular concrete podium. In a city of soaring mirrored towers, it seems oddly squat, and on opening night its panes refused to catch light from the evening sky and remained leaden, sullen. As in Davies, lobbies ring the auditorium on linked levels, but here they are more spacious. All is concrete, glass, mirror, stainless steel, and silver-gray carpet, within a



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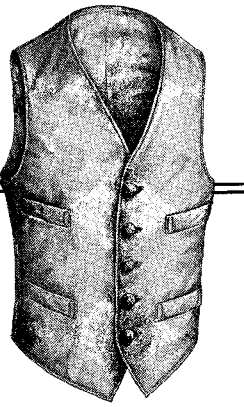

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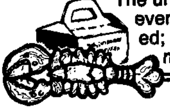

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cage of white-painted tubular girders crisscrossing beneath the glass outer skin. The play of the terraces is intricate and perhaps a shade fussy. Inside the hall itself, concrete, silver-painted plaster on the lowest tier, gray seats, gray carpet, and gleaming organ pipes make an effect of restrained opulence. High above, there hangs a great glittering wheel of light, descending from a polychrome thicket of felt tubes and banners. Two balconies broken into "paddocks," or deep, steep boxes, ring the hall, dipping down toward the platform; above the platform they can serve as chorus seats.

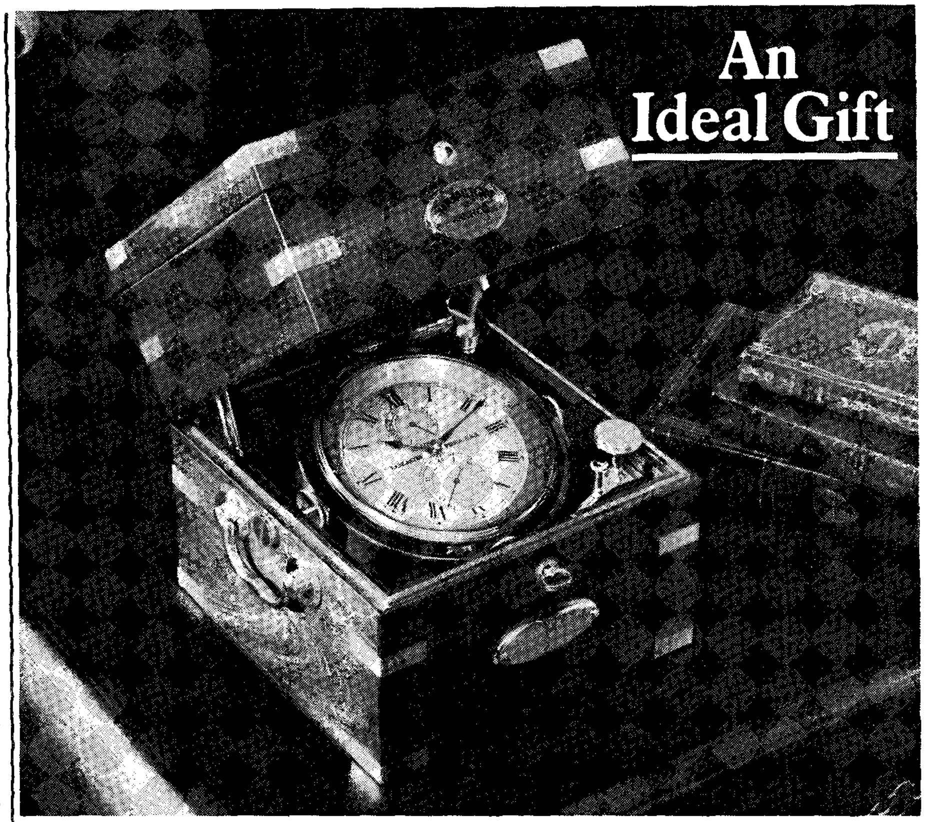
At the opening concert, the Toronto Symphony, conducted by Andrew Davis, played Raymond Luedeke's "Fanfare," composed for the occasion; Poulenc's Organ Concerto (Hugh McLean the soloist); and Ravel's second "Daphnis and Chloe" suite. The Mendelssohn Choir, conducted by Elmer Iseler, sang Murray Schafer's "Sun"—commissioned for the occasion and a rich, imaginative composition—and Ernest MacMillan's "Blanche comme la neige." They joined in Walton's cantata "Belshazzar's Feast." I sat in various places. From one, an upper side box, only half the orchestra was visible, and only that half could be clearly heard. (But the unaccompanied choristers, part visible and part not, all sounded fine.) In the first balcony, the sound was clear and strong but not warm.

The cost of Roy Thomson Hall was about $39,000,000: $9,400,000 came from the Canadian government, $13,300,000 from the government of Ontario (raised largely by lotteries), $5,000,000 from the city of Toronto, and $16,400,000 from corporations, foundations, and individuals. (The family of Roy Thomson, the newspaper baron, gave $4,500,000.) That leaves some $5,000,000 over. Massey Hall still stands and is still being used.

MEYERHOFF HALL, in Baltimore, cost $22,000,000, which was provided by the city, by the state, and —$10,000,000 of it—by Mr. Meyerhoff, the Baltimore builder and philanthropist who has been president of the Baltimore Symphony since 1965; he also presented the site. (To the extent that private contributions to good causes represent taxes remitted they should, I suppose, really be reckoned as public funding directed in accord with private inclination.) The principal architect was Pietro Belluschi. The hall seats 2,467—a hundred and fifty fewer than Baltimore's Lyric Theatre (where the Baltimore Opera will continue to play). It is built of glazed brownish brick. A tall oval drum with a slanting roof rises from an egg-shaped construction housing offices and a lean-to lobby of glass, steel, and white-painted roof ribs. Inside, there are wooden walls around the platform, wooden seats upholstered in rust red, a wooden floor, and burnt-orange carpets down the aisles. The walls, white-plastered, are nowhere flat; they are cylindrical sections, of various widths and heights. Two balconies, broken into boxes with pointed prows, run round the sides and the back; their snouts are of plaster. Eighteen of Mr. Schultz's saucers, made of fibre-glass-reinforced plaster veneered in wood, hang over the platform; and the ceiling, of concrete, is studded with fifty-two large, fixed concrete "buttons," painted white, and each weighing over a ton. From without, the hall might be taken for some kind of specialized hospital building. Inside, it is quirky and not exactly festive, but the assemblage of geometrical shapes is not unlikable in an "old-fashioned modern" way.

The Baltimore Symphony, conducted by Sergiu Comissiona, played Morton Gould's "Housewarming," commissioned for the occasion; Franck's Symphonic Variations (which brought Leon Fleisher's much-welcomed return to the platform as a two-handed pianist; for sixteen years he had played only left-hand music in public); and Strauss's "Ein Heldenleben." Like just about every hall I know, Meyerhoff sounded better when empty. At a rehearsal, the Strauss was broad, full-toned, and expansive. At the concert, the bloom had gone off it; it was hard and bright. Mr. Schultz had announced an average reverberation time of 2.4 seconds in the empty hall, of 1.9 in the full. Good halls vary widely, from (when filled) Vienna's 2.1, through Boston's 1.8, to Philadelphia's 1.4. Reverberation is but one of the many factors that make for pleasing musical sound. The conductor Denis Vaughan considers the desirable qualities, and ways these have been achieved, in a fascinating three-part *Musical Times* article, "Orchestral Sound in Concert Halls" (January to March, 1981). Richness, density, clarity, intimacy, weight, warmth, and singing tone are what he prizes. I cannot scientifically appraise his analyses and propositions but find most of them persuasive, because what he says matches the behavior of the halls I know. Particularly suggestive is his stress on the angling of primary reflections: the ear, a more selective receiver than an engineer's instruments, hears better musical quality in lateral than in overhead reflections, and so Mr. Vaughan pleads for narrow halls or halls narrowed by balconies. (Avery Fisher Hall is shaped roughly like Boston's, but it is significantly wider.) Can it be that Mr. Schultz's saucers transmit signals ill-angled for satisfactory reception?

PEORIA, an attractive town beside the Illinois, has an unemployment rate above the national average. Its new Civic Center cost $64,200,000: $20,000,000 came from the state, and $1,300,000 from private donations; the rest, raised by the city, was underwritten by a three-per-cent hotel tax and a two-per-cent tax on restaurants, taverns, and profitable entertainments. It comprises a vast arena for sport and mass entertainment, a large exhibition hall and convention center, and a 2,187-seat theatre. (The cost of the last is estimated at around $18,000,000.) Philip Johnson and John Burgee were the architects. Their three linked buildings open off a lofty cloister walk, clad in reflecting glass, which traces an L around the Flemish-Renaissance City Hall (1897) and forms courtyards with it. Within the cloister, between the buildings, there are other exciting enclosed spaces—a Johnson/Burgee specialty. The theatre, a rectangle in polychrome fired brick, has an attached semicircular lobby rising to the full height of the building, one quadrant made of mirror glass. The design, like that of some other Johnson public buildings, is a puzzling mixture of high, bold invention and heaviness, of exuberant elegance and coarse, clumsy detail. The lobby, of brick, concrete, and glass, is a place at once impressive and uninviting; its semicircular upper ambulatories are oddly thick. The hall itself, roughly rectangular, is plain with gaudy touches. There is a triple-frame proscenium in wood. The walls are painted brown, and the seats are upholstered in mustard. There are two rear balconies and two tiers of boxes down the sides, with a row of dummy box fronts above them. All the box fronts are of coarse gilded grillework, studded penny-arcade (or Fisher Hall) fashion with naked light bulbs. From the ceiling, five "reverse barrel vaults"



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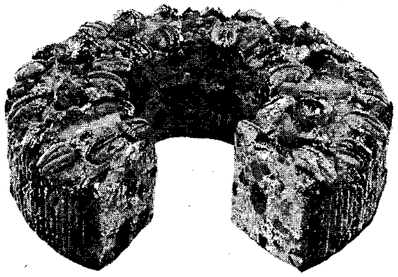

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The theatre is "multipurpose," and it opened with a triple bill: the finale of the Choral Symphony, played by the Peoria Symphony and sung by local choirs; scenes from "The Sleeping Beauty," danced by the Peoria Civic Ballet; and Act II of "La Traviata," done by the Peoria Civic Opera. I attended a concert ten days later, at which the Chicago Symphony, conducted by Reynald Giovaninetti, played the Weber-Berlioz "Invitation to the Dance," Haydn's Symphony No. 85, and Berlioz's Fantastic Symphony. For this concert, an orchestral shell enclosed the stage, with overhead panels reaching out into the house. While the halls in New Orleans, Toronto, and Baltimore are intended specifically as homes for orchestras, those in Peoria and Eugene will house "attractions" of all kinds: rock groups, amplified Broadway musicals, grand opera, ballet, concerts. The acoustician of both, Mr. Jaffe, has therefore given them what might be called "neutral" basic acoustics—dry enough to accept amplified events without mushing, clear enough for opera, reasonably acceptable for symphonic music. But Mr. Jaffe has also provided them with "electronic enhancement," designed to invest classical music with the warmth, fullness, and bloom that musicians desire. At the Chicago concert in Peoria, however, it had been decided not to use the electronics but to let the orchestra play in the hall's natural acoustics. The sound was loud, bright, clear, and immediate, but—I sat in two parts of the stalls—it remained obstinately "frontal;" there was no satisfying sense of being surrounded by music. There are people who maintain that the better recordings of the thirties and forties sound more like "the real thing" than do the super-brilliant, meticulously defined hi-fi recordings of today. And I can hear what they mean. Many modern concert halls—and also, perhaps, some modern conductors and orchestras—seem to aspire to make the real thing sound more and more like a hi-fi recording.

SOME regard "electronic" acoustics as immoral. I cannot. I lived long in London, where the acoustics of the Royal Festival Hall, built in 1951, were for thirteen years clear but bleak—in Claudio Arrau's words, "a little antiseptic." Then an electronic system of "assisted resonance" (many linked microphones, amplifiers, and loudspeakers, each set tuned to a particular frequency band) began to be installed—secretly and invisibly. Musicians, not knowing why, commented on the improved sound. After a Berlin Philharmonic concert, Herbert von Karajan declared that "the wood in the Festival Hall was adapting itself more and more to music, like an old violin." Then we were told what had been done. It was too late for indignation: the musical merits of the system had been proved and approved. Festival Hall performers and audiences have long since stopped remembering that what they listen to is electronically "fudged." Is it a moral matter? I think not. Electronically assisted resonance is not crude amplification but merely one of the more effective (and less costly) ways—other ways being the deployment of flying saucers, banners, reflective panels, whatever—of making a large hall as acoustically admirable as possible.

The system, developed by the British firm AIRO, is employed in the Concord Pavilion, outside San Francisco; in the Scottsdale Center for the Performing Arts, in Arizona (to render a dry spoken-word theatre resonant when music is played there); and, on music nights, in Kansas City's multipurpose Music Hall. Mr. Jaffe has installed it in the Silva Concert Hall of the Hult Center for the Performing Arts, in Eugene. He has also installed there his own electronic reflected-energy system, or ERES, which is not, he stresses, a sound-reinforcement system but one that "uses pre-amplifiers, amplifiers, speakers, an analog computer, and other electronic components to simulate the reflections of sound waves from the architectural surfaces that would be most desired for specific performances." By the use of it, he claims, he can—sonically—make a wide hall as narrow as Mr. Vaughan might desire, lower or raise ceilings, turn a dry studio into a resonant cathedral, and enclose an open field with a reflecting roof and walls. On "Idomeneo" nights, a huge place like the Met or the State Theatre could at the push of a button marked "Mozart" be made acoustically intimate; on "Parsifal" nights, a push of the "Wagner" button would insure Bayreuth sonority. It sounds wonderful. In Eugene, it did sound wonderful at rehearsals, when we heard demonstrations of AIRO and ERES, separately and together, on and off while music was playing. In the 2,450-seat hall, a piano quintet seemed acoustically to be in a chamber. (There was an initially disturbing effect of aural propinquity and visual distance.) At the opening concert, however, the controls, untried before in a filled house, were imperfectly adjusted. The Eugene Symphony, conducted by William McGlaughlin, played Thomas Svoboda's "Eugene Overture," commissioned for the occasion; a "Rosenkavalier" waltz sequence; and Beethoven's Fifth Symphony. Marilyn Horne sang assorted arias. And—I tried both the stalls and the first balcony—everything seemed frontal and far away: distinct, well defined, and perfectly audible, but more overheard than "shared."

Eugene, like Peoria, has been hard hit by the recession. Its Performing Arts Center, which cost $26,700,000 (raised by the city, from a bond issue and private contributions), is a deed of civic renewal. It stands downtown, beside a new convention center and a most agreeable Hilton. Its architects are Hardy Holzman Pfeiffer, and they have produced the most lively and individual of the five halls here considered. They are no doctrinal or predictable trio. Their Orchestra Hall in Minneapolis—high adventure within a traditional acoustic frame—has already been mentioned. Into their Civic Center in Madison they incorporated the old Capitol Theatre as the town's concert hall and a Montgomery Ward store as its art gallery. Their Eugene building has a poured-concrete exterior with a lively surface; its P shape is swelled to a rectangle by a lobby made of nine lofty, lapped gables—metal-roofed, glass-fronted with some courses colored and some clear—soaring one above the next, to eighty-five feet. One enters onto a meadow of flowery carpet traversed by apple-green tiled paths; towering shafts of squared natural fir lift the eyes to a skywalk high above. All is light, lively, and colorful. Two halls open off this lobby: the Soreng Theatre, a 515-seater, for plays, chamber opera, and recitals, and a richly designed, dramatic, fanciful, yet very usable place; and the Silva Concert Hall, for symphony, opera, ballet, and other large shows. One gasps on entering the concert hall. Something so curvy, so unsolemn, so rococo and modern at once would be less surprising in Barcelona or in Prague. Then the eye lights on a proudly American feature: the curve of the proscenium arch surely echoes Sullivan's Auditorium, as does the way that shape is continued into the hall

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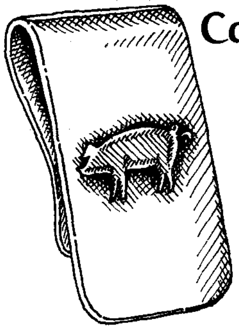

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itself, where sidewalls and ceiling merge into one embracing arc. Its surface is apparently woven, on the diagonal, of broad cream-colored slats banded in pale jade green and gold. The seats are wooden, with jade-green upholstery and curiously high wooden backs. The floor is covered by dark-green linoleum, with mushroom carpets down the aisles. There are two balconies—or maybe three, since the rear stalls rise up and sweep forward down the sides of the hall.

H.H.P. are architects at once high-spirited, playful, and practical. (There is one practical flaw in their design—an inconspicuous step in the otherwise smooth slope of the stalls aisle. On opening night, one or two scurrying people took a tumble.) As one prowls around the elegant building, delighted by the opening of each new vista or by some inspired detail, one finds a pleasing sublimation of mundane materials: the delicate grilles are commercial granite-sifting screens, and the robust ones New York subway gratings; the roof above the apparently weightless (but acoustically reflective) basketwork is carried on precast highway girders. A posse of Oregon artists has contributed glass panels, tile friezes, ceramics, bronzes, highly wrought wooden railings to beguile the eye and seduce stroking fingertips. Margaret Matson and Mollie Favour's charming house curtain, forty feet by ninety, is hand-printed with an airy row of blackberry vines beneath a shower of glassy raindrops. This is a delightful and thoroughly civilized building, substantial and serious, yet executed with a light touch. Perhaps the word for it is Mozartian. If AIRO and ERES do their stuff properly, lucky Eugene!

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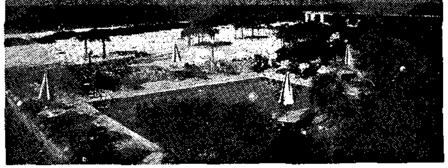

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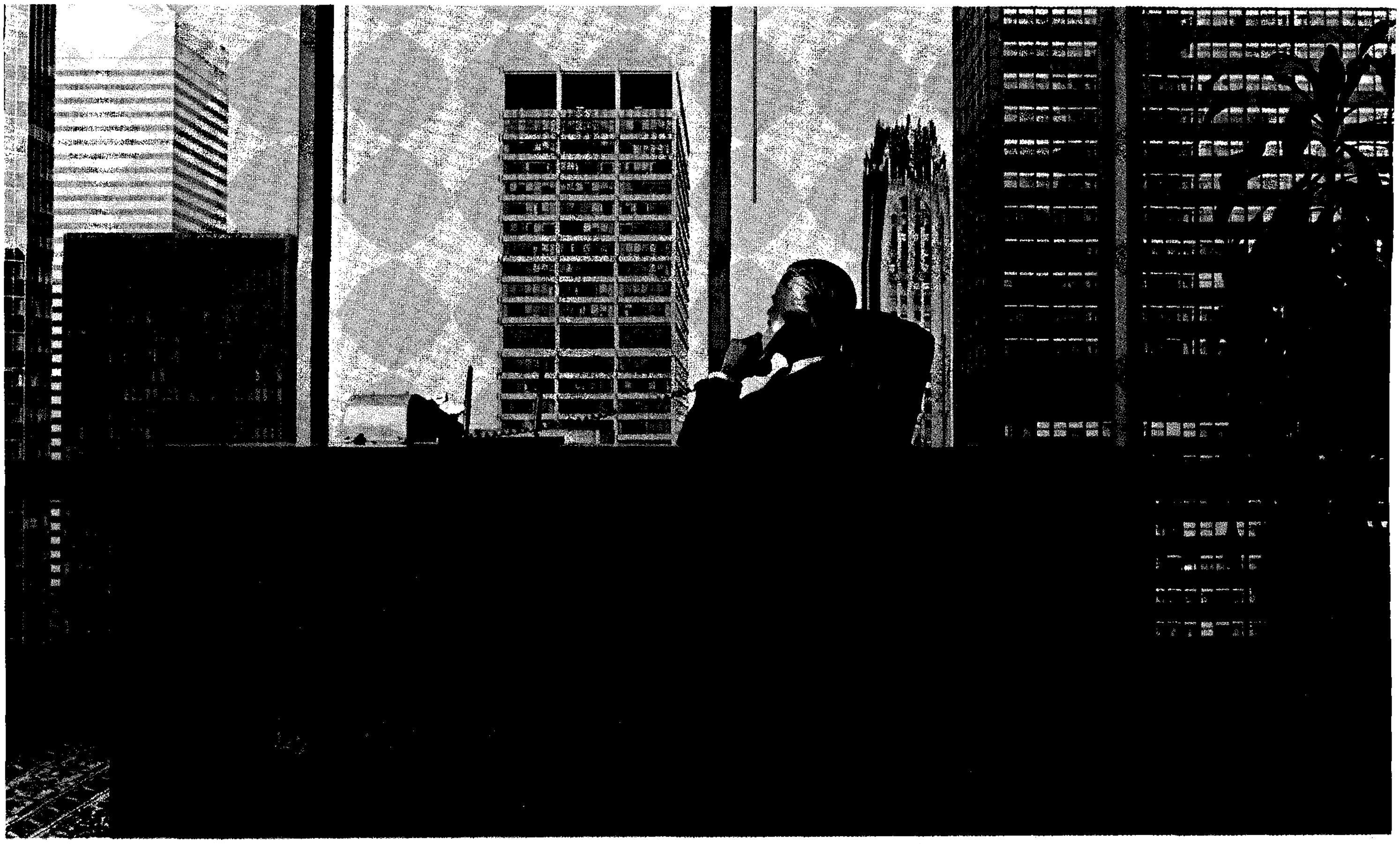

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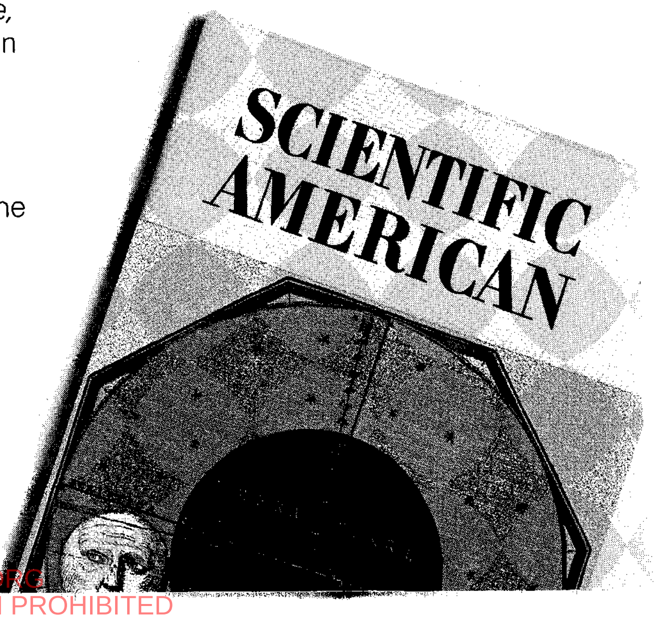

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# THE CURRENT CINEMA

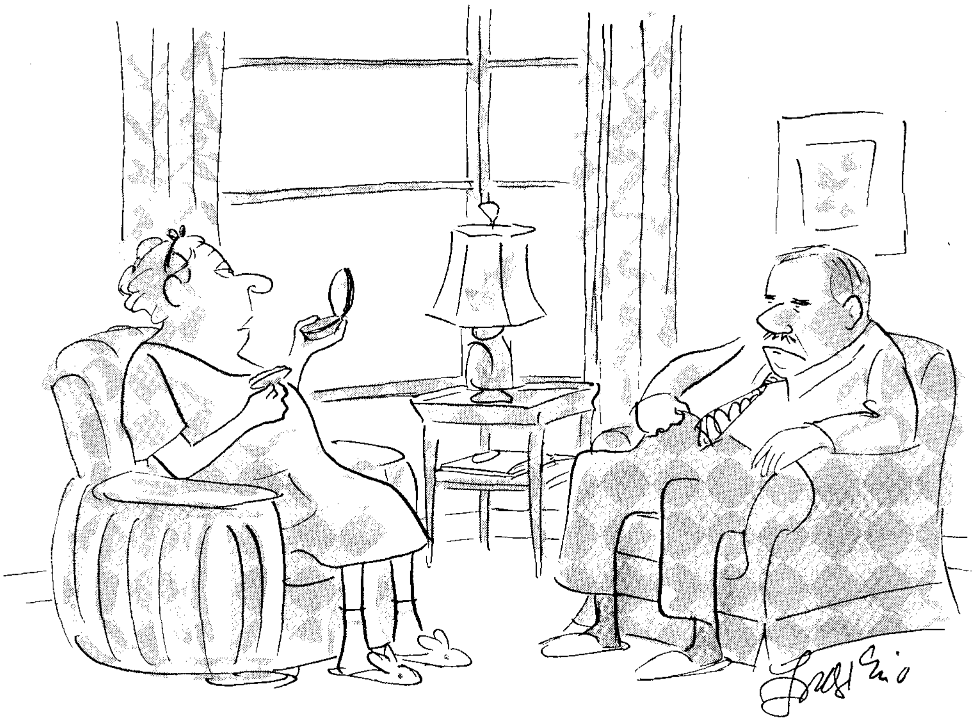
## *Up the River*

FOR all the hell that Werner Herzog reportedly went through to make "Fitzcarraldo," which iowed on the closing night of the ecent New York Film Festival, the lm itself is a leaden variation on his Aguirre, the Wrath of God." It's 'Aguirre" without the inspired nages or great subject. "Aguirre" as about the civilized Europeans ho, in their greed for gold, travelled the Amazon and enslaved and laughtered Indians. It was about adness. The sixteenth-century Spansh ladies in long gowns, sitting in heir sedan chairs and being carried ver the face of a cliff in the palereen Andes, the peaks partly obscured y clouds—that may be historically acurate, and it's as magnificently bizarre s any image on film. When we see the panish expedition in that phantom ndscape, Herzog seems great. When e takes us closer, he's in trouble, ecause he hasn't worked out a style of cting to go with his vision. The perormers in their bulky, richly textured ostumes don't appear to have any idea hat's wanted of them; they flex their ace muscles and stare at each other ignificantly. But Herzog was in luck: s Aguirre, Klaus Kinski, wearing a etal helmet that seemed to be oldered to his skull, had so little to do hat he kept acting up a grotesque torm. Aguirre's glassy blue eyes idn't blink; they seemed to have opped open and stayed that way. He vas like an angry, domineering Bette Davis; he held his mouth like a dowaer, pursing his lips and scowling, and e took command of a group of oldiers by the demonic force of his lare. Kinski's Aguirre was a crazy onquistador who always walked at a ilt, and when he stood still he was lanted backward or, occasionally, ideways; he achieved the effect of the ngled sets in "Caligari" just with his wn body, which told us how offalance his mind was.

"Aguirre" even managed to have Gothic political overtones—it could be seen as a parable of Hitler's taking power. The movie is trancelike: we experience the disorientation of the Europeans lost in this primeval lassitude. And the absurd humor is like a wink that you can't quite believe you saw; there's no preparation for it and no follow-up—Herzog never acknowledges it. Suddenly, a Spaniard says of the arrow that has just hit him, "This is not an arrow," or a man's severed head keeps on talking, finishing the sentence he was speaking when it was lopped off. And there are frames that are charged with something that goes beyond what we think of as dream, or even nightmare: abandoned in the jungle, a hooded horse stands immobilized in helpless terror; the camera passes over the remains of a boat, with a tiny lifeboat dangling from its stern, lodged high in the treetops.

Though made in 1972, "Aguirre" wasn't released here until 1977, which turned out to be perfect timing. Until the sixties, American anti-war movies had attempted to be realistic about war, but in the post-Vietnam period the horror of that war was all mixed together with the drug culture, and for many people psychedelic intensification began to seem the only true realism. The imagery of "Aguirre"—visionary, skewed, cuckoo—was a hallucinatory horror trip. The film took the edge off Coppola's still-to-come version of Conrad's dreamlike "Heart of Darkness;" Herzog had made the white-intruders-vs.-the-natives trip first. (Some moviegoers cheered each time an Indian's poisoned arrow hit its mark.) "Apocalypse Now" was clearly influenced by "Aguirre," and Coppola may have acknowledged the debt in a visual gesture: his image of a wrecked plane nesting in a tree was possibly an homage to Herzog, though it couldn't match the shivery wit of that boat. Coppola's image could be accounted for; Herzog's had the purity of madness.

It may have been the surreal triumph of the boat in the trees that sent Herzog back to the shrouded mountains and mucky jungles of Peru and got him into the five-year mess of making "Fitzcarraldo." In 1894, an Irishman known to the Peruvians as Fitzcarrald made a fortune in the rubber trade by figuring out how to ship the rubber from an inaccessible stretch of land: he dismantled a riverboat and used hundreds of Indians to carry the parts overland from one tributary of the Amazon to another, where it was reassembled. When Herzog was told this story, he must have visualized the riverboat on a mountain—his earlier image writ large. Of course, a film about that incident wouldn't have much visual excitement if the boat was in pieces. Herzog had been fascinated by the logistical mystery of how the prehistoric stone blocks were brought to Carnac—a feat that probably involved an army of slaves working for many years, like the building of the pyramids. Putting things together, he decided on something that would dwarf the actual Fitzcarrald's accomplishment: *his* Indians would haul a three-hundred-and-twenty-ton steamboat (roughly ten times the size and



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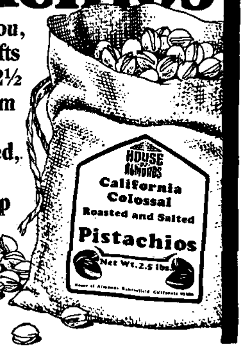

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weight of Fitzcarrald's vessel) up a mountain *intact*, and on a grade twice as steep as the one in the historical account. "Fitzcarraldo" is a movie made for an image. And so perhaps it's not surprising that still pictures of the steamboat on the mountain are more resonant than the film. In a sense, "Fitzcarraldo" wrecks the image by explaining it. The mystery evaporates when we see the impossible made possible—when we see the hauling process.

Movies are based on illusion—movies *are* illusion. The sound of Fred Astaire's taps was added to the soundtrack after his dances were shot; Garbo's laugh is said to have been dubbed in "Ninotchka;" when the tiny Yoda stood in the forest advising Luke Skywalker, they were both actually on a platform built a few feet above a studio floor. The magic of movies is in the techniques by which writers and directors put us in imaginary situations and actors convince us that they are what they're not. Then along comes the G. Gordon Liddy of movies, Werner Herzog, who apparently sees the production of a film as a mystic ordeal.

In making "Fitzcarraldo," Herzog was proving his uncompromising integrity by housing his actors deep in the jungle and having them go through the hardships of the characters they play—only more so. He christened the jungle camp "Film or Death." Herzog thought that this movie would be a cheat if he used miniatures and mattes. There's some goofball puritanism operating in this man: he treats the challenges he sets up as if they had been imposed on him—as if he had been cursed. He thinks he's producing art because he turns the making of a film into such a miserable, difficult struggle for all concerned. But the art of the motion picture is fakery—even its most ascetic practitioner, Carl Dreyer, knew that. Dreyer didn't burn up the elderly woman who was tied to the stake in "Day of Wrath," and chances are that the actors who played in "Ordet" didn't even have to down all that poisonous-looking black coffee. Robert Bresson didn't actually drive the girl who played in "Mouchette" to suicide. (Only the audience.) Nothing destroys the spell of dramatic movies so jarringly as the intrusion of violence and pain that clearly aren't faked, such as the slaughter of an animal or the wire-tripping of a horse. Those are the real snuff films.

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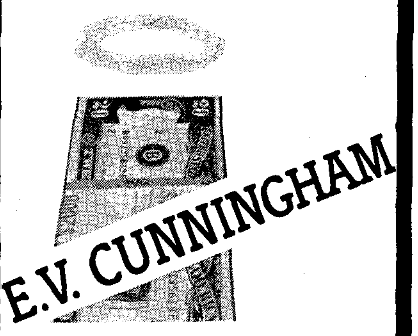

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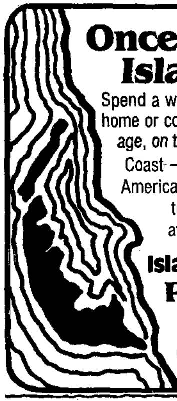

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"Fitzcarraldo" is embarrassingly—infuriatingly—real; the Indians tugging at Herzog's steamboat are workers trapped inside his misconception of a movie. We may be appalled by the labors that are evident in "Fitzcarraldo;" we may even be impressed by them. But we always see them as exactly what they are: labors undertaken to be photographed. The story he has devised never takes hold; there isn't enough illusion for that. The plot seems no more than a pretext for the central image. At times, the ship slowly climbing the mountain does seem rather magical, but two hours and thirty-seven minutes is a long sit, and the deliberateness of Herzog's pacing can put you in a stupor. A lot of other things happen, but that's all they do; they don't develop and they're not followed through. Herzog has got himself into some zone between documentary and drama where neither works. It may be that his passion for authenticity is more religious than aesthetic, because he can't seem to make the images vivid—it's as if all his energy had gone into meeting the behind-the-scenes tests that he created for himself, his cast, and his crew (and, probably, his backers).

The actual Fitzcarrald, who was content to have his boat transported in pieces, was already rich; he succeeded in his maneuver and got wildly richer from it. Herzog has written his Fitz as a lovable loser, though with Klaus Kinski in the role very little of that comes through. We don't know quite what Kinski's Fitz is, because he's not like anyone else in the world (except maybe Bette Davis playing Rutger Hauer). Herzog has grafted another element onto the story of the historical Fitzcarrald by giving his hero a reason for wanting to get rich in the rubber trade: an obsession with building an opera house in the jungle and bringing Caruso to sing in it. (An opera house was in fact built on the Amazon, in Brazil, in 1896.) This makes Fitz more like a movie director—like Herzog himself, who certainly didn't use the six million dollars that "Fitzcarraldo" finally cost on pleasures of the flesh. Herzog needed the money so he could punish himself and everyone around him—in the cause of art. A man who at fourteen or fifteen decided that filmmaking was his vocation, Herzog has got an army of heathens with painted faces hauling his three-hundred-and-twenty-ton Cross up a mountain—and in the misproportioned narrative this is meant to be merely the

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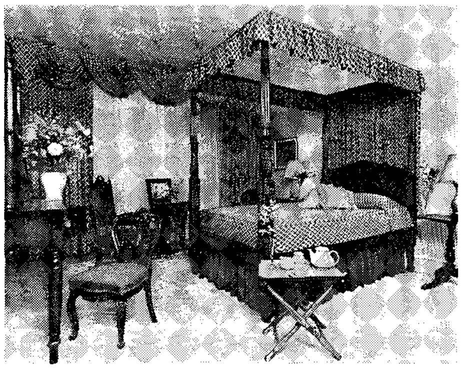

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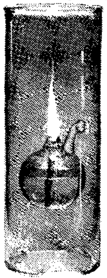

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first step toward the goal of bringing opera to the jungle. By the time the ship is over the hump, we're prepared to accept any token of a finish, and that's about what Herzog delivers.

In Les Blank's feature-length documentary "Burden of Dreams," which is about the making of "Fitzcarraldo," there's a brief scene of Jason Robards in the title role (before amoebic dysentery caused him to leave the picture). Just from Robards' presence in that one bit, it's clear that his Fitzcarraldo might have been a likable, charismatic Irish bum with a dream. And we can tell that Kinski's Fitz is intended to be a generous, good-hearted fellow, because he talks to a pet pig and he likes the native children—he gives them chips of ice, and when they cluster around him in his shack he plays his Caruso records for them (and the pig). But Kinski is megalomania incarnate. Even in a dishevelled white suit and a floppy white straw hat that he looks lost in, he gives off emanations that are far too outré for this role. With his goggling eyes and his big dome and the spikes of yellow-orange hair sticking out of it, he's an icon of stark raving freakishness. Kinski keeps an expression on his face until it looks fixed and mad; he never lets you forget that he's different from other men. If he ever had an ordinary "normal" range, he doesn't anymore. And Kinski only does a single. He's usually a single who gives what's needed, but not this time. Kinski's Fitzcarraldo isn't a man with a dizzy dream—he's a bored, fed-up actor eyeballing the camera. This means that Claudia Cardinale, in the role of Molly, the madam of a fancy whorehouse who finances Fitz's scheme, can't quite come into focus. Cardinale, with her big bright smile, is a warm and jovial Molly, and if Robards were opposite her we could understand why she is so protective of Fitz. Cardinale is ripely alive even in this asexual movie, and she stays in character like a real trouper, even though Kinski pats her or takes her arm routinely, and so her Molly seems rather too conveniently acquiescent, and somewhat simple.

There is a sequence that might have been a comic heartbreaker and might also have told us what we needed to know about Fitz and his past: At an abandoned railway station where he has gone to pull up some tracks that could be useful for guiding his boat down the mountain, he is greeted by a family headed by a black man, who beams with pleasure at the sight of him. The man is still loyally guarding the rails that Fitz had hired him to guard six years earlier, when he was involved in an abortive bringing-in-a-railroad venture. Almost unbelievably, Herzog doesn't shape the meeting so that Fitz has some response—perhaps becomes shamefaced about past failures and forgotten pledges, maybe promises to pay the man some of his back wages. The scene is just dropped. And nowhere is there a suggestion of when or how this scrounging dreamer developed his passion for Caruso. Herzog has always been great at flooding huge landscapes with music, and when Fitz stands on the prow of his ship with his head flung back and with Caruso's voice coming out of the phonograph next to him, it's obvious that he feels he's the king of all he surveys. But Herzog has said that he himself doesn't like opera—that he went once and walked out. (A bummer of a first opera bored him and he never went to another. Suppose somebody's first movie is "Fitzcarraldo". . .) The one opera-house scene (it was staged by Werner Schroeter) is insulting to Caruso and the aged, crippled Sarah Bernhardt, whom it purports to represent. For no apparent reason, Bernhardt is played by a female impersonator. Or perhaps there is a reason—to make Fitz's obsession ludicrous. He sees the plump singer and the tottering old tart in the same performance that we do, and he's ecstatic.

The tone that Herzog is after in this film must be romantic irony; he looks at Fitz's passion from the outside and sees Fitz's goal—opera in the jungle—as something of a joke. The film is a parody variation of "Aguirre": this time the protagonist doesn't want to rule—he just wants to be an impresario. And he isn't meant to be a madman—just a little nutty. In the documentary, when Herzog rages against the beauty of the wilderness—when he says that he hates it, that it's all vileness and fornication, and that "the trees here are in misery, the birds are in misery, they don't sing, they just screech in pain, even the stars up here look like a mess"—surely he means us to laugh at his ranting intensity? He's playing the obsessed clown, and that's what he must have had in mind for Fitz, whose big accomplishment is worthless, and who finally relaxes and enjoys himself with a bit of bravura hat is his way of making good on his row to bring opera to the banks of the Amazon. Yet while we're watching he movie it just seems to be an inept ttempt at a heroic spectacular, and vhen we get to the ramshackle finish t's as if "Lawrence of Arabia" had lissolved in giggles.

The biggest disappointment in 'Fitzcarraldo" is Peru. After a visu-lly promising beginning, Herzog eems to lose interest in the external vorld (and no one in this movie has nuch of an internal world, either). The shots are repetitive and are held oo long, and though they're lovely, hey don't have the ghostly, kinky ex-ressiveness of the great images that ustain one through the dragginess of 'Aguirre." And probably because of Herzog's ironic intentions the steam-oat being towed up the mountain oses any metaphorical meaning. In ome shots, it looks so fake I guess it as to be the real thing. The sight that ve wait for turns out to be a bust: vhen the ship is poised at the very top, t looks like a big toy.

The moviegoers who attend Herzog ictures probably perceive his Sisy-hean labors as a metaphor for how very artist is tested, and think the abors crazy but grand. And sometimes hey are: at the end of "Aguirre," vhen the madman is on the raft and he camera circles him, it's as if he vere strangling within the circumfer-nce of his own hysteria. (He's like he thrice-encircled poet of "Kubla Khan.") But the visual grandeur has gone flat in "Fitzcarraldo." There nay be limits to the results an imagi-ative moviemaker can get if he keeps ejecting imaginative techniques. A nan who has to do everything the hard way raises the suspicion that he's imply a hardhead. Herzog says things like "If I show a plastic ship going ver a plastic mountain, it will be just a Hollywood movie, a cheap movie, and everyone will know it." Does Herzog actually go to the movies? (He seems to want only the torment of making them.) No one could deny the persistence of tacky-looking pictures, but even fifty years ago craftsmen in Hollywood (and at UFA, in Germany) were creating effects more than equal to Herzog's needs in "Fitzcarraldo." It can't be that he's afraid of a plastic look; he knows better than that. He could have controlled the quality of process shots much more easily than he controlled the maneuvers of that ship, and he wouldn't have risked other people's lives doing it or put his co-

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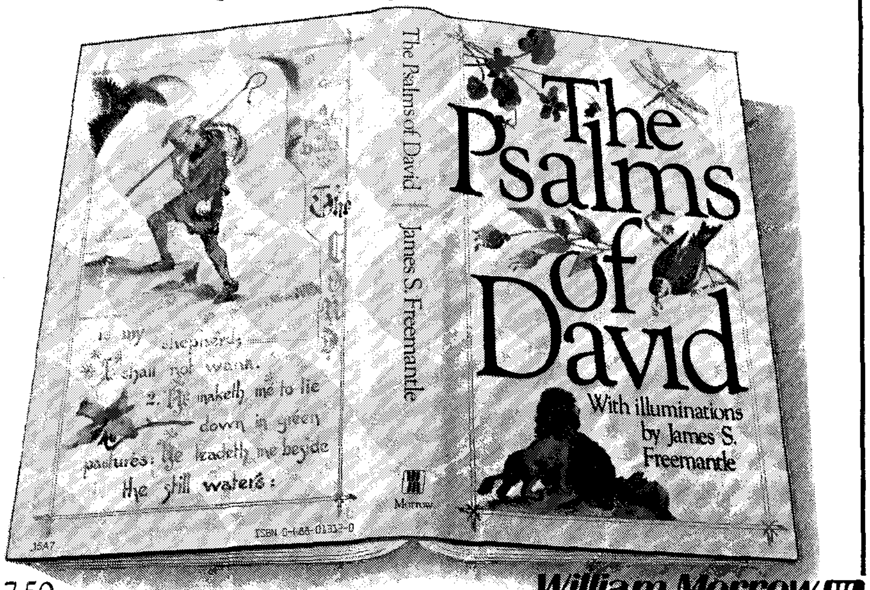
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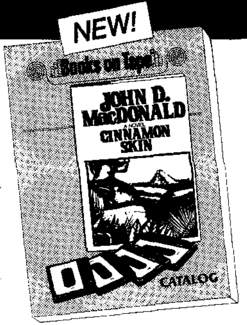

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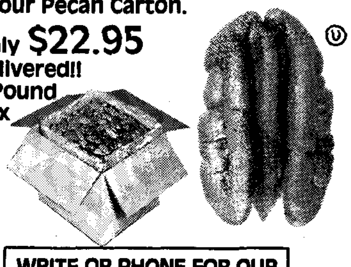

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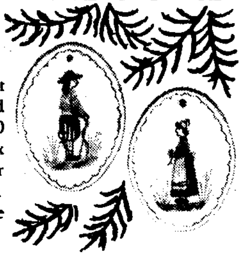

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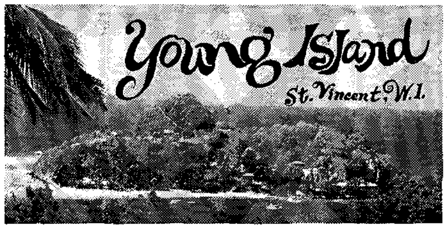

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workers through misery. He would have been free to work as a film artist—instead of playing Pharaoh. Herzog puts his effort in the wrong place. Is it that he's afraid of *not* being tested, of *not* having his ordeals? He needn't worry; these days nobody makes big, ambitious movies without passing through fire.

The footage of Herzog himself in the Les Blank documentary, standing and addressing the camera (though with eyes averted), is stronger than anything in his own movie. (He does have an inner life—and it's frightening.) If you see "Burden of Dreams," you may not be able to think of "Fitzcarraldo" without remembering Herzog's almost priggish dissociation from his own acts. "Burden of Dreams" isn't a major work on its own, but it has an unusual effect: it makes "Fitzcarraldo" crumble in the memory—it merges with it. In the documentary, Herzog acknowledges the injuries and fatalities that occurred during the making of his picture, but he regards them as the unavoidable results of his commitment to film; they're setbacks—obstacles to the profession of moviemaker. A sainted liberal, he's deeply concerned about the Indians' sufferings over the centuries, and he assures us of his care not to contaminate them with Western culture. His tone is mournful as he rambles on about the terrible exploitation that has been killing them off, and it's bad enough to watch hundreds of them in the mud pulling at his damn steamboat without listening to him lament their tragic history. At one glorious point in his monologues to the camera, this humble fellow tells us that his dreams are the same as ours—that "the only distinction between me and you is that I can articulate them." This puts him in a class with the movie queen in "Singin' in the Rain" who dimpled prettily as she said, "If we bring a little joy into your humdrum lives, it makes us feel as though our hard work ain't been in vain for nothin'." Herzog *is* an artist, but he's also a faker—the most dangerous kind, possibly, because he doesn't know how to use his fakery except to make himself seem more holy than other people. —PAULINE KAEL

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## CONSTABULARY NOTES FROM ALL OVER

[*From Police Reports in the Marion* (*Mass.*) *Sippican Sentinel*]

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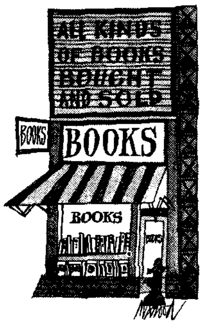
# BOOKS

## BRIEFLY NOTED

### FICTION

Monsignor Quixote, by Graham Greene (Simon & Schuster; $12.95). A short-form revision of "Don Quixote" in which the crazed knight becomes a simple village priest in modern Spain elevated (by the good-hearted impulse of a passing Italian bishop) to monsignor and sent forth in an old Seat (nicknamed Rocinante) on a motor trip in the company of the deposed village mayor, a Communist nicknamed Sancho. There are parallels here to the adventures of the original Quixote (brushes with the Guardia, a fugitive thief, a visit to a pornographic movie), but the subject, as so often before since Mr. Greene's conversion to Roman Catholicism, is faith and belief, Christian or Marxist. Sancho speaks his piece ("Oh, I don't deny the conscience altogether, monsignor. I would feel uneasy, I suppose, for a time if I killed a man without adequate reason, but I think I would feel uneasy for a whole lifetime if I fathered an unwanted child"), and Quixote, like so many other Graham Greene characters, voices the torments of faith ("I always feel that those who always fail . . . are nearer to God than we are" and "I don't pity him. I never pity the dead. I envy them"). There is also present the usual Greene trademark of an unseeing American.



New Islands and Other Stories, by María Luisa Bombal, translated from the Spanish by Richard and Lucia Cunningham (Farrar, Straus & Giroux; $12.95). Jorge Luis Borges' two-paragraph preface reveals little about the author ("this great friend and wonderful Chilean writer"), but a note by Mr. Cunningham explains that most of the contents of this slim volume—a short novella and four even shorter stories—date from the late nineteen-thirties, that María Luisa Bombal lived in the United States from 1940 to 1970, and that she died, in Chile, in 1980, at the age of sixty-nine. Almost all the stories concern high-strung, lonely women who live out their lives in a twilit world of erotic fantasies and barren nightmares, but there is also a six-page fantasy—about a pirate ship engulfed by a magical whirlpool—so fierce and funny that the rest of the collection fades away like a night of dim dreams.

Grace Abounding, by Maureen Howard (Little, Brown; $13.95). The beginning of Chapter 1 seems promising enough—a pert, if idle, widow and her buxom, scornful daughter (a born singer) live out in the country, across a field from a pair of equally mismatched sisters—but the chapter ends before much has happened. Chapter 2 begins years later, and nothing is the same: the widow has remarried and has become a well-adjusted psychotherapist in Manhattan, while her daughter has chosen a suburban marriage and motherhood instead of an operatic career. Chapter 3 is busy with crises and errands in both households, and, in the process, the mother's husband and his son (a minister in Florida) become the major characters. A ten-and-a-half-page coda, hopefully titled "Grace Note," attempts to tie up loose ends but only creates more of them by conjuring up new characters. A curiously disjointed story: it seems not so much one whole novel as three and a half false starts.

Note: "The Burning House," a collection of stories by Ann Beattie, many of which first appeared in these pages, has been published by Random House ($12.95).

### GENERAL

Marshall: Hero for Our Times, by Leonard Mosley (Hearst; $18.50). Mr. Mosley, a foreign correspondent who has successfully turned his hand to biography, portrays George Catlett Marshall (1880-1959), the American chief of staff during the Second World War and a postwar Secretary of State and Secretary of Defense, as a man of formidable passion and equally formidable self-control. He stresses Marshall's humaneness. For example, during the nineteen-thirties, when the minuscule United States Army was asked to run the Civilian Conservation Corps—a rescue operation for indigent youths

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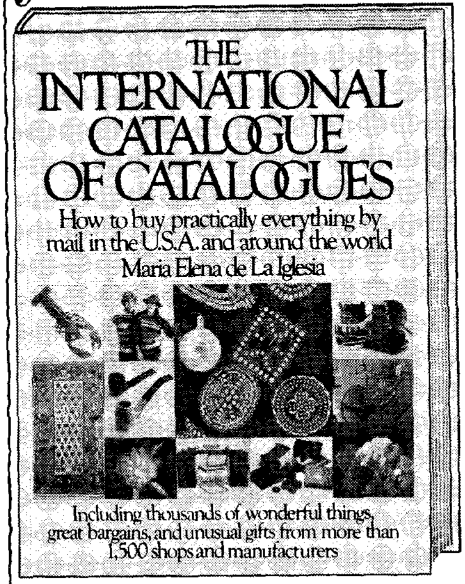
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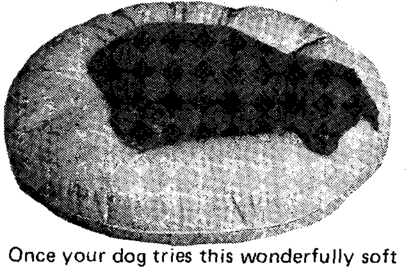

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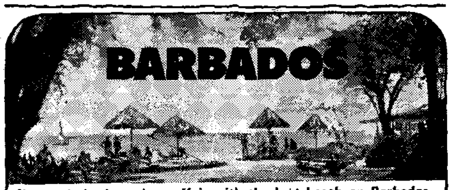

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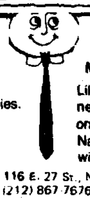

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which many regular officers felt to be beneath their military dignity—Marshall performed the job with a unique mixture of urgency, kindness, and imagination. Mr. Mosley's narrative includes an immense amount of American and world history. He does not pretend that Marshall made no mistakes. Marshall, however, had that essential component of greatness the ability to learn, and he corrected his misjudgments; an instance is his decision, in 1950, to overrule widespread white anxieties, which he himself once shared, and integrate our armed forces.

BAUDELAIRE THE DAMNED, by F. W. J. Hemmings (Scribners; $17.95). The characterization of Baudelaire is his own: "I believe that my life has been damned from the beginning." At the age of five, he lost his beloved father, and his mother married a military man, to whom Charles became anathema; at nineteen, he contracted syphilis; at twenty-three, his control over his patrimony was taken from him by the courts; the rest of his days—he died at forty-six—were spent in poverty and debt. In this excellent biography, we are given a full accounting both of Baudelaire's disordered life and of his literary achievements, including not only "Les Fleurs du Mal" and his art criticism but his brilliant translations of the works of Edgar Allan Poe, which in effect made a figure of world importance out of a second-rate writer. Mr. Hemmings portrays Baudelaire as tragic—at all times aware of what was happening to him but helpless to change it.

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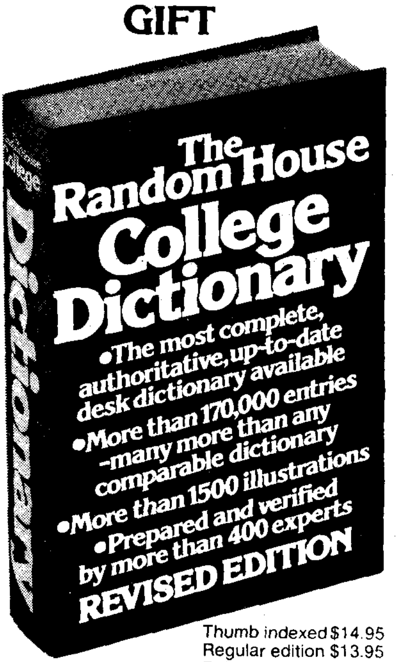
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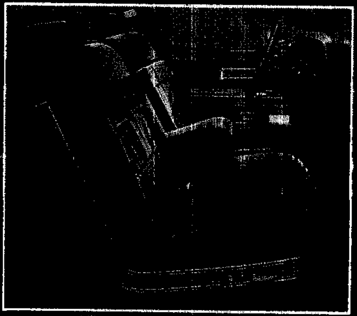

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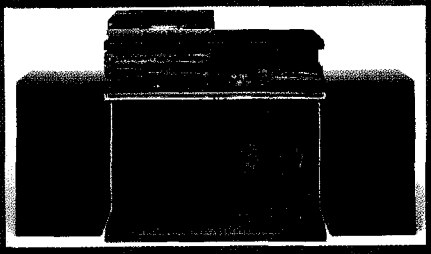

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